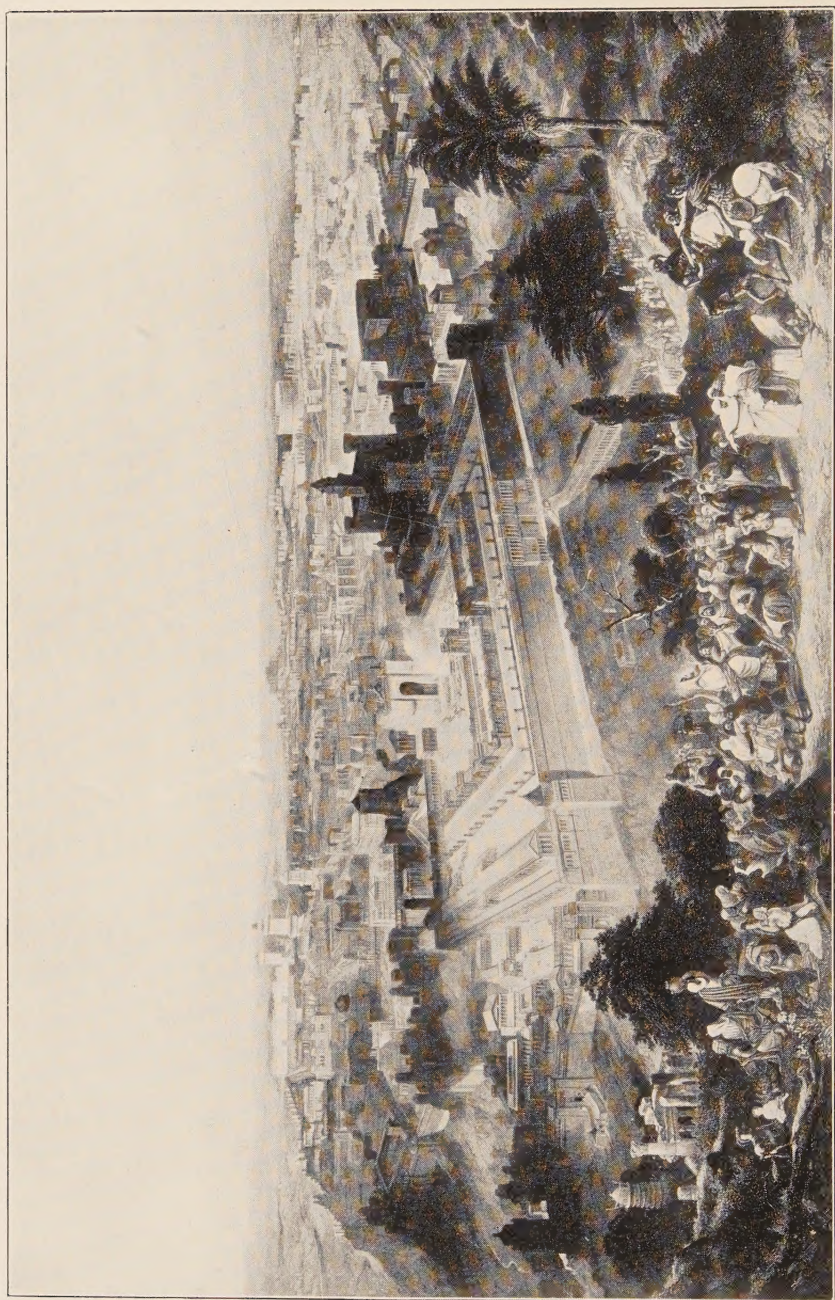


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HOLY LAND *and* HOLY WRIT



BY REV. J. T. DURWARD

AUTHOR OF SONNETS OF HOLY LAND, A PRIMER FOR CONVERTS,
THE BUILDING OF A CHURCH, ETC.

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DEDICATION

To Right Reverend James Schwebach, D. D.

A Bishop stands in a peculiarly close relationship to the Holy Land and to Holy Writ. To understand and interpret sacred Scripture is the first promise of his consecration ceremony. As he is pre-eminent in his diocese, so are these among lands and literatures. As he is Pontifex—Bridge Builder—so these bridge the gulf of time, yea, and of eternity; and beneath the span of their arches flows history, profane and divine.

Permit me, therefore, to dedicate this work to your Grace, who hold the crozier in the diocese of La Crosse.

Your most obedient servant,

J. T. DURWARD.

IMPRIMATUR

✠ JAS. SCHWEBACH
Bishop of La Crosse

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BY
REV. J. T. DURWARD

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APOLOGY

Considering the number of books on the Holy Land, where does this expect to "fill a long felt want?" The want is perhaps not *felt*, more's the pity! but the need exists.

It exists in the fact that there is none that, as seen by Catholic eye and heart, adequately shows the interrelationship of Palestine and the Bible; none that explains the attitude of Catholics' faith and piety toward the holy spots or the weight they attribute to tradition, nor the inherent probability of these traditions; none that gives a clear insight into the meaning of Scripture, as interpreted by Catholic authority; none that shows how luminously the Holy Land proves that Catholic faith to-day is essentially one with the doctrines our Saviour taught.

There are magnificent volumes by Protestants—Thomson, Geikie, and others—all honor and glory to them, and thanks also where they are of assistance to us, which they are in the major part of their labors; and I shall not hesitate to quote largely from them. But without intending it, they misapprehend the devotion of Catholics to sacred places and misrepresent dogma and tradition. Again, by eliminating or at least by minimizing the supernatural, they often appear to be ashamed of believing in miraculous events in this land of miracles, so that many of them leave the reader in doubt whether or not the writer believed in the divinity of Him for whom alone this land is visited and loved.

Catholic books, on the contrary, are short fragmentary sketches of travel or research, and often from a sentiment of devotion are apt to insist on the authenticity of every locality, even those whose claim is the slenderest, and to accept everything in the line of storied tradition, even when those legends savor of superstition.

There is a twofold sense in which the word tradition may be employed. When used regarding articles of faith, it is dogma itself—that dogma taught by the Apostles and their successors by word of mouth, which was their ordinary and essential manner of teaching, but which they did not put into their writing of the New Testament, which was their extraordinary and accidental method of teaching.

As this is not to be a treatise professedly on faith, tradition will be used in its secondary and broader signification, viz.: as the human testimony for

place or occurrence that comes down through the ages and stands or falls on its own merits.

My excuse then, if excuse were necessary, for a re-enjoying and re-handling of Sacred Geography in union with Sacred History is, besides the joy in "love repeated o'er again," that Holy Land and Holy Writ are in great part a *terra incognita* to Catholics, and our position there is misunderstood by our non-Catholic friends.

To both I offer this volume.

JOHN T. DURWARD.

August 15, 1912.

MAP OF
PALESTINE
AND
SURROUNDING
COUNTRY.



INTRODUCTION

There is no originality in this linking together of the Bible and Palestine on our title page. It has been gracefully done by both Thomson and Geikie. In fact it can hardly be avoided; for the book, to be understood, must be illustrated by the habits of the people among whom it was written, and to be beautiful, must be illustrated by the vistas of Palestine's mountains, plains, and waters; and on the other hand, the land would be a most unprofitable one for the traveler in saddle or in spirit, without its life history and without the halo that Scripture hangs around it.

Chateaubriand says: "The only way of seeing a country is to see it with all its traditions and recollections." It is with the Bible in hand that one should visit Palestine. It is with soul alive as well as with open eyes that one should tread the Holy Land. If we are determined to carry with us a spirit of cavil and contradiction, Judea is not worth journeying so far to examine. What would we say if a man visiting Italy or Greece should bid adieu to all thought of art and history and insist on comparing those lands with a fresh New England village, and find fault because the houses are not white, the blinds green, and the streets straight? But, going in the right spirit, what instruction, what edification, what inspiration in Palestine! This land, a palimpsest written over many times, in handwriting patriarchal, Canaanitic, Israelitic, Babylonian, Egyptian, Roman, Turkish, Christian, and modern! It is thought's university for us, as it is indeed the stage over which we may see pass the history of time, yea,—and of eternity—at least of those revelations that bind us to eternity.

There in the farthest distance stand Adam and Eve—first, in naked innocence, then, in clothed shame. There flees the first murderer from the face of God. There the long line of patriarchs wends its way through the ages. There are the hollow-eyed Prophets, pale with the burden of their story, looking into the future and revealing the hidden to-come.

Their long, lean arms are outstretched in denunciation, and kings tremble; or their hands are raised in benediction, and the lowly rejoice. There a multitude comes up from the South, with the desert dust of forty years' wandering upon them. See the warriors, how they defile through the land with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon"; with the sling and the pebble; with the ass's jaw-bone; with the blare of the trumpet; with the Ark of the Covenant. Wonderful weapons, those, not known

in warfare before nor since; yet the hostile cities crumble, and their enemies flee or fall.

See their opponents, with their innumerable names—Midianites, Hittites, Horites, Amorites, Philistines, Amalekites, Ammonites, Perrizites—what a procession in rout! And now come Israel's judges. Among them towers Samson the strong, but there is also Deborah the fair. To the simplicity of the judges succeeds the regalness of crowns. But over all the rulers hovers the Spirit of God, ever the real sovereign of the Jewish people.

Then treads the saddened procession northward to Babylon, to weep, like the willows, over muted harp-strings. A few old men return, but only to lament that the new Temple of Jerusalem equals not the old. And soon the curtain falls on the fact of Jewish independence in the Holy Land.

Rome's eagles come; but with them it is given us to see a spiritual procession originating in Judea, with Him as leader who was fairest among the sons of men; with a kingdom not of this world; with beautitudes in place of commandments; with peace instead of armies; with a religion which was to transform the world, and which—"wonderful flow of the Orontes into the Tiber"—those very eagles of Rome will bear on their strong wings to the uttermost ends of the earth, while their talons are in the heart-blood of the martyrs, till Rome itself totters and barbarians sweep the land.

Then comes the turbaned Turk, and the crescent gleams where the banners of Rome flaunted. But the end is not yet. Down through the ages come the knights with the red cross on their breasts, and once more that cross surmounts the Holy Sepulchre, as in the days of Helena. Short-lived triumph of the Crusader! The Christians forfeit their privileges in disputes over their rights, and again Islam rules; till now we stand here with the jargon of the Arab in our ears and the unspeakable Turk holding the keys of our shrines.

II

Thus, Palestine is historically and morally an epitome of the world's life, a microcosm of human biography. How we get back to the beginnings of things! And even the beginning is being put further back. Even as I write comes Flinders Petrie with excavations at Maghareh, in Sinai, going back to 4500 B. C.; with Fred J. Bliss at Tell-el-Hesi and R. A. S. Macallister at Gezer, where cities have been piled on cities, that transport us to times before history commenced. Geographically, also, it represents the world. If we take the region as far East as the head of the

Persian Gulf to include the probable site of Eden, it is the cradle of mankind and the center from which the human race has been distributed over the earth. It has seen his culmination in "the highest, holiest manhood," and it has witnessed his redemption by God made Man.

Physically, it contains within its limited extent of, say, 150 by 60 miles, every variety of climate and vegetation, from the snows of Hermon to the torrid heat of the Dead Sea valley; from the conifers of Lebanon to the semi-tropical palm-trees. Every aspect of nature appears—the mountain, the sea, and the plain; the wilderness and the fertile field; the rushing river and the bubbling wayside spring; a fauna more varied than elsewhere in the same space, is seen, or has been, from the turtle dove to the lion; and a flora, from the "hyssop by the wall" to the cedar on the heights.

Meteorologically, we will have the "early and the latter rain," we will have the hurricane and the drought, we will have the dew on the grass and the frost, and the torrent down the stony wadies.

How fitting all this for the annunciation of the religion that was to reach every clime and people and age, in order that the truths of revelation might be clothed in an imagery so rich, varied, and universal that all the world would understand!

We may deplore the fact that this land of Christ has fallen under the sway of the unprogressive Turk, but is it not providential that a people has inhabited it whose customs, habits, and ways of thought are unchangeable, and whose Arabic language preserves so much of the speech of Christ? How much more of the spirit of antiquity have we thus left to us! How much more of Father Abraham in yonder Bedouin! How much more of David in yonder youth with his sling! How much more of Mary in yonder maiden at the well! How much more of Jesus in yonder Jew with the flowing robe!

To everyone, then, Palestine is the most fascinating of lands. Even to the infidel, it is the country of his remote ancestry; and it has seen the rise of the greatest of the world's religions. To the Mohammedan, it is El Kuds, the holy. But to the Christian it is much more: it is the cradle of the Saviour; it was the earthly abode and field of action of the God made Man; it is the land "over whose acres walked those Blessed Feet, which 1900 years ago were nailed, for our advantage, on the bitter cross."

And it possesses a still more peculiar interest for the Catholic, as he alone would cut himself off from his Church by doubting any part of the Scripture. As to him have come down through the living voice of the Church the traditions and the dogmas and the undoubted unaltered Scrip-

tures that arose here; as he rejoices in the Emmanuel—the God still with us in every Catholic tabernacle—so ought he to possess the finest of the works on Palestine. And yet, strange to say, non-Catholics have done more, far more, for Holy Land exploration and literature than we have. But the most conscientious of them are often unsatisfactory to the Catholic. They cannot look with Catholic eyes and Catholic faith. There is too often the sneer at Catholic dogma, the misunderstanding of Catholic devotions, yes, the rejection of traditional spots, sometimes, for no apparent reason except because the Catholic Church has been the guardian of them. There is sometimes also the irreverent familiarity of the flippant traveler, while the Catholic wishes to visit these places in the spirit of a Pilgrim. Keble says:

*Vainly before the shrine he bends
Who knows not the true pilgrim's part;
The martyr's cell no safety lends
To him who wants the martyr's heart.*

The acceptable work on Palestine, then, for the Catholic will be one which, including the much good in non-Catholic works, will exclude the false statements which mislead or the misunderstood attitude which offends.

III

What attitude shall we take in regard to the much disputed question of traditional sites? Simply this: There is no place that faith requires us to believe infallibly is the exact spot of the events. Each one will stand or fall with the evidence adducible, and we will welcome the very latest discoveries of science and archæology—welcoming them even where they upset previous traditions, happy if we can see any new evidences or analogies for or against. But where good evidence has not been brought forward to dispossess them, we will hold to the traditional site as it is in possession, without, however, staking our salvation on it; so that if further investigations upset the authority of the site, we will not be staggered.

It is the person who stood here, or the event that transpired, that makes the spot venerable, and it is to the person and the event that my thought and devotion pierce—the spot is only the sensible visible spur to the thought. Very many sites, and those the most important, are entirely indisputable: Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem,—the places of the Birth, the Life, the Death, the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan, the Mount of Olives—these and many more are unchanged.

Many others have a great probability of being authentic, and we will

not waste our souls on doubting them. Future research and excavations may strengthen or weaken the probability of their authenticity. But we should never forget how much more likely to be correct are the traditions that are *at home* than the *a priori* reasonings of a late and foreign mind. That we ourselves may not be disappointed, yes, inclined to doubt, we must consider that the preconceived vision that one naturally takes with him to those locations should not be given any geographical or typographical authority and made a stumbling-block. To many they become such, for in imagination they expect to find those sites as they were in the time of the personages that have made them loved or famous. Calvary, to their thoughts, is "a green hill far away, outside a city's walls." They look for the ox and the ass at Bethlehem instead of, as to-day, an altar glittering with lamps; for the "stone rolled back" from the hill-side sepulchre, in place of a vast basilica that covers both the Tomb and Golgotha under one roof; for the leafy solitude of Gethsemane's garden instead of the neat parterres of the Franciscan Fathers. But these changes were inevitable, and we must go prepared to throw off these long-cherished unrealities of imagination.

It is simply ludicrous the way non-Catholics proceed to prove that Catholic sites, such as Calvary, are not where tradition places them. Indeed, they do not appreciate the force of tradition. But let them remember that from the Apostles' time to Constantine's (the only great gap in the possession of these spots) is less than from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to now. Do they think that Plymouth Rock is unauthenticated? Ferguson proves to his own satisfaction that Christ's tomb must have been under the Mosque of Omar. And quite a number favor the hill near the Grotto of Jeremiah, because in their estimation these sites were the most *suitable*—because the latter hill is shaped, so they say, like a skull (*calvaria*)! And Ferguson, again: "Because God did not wish the Redeemer's tomb venerated, it would naturally be in a place that would be impossible to find." Both statements we must accept, not inquire into; and even Thomson, who perceives the fallacy of Ferguson's reasoning, thinks it a good thing that the tomb is unknown, to prevent *Idolatry*;¹ while he forgets that the "idolatry," as he terms the veneration of holy places (not perceiving the difference between veneration and adoration), has been committed only much more lamentably if spurious shrines have been venerated.

But the veneration of spots made holy or famous by great lives, and

¹"The Land and the Book," 3 vols., 1880, by William M. Thomson, D. D., from which excellent work all future quotations from this author are taken.

the consequent pilgrimages to such shrines, is deeply implanted in the human heart, and has been prominent in every great religion. The annual pilgrimages to Jerusalem commanded to every Jew, the pilgrimage to Mecca for the Moslem, the flocking of innumerable worshipers to the shrines of Brahma and Krishna in India, to the shrines of Apollo at Delphi and of Diana at Ephesus—all proclaim what Cicero writes: "How forcibly stirred is the human soul by the spots where the traces remain of those we love and admire." Superficial minds might fancy that the religion which has taught us to worship God in spirit and in truth would prohibit the veneration of particular spots; but as we are not yet spirits without a body, so to worship Him "in truth" is to worship in accordance with our nature, which is helped by the external factors of time and place.

And thus Christianity has always had its places of pilgrimage. The three most prominent in the early centuries were without doubt Jerusalem, Compostello, and Rome; later followed Canterbury in England, Einsiedeln in Switzerland, Maria Zell in Germany, Loretto in Italy, and, still later, the incomparable Lourdes in France.

The vow to visit the first three named could not be lightly absolved from. It was like the vow of the Knights of the Holy Grail, carrying a life-obligation till fulfilled, and the knight must continue his search till rewarded by a sight of the Holy Cup.

"It is hard," says Lafcadio Hearn, speaking of beauty, "for those who have never labored in the quest of that glimmering cup to understand the spiritual possession of one under the vow." And so some will continue to scoff at pilgrimages to Palestine.

With these preliminary remarks, undeterred by the dictum of doubtful meaning from Thomas à Kempis—"Those who peregrinate much rarely become saints"—we go on our journey of information and of high pleasure, doubtless (for all travel is educating and entertaining), but also of piety and religion; for Palestine travel is Christianizing, and let us hope for spiritual blessing. Though the cockle-shell and *Wanderstab* are not ours, still the journey is not without its dangers and discomforts. "It may be that the gulfs will wash us down; it may be we shall reach the happy isles," says Ulysses. But our own Whittier writes:

*'Tis said that in the Holy Land
The angels of the place have blessed
The pilgrim's bed of sand,
Like Jacob's stone of rest.*

Holy Land and Holy Writ

CHAPTER I

HAIFA TO MUKRAKA

Prevented by stress of weather from landing at Jaffa, we enter Palestine by the port of Haifa. Most travelers land at the former port, that place being nearer to Jerusalem; but besides the great uncertainty of being able to go ashore at Jaffa, owing to the low reefs of rock, there is a sentimental reason for commencing our pilgrimage through the Holy Land from Nazareth instead of Jerusalem, as Nazareth has priority in the earthly existence of our Lord, even over Bethlehem; from Nazareth came the wondrous Annunciation from angel lips.

If we come direct from Europe, Haifa is nearer; and if from Egypt, it is only sixty miles out of our way. We rejoice, therefore, that we commence our tour of the Holy Land at Haifa. "A few more rolling suns at most will land us on fair Canaan's coast," I hear hummed by one of the pilgrims.

That we may grasp the "lie of the land," a few general remarks unincumbered by minutiae will be helpful.

Physically, Palestine is divided longitudinally into four distinct sections:

I. The maritime plain along the Mediterranean Sea, quite narrow north of Carmel, varying from one to four miles, but widening out southward in Sharon and Philistia to a breadth of from eight to twelve miles. The character of this division is fertile meadows and the commerce of the sea. Its color is green.

II. The central range of the hill country, commencing with the Lebanon Mountains in the North, a lofty range of peaks dominated by snowy Hermon. These peaks have an altitude of two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred feet, and except where dispersed by the Plain of Esdraelon and the valley of Jezreel, extend to the sandy desert in the South called Negib (dry).

This central portion is pre-eminently the theatre of Jewish history, including as it does the principal cities and localities sanctified by our Lord's life, and being the part of Canaan most indisputably conquered by the Israelites. "Their God is a god of the hills," said the Philistines in

derision. Its character is stony diversity without trees; hill and vale with the variety of differing crops, the olive predominant; well protected cities; flowing streams in winter, dry wadies in summer. Its color is ochre, deepening to umber in the shadows, lightening to gray in the sunlight, and taking on a green tinge in the time of leafage.

III. The Jordan Valley, the Ghor of the Arabs. Here the river dominates, from its sources in the springs of Dan, in the mountain snows from Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, in the River Hasbany and its gathering place in the marshes of the Huleh. The character of this section is a river valley from four to fourteen miles wide, but with a river shrunken to two hundred to three hundred feet—a river with many windings, so many that in sixty miles it travels two hundred; with the river flats a jungle of tree and cane and grass; a hiding-place for wild beasts. This is the Jordan, the Descender, as the name signifies, for in this sixty miles, as the crow flies, it falls two thousand three hundred feet from its sources at Banias to where it loses itself in the Dead Sea. The color of this region is blue-green.

IV. The fourth longitudinal section is the range of hills East of the Jordan, called collectively the Mountains of Abarim, meaning "on the other side." From Hermon on the North to Edom on the South they present a series of plains about two thousand feet above the sea-level, which lose themselves in the desert.

This strip of Eastern Palestine is about thirty miles wide, but broadening in the Hauran to more than double that width. This is the zone of purple, as viewed from this side of the Jordan, and few pilgrims venture into it, for though it is the wheat-field of Palestine it is also the domain of the Bedouin. We have mentioned these colors as a speaker throws in a paradox, not as true by itself, but as strikingly calling attention to one aspect of the truth. But it must not be supposed that these zones can be marked by four bands of color, as Jules Guérin does impressionistically for Robert Hichens' illustrations, nor even as the spectrum of light, where one color fades into another; but as in life the sinner is not marked off from the saint, but good actions redeem in many ways the former and deflections from righteousness cloud the latter, so these four regions are diversified by many tints sprinkled through, leaving, however, an individuality about the four belts—seaboard meadow, hill country, river bottom, and upland plain.

Geographically, we will form another picture, dividing the country latitudinally into three principal provinces: Judea in the South, Galilee in the North, and Samaria between them. Phœnicia stretches still further



CARMEL LIGHTHOUSE

North along the Mediterranean Sea, and Moab, Gilead, and the Hauran East of the Jordan, but these need not distract our mind's eye. Our interest is focused on Judea, Samaria, and Galilee.

The approach from the sea is most beautiful. The land that has lain like a cloud-bank on our right for several hours now takes form and shape. Mount Carmel rears its wooded head (Ras, the Arabs call it), and projects itself out into the sea—a great wedge of rock and verdure, on which the monastery of the Carmelites stands a glittering diadem of white, the mountain range attaining at the highest point an altitude of eighteen hundred and forty-three feet above sea-level. Mount Carmel's importance is enhanced by the fact that it is the only mountain on the coast.

"As Thabor is among the mountains and as Carmel by the sea so shall he come," says Jer. xli. 18, of Nebuchadnezzar, the conqueror of Egypt. These mountains are therefore taken as types of irresistible strength and stability, joined with regal beauty. "Thy head is like Carmel," sings the spouse in the Canticle xii. 5. Apt comparison! Other mountains of Palestine in their bold rockiness would not have given us an image of beautiful hair like the long slope of Carmel, clothed in loveliness of great forests, as it stretches back from the Carmelite Convent to the groves, ten miles away, that witnessed the sacrificial duel between Elias and the priests of Baal.

Carm-el, the garden or vineyard of God! Oh, garden run wild! Oh, vineyard untended! There is scarcely a vine to be seen except surrounding the convent, though the rock-cut wine-presses show where once they flourished; and the forested mountain is a lair of wild beasts and the haunt of Druses from Lebanon. Carmel, again, is one of the spots that pictures the flourishing of Christ's kingdom: "The glory of Libanus is given to it, the beauty of Carmel and Sharon."

While we are making these reflections our ship has rounded the cape and dropped anchor in the Bay of Acre, about an eighth of a mile from shore, the nearest it dares approach. Now begins the babel of boatmen's voices, as to who shall convey us ashore in their rickety boats. It is a regular combat between passengers and boatmen, and between the boatmen themselves. The swarthy, half-naked men, the strange costumes, the outlandish speech, all tend to heighten the impression of being in another world, and indeed we are—in the "Old World," we from the New. No one can imagine the confusion, the noise, the jostling, the violence, before we are in the small boats that must carry us ashore—you are in the hands of savages, and you cannot speak a word of their language. Even if you fancied you had mastered a few words of Arabic, it has been frightened out of you by this bedlam and the novelty of the scene.



HAIFA

Thank God we are on *terra firma* again. If Antæus regained his strength by a touch of earth—ah! the Faith of a wavering world should revive with a foot on Palestine. Now for all the thoughts and feelings we had prepared for and hoped to experience on touching Holy Earth! The most ardent wish of our lives fulfilled: to traverse these roads, the highways of history; to stand on the soil watered by our Saviour's blood; to visit the scenes of His miracles and of His discourses; literally to walk in His footsteps!

We had always imagined that the instinct would be irresistible to fall prostrate and salute this land with reverence of knee and lips. Alas for sentiment! The ever noisy present tends to crowd out the reverent awe that we thought would possess us; yes, it takes a distinct effort to shut out the surroundings and fall on our knees and kiss the earth and pray the *Pater* and *Ave* which carries with it a plenary indulgence to one who enters Palestine, no matter at what point. But we are rewarded; and the prostrate prayer is the means that brings back to us, at least for a few moments of exaltation, all that we have wished to think and feel, and will be the guarantee of devout sentiments when we shall have returned to our homes. This moment is different from all others in life. It can only be compared to the recovery of sight in one born blind, to the first glimpse of heaven to the departed. And to our surprise, our obeisance has not even been remarked by the natives, except in the momentary cessation of the beggars who respected our prayerful attitude. How the populace would

stare in America if one went down on his knees in the street! But this is a Mohammedan land, and the Mussulman is a man of prayer, frequent, everywhere. We will see him every day of our sojourn here unroll his prayer mat in khan or roadway or mosque, utterly oblivious of passers-by. The practice is, however, not nearly as obvious to-day as formerly.

From the ecstasy of saluting what this land was, we wake to its salute of to-day, as it is—Baksheesh! Baksheesh and Beggary! It is a staple; it is a fine art! It is an institution! The cry that is heard in Palestine first, last, and all the time is—Baksheesh! This word means money or alms. It takes precedence of the word “mamma” on the lips of infancy. Babes not able to speak hold out their tiny hands and say, “Backsees! Backsees!” The lepers hiss it from their mutilated mouths, and a host of beggars, mostly women and children, infest the cities with this eternal word—Baksheesh! Baksheesh! “Mesyi—Madam” (to suit both man and woman), “Baksheesh! Baksheesh! Meskin” (misery)—tearing open the bosom of their dress to show how thin it is and how bony they are. “Hadji! Hadji! (pilgrim) Baksheesh!” and this is kept up continuously, heightened by all the accessories of outstretched hands and tones of anguish, lisping lips and beseeching eyes; they follow you for furlongs, not to say miles, and never seem much put out if they get nothing after all their importunities.

The next degree of beggary is found in those who pretend to have done you a service and demand payment. My first greeting at one city was from a smiling but horridly black woman who came running and took me by the hand as a lost brother, saying, “Oh, how are you?” I looked in surprise, thinking it might be a servant who had seen us before on some boat or at some hotel; but no, it was only her way of approaching the subject of backsheesh. And it was the extent of her English.

Now a young man will hold your stirrup—with your consent or without, it makes no matter—while you dismount, and will demand his pay; and they will run to point out some building that you can easily see for yourself, and then ask money. I have known them to demand pay for your resting on their curbstones or grass plats or in the shade of their donkey. They will steal your traps and then expect a gratuity for returning them, under the plea that you were neglectful. They will help you in bargaining in the bazaars, i. e., help you to get cheated. All for backsheesh!

The third degree is that of the merchants, who charge you three prices for their goods—in fact, here you will get cheated worse and more ingloriously and in more languages than anywhere else. It is not safe to offer

more than a fourth of the price asked at first, for your offer might be taken. This is not dishonesty; it is the custom of the land. The spice of life is bargaining, and you would not be getting the worth of your money if you got no experience withal. Still there is enough of dishonesty to justify Ecclesiasticus xxvii. 2: "As a stake sticketh fast between stones, so also in the midst of selling and buying sin sticketh close."

There is only one other degree to mention, and that is the Bedouin robber, who is still there, as when the man "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." If you escape these four classes you are indeed smart. But excepting the last, it is a pleasant experience, if it does not go too far; and I would advise every traveler always to reckon in his bill of expenses so much for beggars, and for getting his education and experience. Indeed, we owe something to these people, and we never think, perhaps, how much our journeyings would lose of their picturesqueness and consequent interest if we found people everywhere the same as those at home.

But here we are at Haifa. There are two spellings of this name: Haifa and Kaifa, as if the full word should be Khaifa, and one retained the H and the other the K. Indeed this is the characteristic of the Arabic letter Kha.

Haifa is probably the ancient Helba of the tribe of Aser, mentioned in Judges i. 31, as a city that Aser did not destroy, and in later times the city here was called Calamon. This might be made into a good harbor in a civilized land, but, as it is, the combined action of the sea in throwing up sand and the River Kishon in bringing down alluvial deposits, keep perpetually silted up what should be the harbor, so that ships cannot approach within eighty rods of the shore, and a landing must be made in small craft. It would require dredging; and as the stress of wind and waves comes badly from the northwest a sea-wall would be a necessity on the north. A railroad having been lately built from here to Nazareth, Tiberias, and Damascus, we will hope for further improvements.

Haifa lies at the northern foot of Mount Carmel, in a bottom land rich in gardens and palm-trees. Looking north the beautiful bay of Acre bends round a distance of some nine miles to St. Jean d'Acre, famous in the time of the Crusaders.

Haifa is a Kaimmakamlik. What is that outlandish word? In the archaic state of affairs in this land it is difficult to give an idea of the mode of government. We can say, however, that the whole of Syria is divided into three provinces, called vilayets, each governed by a Vali. These three governors reside in Aleppo, Damascus, and Beyrout, with an independent Liva in Jerusalem, as also in Lebanon, which, being mostly

Catholic, has a Christian governor. These Livas are equivalent to governorships. Those three provinces are divided into Livas, governed by a Mutesariff, and the Livas are again divided into Kaimmakamliks, under a Kaimmakam, and these still again into Moudariyehs, presided over by a Mudir. These territories appear to interlap in a perplexing way; thus Jenin belongs to the Kaimmakamlík of Acre, while Nablus, further south, belongs to Beyrout.

This of the government officials; but the tribal rulers are in many localities still the sheikhs, with whom it is even better to be friendly than with the government—especially the Bedouin tribes, to whom many of the farmers pay blackmail as tribute for indemnity from their raids, rather than call on the government.

Haifa has about 12,000 inhabitants—Greeks, 1,000; Catholic or United Greeks, 2,000; Jews, 1,000; and Latins, 400; the Mahometans being equal to all these together. The ancient portion is a walled city, but such medieval protections are no longer available against modern implements of war and are consequently fallen into decay, and the city inside is dirty and cheerless. The modern city is comfortingly different.

The Russians have a hospice for their pilgrims—the Russians, who beat the whole Christian world in the number of their pilgrimages to Palestine, and who are often granted state aid to this end.

The Catholics have a flourishing school for their children, but the pilgrim must either climb to the convent for accommodations or go to the Carmelite hospice in the city; the Mount Carmel one is much more attractive. A German colony has purchased a tract of land between Mount Carmel and the sea, adjoining Haifa. They call themselves after the "Temple," and are industrious and quiet, but progressive, working at agriculture and the different trades, and are introducing modern hotels. They number about 450 souls. In the German cemetery lie the remains of Mrs. L. Oliphant, the novelist. Haifa is thought by some to be the Roman Sycaminum; others place this at Athlit, the *Castellum peregrinorum* of the Crusaders, south of Carmel.

In 1099 Godfrey of Bouillon gave this city Khaifa to Tancred. St. Louis built a church to St. Andrew, the ruins of which were visible as late as 1780.

We are sadly tempted to proceed at once to Nazareth; but as we shall probably never be as near to Mount Carmel again, we must take that now or never, and we will therefore ascend to their eyrie and claim the hospitality of the Carmelite monks. There are two roads—one steep and stony, up through the oölitic limestone of which the mountain is formed,



CONVENT ON CARMEL

the other, longer but better made and on a more gentle incline, the only one fit for horses, and now in good condition. We take the latter, and are rewarded as we slowly proceed by the ever-widening view over water and land. The plant life too engages us. Here I first discovered the passion flower growing wild. Yes! here in the land of the Passion, that land that prepared the cross and the thorny crown! Half-way up the Mount I found the curious caper plant (*Caparis spinosa*), supposed by Tristram to be the hyssop used for sprinkling (Ex. xii. 22; Psalms li. 7). It would make a very pretty *aspergillum*, indeed, with its multitude of filaments, gold-tipped. But others think the hyssop was a kind of mint. The ever-present cactus fringes the road, and prickly oak (ilex), lentisk and myrtle, terebinth and olive clothe the mountain, with the palm-tree on the lower level—the wonderful palm, with its feet in the water and its head in the fire. But we are now at the convent, Deir Mar Elyas. We knock at the gate, which is opened by a tonsured Brother. How warm is the welcome in these eastern lands! There is no virtue as dear to the heart of the Oriental as hospitality.

Once under his roof or his tent, and everything he possesses is yours; he assures you of this with effusion, even though he would rob and murder you when you are once more outside. This remark is of the Bedouin, not of the Carmelites! "Welcome, in the name of Our Lady of Mount Carmel," says Brother Clement.

The convent is built strong as a fortress of native limestone, for warfare has not been unknown; its white walls gleam afar, a *respond* to the white rocks and minarets of Acre.

The noble wall enclosing the monks' property tells a tale of the tenure

of land in Palestine. In August, 1905, an order was issued that in May of the following year the Carmelites could only claim ownership of such part of the mountain as they had a stone wall around. What they had enclosed up to this time was a small parcel adjoining the monastery; but they were equal to the occasion. If ever "lazy monks" got busy it was now! Laborers were brought from far and near, white-robed Fathers and Brothers plied the trowel or carried stones, and by the day the law became effective they had surrounded by a wall almost like those of medieval cities, over one hundred acres.

In the little garden esplanade between this monastery and the sea-cliff is a small pyramid of stones, a cairn surmounted by an iron cross, a memorial to Bonaparte's soldiers who died in 1799. Farther on stands a gray granite column with Mary Immaculate, a gift from Chili. Nearest the ocean brink is the pavilion which Abdallah had constructed in 1821 from the ruins of the destroyed monasteries. Above it towers a lighthouse built by the Turks but tended by the Carmelite Fathers. Its beacon flashes every two minutes and can be seen twenty-five miles out at sea, a welcome sight to the incoming pilgrim.

To "view the landscape o'er" one should seek points of vantage, and here is one surely not to be missed. So after a short visit to the Chapel, where we kneel, for the first time in this land of Jesus, to Him veiled in the Sacrament of His love, we accompany the Brother to the dome of their convent. Although only six hundred feet above ocean-level, the convent, being on the brow overlooking the sea, has a vast panorama spread out below and around.

Westward, toward our homes, the blue Mediterranean stretches without limit—that history-embroidered sea, fringed by Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt. It is the sea that has seen arise the religions and the laws, the arts, the literatures, that enrich all time—it is the sea that the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, the Persians, the Babylonians, the Moghuls, have gazed on.

Northward at our feet lies Haifa and the crescent-shaped bay; over against us the city of Acre, glittering as only these white cities of the Orient can glitter; and, further on, Ras-el-Abyad, the white head, shuts off the view of Tyre and Sidon. Lebanon, with the snowy Hermon, we know is off there among the clouds to the northeast, and Nazareth hidden among the hills, like the mystery that was there accomplished.

Southward the seashore drops away to Athlit, Dor, and Cæsarea. To the southeast is the Plain of Esdraelon opening out from the nearer maritime Plain of Acre, with the Kishon, "that ancient river Kishon," winding

like a silver thread through its grasses; while in the farthest distance rise the uplands of Gilead, beyond the Jordan.

We now descend to partake of the refreshments served by the monks in the great refectory—the fruits from their gardens, the *vin du pays* and, if you are *persona grata*, the aromatic cordial, *eau de Melisse*, and bread with the ashes of the oven in its lower crust, but how delicious! And we are shown through the spacious rooms and told the history of this site. The present building is of quite recent date, as the preceding one was totally destroyed in 1821 by Abdallah Pasha of Acca; and this edifice was erected by the efforts chiefly of Brother John Baptist of St. Alessio, who drew the plans of the building, one of the finest in Palestine, and who traversed Europe and Asia collecting funds. In fourteen years the work was done. It is planned as a hospice for pilgrims, for in this land modern hotels are not to be found (or were not until recently), and the khans of the natives, though picturesque, are really filthy and noisy, housing both men and animals together.

The convent therefore has spacious reception rooms on the first floor and sleeping apartments with the library and dining-rooms on the second. Eighteen or twenty Fathers and Brothers are attached to this institution. The center part is the church, of Romanesque architecture, with its dome rising above the rest of the flat-roofed building. This church covers the spot where was the grotto of the prophet Elias, into which we can descend under the high altar; in the native tongue the convent is called Deir Mar Elyas, and indeed this whole mountain is reminiscent of the stern prophet and his following. We have no record of our Lord being here, but the tradition was current in the first century that St. Ann had flocks in this locality and had a residence for her shepherds, and that the Blessed Virgin as a girl was often here. As early as 83 A. D., according to Joseph of Antioch, the hermits here built a church which they dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which was the beginning of the Carmelite Order, which thence spread over the land—the first church dedicated to Mary!

The Carmelites were probably, in the first instance, hermits who from the earliest times retired here for contemplation, and afterwards, when numbers made it necessary, formed themselves into a community, about the twelfth century. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of any place more fitted for recollection and prayer—the sea in its vast infinity, murmuring a thousand feet below, is as the world left behind, and the olive groves are as the peace of God. Elias was a hermit here, and Pythagoras sought the inspiration of these shades. The Prophet is honored as the founder of the Car-

melite Order, and his statue holds a place in St. Peter's in Rome among the founders of religious orders.

The disciples of Elias, it is said, had an altar on Carmel to *Virginī parituræ*. This is doubtless a Christian tradition only; but it shows how early the virgin birth of Jesus was a dogma of Christian belief, and was supposed to have been looked forward to by the Prophets—convincing proof that Isaias was thought by earliest Christians to have written of Mary in the famous words: "Behold a virgin shall conceive!"

With good Father Clement we go to visit the chapel of Simon Stock, an Englishman and general of the Carmelite Order in the thirteenth century, to whom the Blessed Virgin gave the scapular, which has since been worn, the livery of Our Lady, by so many millions of her devout clients. It is but five minutes' walk—a grotto, in front of which is a stone extension; but the whole seems neglected. The reverend Father showed more interest in his own little hut, like a baby's play-house, where he retires to write articles in the Irish language; for he is a great scholar.

After walking ten minutes more down the mountain-side we come to the grotto called the School of the Prophets. It is used as a mosque and dedicated to the Verdant or Living One—El Khodr, as the Turks call Elias, probably from the opinion that, having been taken up alive, he has not yet passed the gates of death. The natural grotto has been enlarged and squared artificially, and is now forty-six feet long. This grotto is venerated by all classes, as may be seen by the many names cut in the walls. The Moslem keeper expects a fee of two piastres.

At a distance of two and one half miles from this point is the Valley of the Martyrs and Ain Siyah, to-day called the Fountain of Elias; but there is another spring and a finer one further on, Ain umm el Feraj, that claims the name. Still a mile farther on is a little plain called the Field of the Melons of Elias. These "melons" are geodes, hollow and lined with quartz crystals, which are scattered over the ground. We return to the convent with the words of the poet in our minds:

*I see the land which heroes trod;
I see the land where virtue chose
To live alone and live for God.*

Thus we greet the anchorites of Carmel. But Nazareth is waiting, and we must leave this loved convent of Carmel—this white bird on its green nest, listening forever to the voices of the mountain and the sea.

We send our muleteers with the tents and luggage by the road skirting the northern foot of Carmel to await us at Tel-el-Kassis, while we, accompanied by Brother Basil, take the high level trail to Mukraka.

Our party (Ah, yes! excuse me for not introducing them sooner!) consists of three others, besides the writer—a college professor (who is also a pessimist), a poet (or one who thinks he is), and a photographic artist (who has views). We have, therefore, a male quartet in which discord is as prominent as harmony; but variety is the spice of life. Four can find accommodations in a tent, and this is consequently an economical number. We are all of the cavalry, each with a trim Arabian horse; our servants are two Mukaris, who are similarly mounted with a pack-mule that carries the tents, and a donkey for smaller articles. For this equipment we are to pay twenty mejidehs a day, which, divided among four of us, makes about four dollars each. The chief Mukari is Francis Dabek and his assistant is Hamed. Neither of them can speak any English, so we must remember our Arabic. Dabek is a Christian, Hamed a Mussulman. One can usually tell the religion by the names: Mohammed, Ali, Achmed, Mustapha, will be Mohammedans; Girios (George), Hanna (John), Boulos (Paul), will be Christian; while Simeon, Levi, Isaac, Jacob, and Abraham will be Jews. We have concluded to dispense with a professional guide when possible, for although to many a necessary evil, they are oftentimes an affliction. To-day one of the Brothers will be our guide and accompany us to their chapel at el Mukraka—the place of burning or sacrifice.

With our chief Mukari we have had a contract drawn, stipulating the route we are to take and the places to camp, with the length of stay in each, and also that we are to have three meals a day, with two meats (mutton and chicken), boiled eggs, and the fresh fruits and vegetables of the season, with figs, nuts, and dates, bread, tea, and coffee, and good water. This last should not be considered as a work of supererogation in this land “without way and without water,” *in via et in aquosa*. The Mukaris are to find themselves and beasts and are to answer all the questions we put to them in Arabic. I thought I noticed a smile on Dabek's face as I inserted this clause, for he knows how lame we all are in his language. But he will perhaps be disappointed, for I have quite a *copia verborum*, and with the aid of “*shu ism addi el*——” (“What is the name of that——”) and such phrases, by adding “village,” “tree,” “mountain,” etc. a great number of sentences may be made.

Before the end of our journey they are not to have more than one half the amount advanced for daily use. It is advisable to have the document witnessed by some official, and we take a further precaution of leaving a duplicate copy with the Carmelite Fathers.

But here come our horses. Alas! and alas! they have Turkish saddles

on, an invention of the Devil. We had forgotten to specify English saddles in our contract, and the cunning Arabs have played us this trick to secure a starting backsheesh. Of course they got it! Bidding a farewell full of the most heartfelt gratitude to the good monks who stay here, deprived of what the western world considers necessities for the honor of these sites and for the sake of us pilgrims, we mount our safe-footed Arabians and proceed eastward—first through the vineyards and olive groves of the convent, then through the “openings” of prickly oak, lentisk, and locust, the pine woods of the German colony, with the Eliasruhe, a convalescent home kept by the Sisters of St. Charles, and lastly the forest jungle, the lair of the wild boar, bear, and mountain lion. Here a guide is absolutely essential. We leave to the right Daliyet, once the home of Lawrence Oliphant, and pass through the Druse village of Esfiyeh. We meet some of the Druses, the most bloodthirsty and fanatical of Moslems, and we think of the massacres of the Maronites in the Lebanon in 1860; but we salute them, “*Naharak said*” (“May your day be happy”), and they answer, “*Naharak umbarak*” (“And yours full of blessings”). After this we feel that we are friends.

As we progress through the thick copses we are reminded of the mention made of Carmel by the Prophet Amos, as the very climax of a hiding place, “higher than heaven, more obscure than hell”—“Though they hide in Carmel yet will I find them,” Amos ix. 2; but here we are at the place of Elias’ sacrifice, and are again enjoying the hospitality of the Carmelites.

We have been four hours in the saddle, and are thankful to dismount. We are now 1698 feet above the sea, with a fine view over the Plain of Esdraelon. The sea is not visible, for the higher part of Carmel is back of us.

The chapel built here recently by the Carmelites is small, but is a very conspicuous object from nearly the whole of the great plain. There were dressed stones lying about until last century, when they were used for buildings in the neighborhood. Might they have served to lift Elias’ sacrifice to heaven? But what proofs have we that this is the spot of his celebrated contest with the priests of Baal? Even those who speak disparagingly of other sites are satisfied with the authenticity of this, which appears to me probably much less authentic than many others. But certainly the spot suits in every way, and I have great trust in the traditions of a land. The Arab name means “place of burning,” the whole surroundings correspond to the Bible narrative, and the place is replete with the natural symbolism of such a duel, for it was the eternal conflict between the truth and superstition.



How often have we been struck by the coincidence that the chief events of our Lord's earthly career occurred on mountains open to the sight of all, and in contrast to the deeds of idolatry, which were so commonly in groves that the sacred writer speaks of abominations "under every green tree." The groves of paganism are one of the first things that Christian missionaries cut down as a preventive of idolatry.

Now here at el Mukraka we have both the darkness of the grove and the elevated height, for here the two forces are to fight to the death. There is no more perennial warfare, war that must continue through the ages, than the antagonism of superstition toward the truth of the Church; of the worldly against the spiritual; of Mammon against God; and no finer epic than its prototype, the duel between the prophet Elias, single-handed, against the king and the false priests of Baal, as related in the Third Book of Kings, ch. xviii.

Achab had filled full the measure of the iniquity of his predecessor Amri, his father, and Zambri the servant usurper. They all "have walked in the ways of Jeroboam" and have led Israel away from the worship of the true God to the gods of the abominable Zidonians.

"And Achab, the son of Amri did evil in the sight of the Lord, above all who were before him. It was not enough for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam but he also took to wife Jezebel." A man can never reach the depths of wickedness—and perhaps not the heights of sanctity—except through woman. "He set up an altar for Baal and he planted a grove. And Achab did more to provoke the Lord, the God of Israel, than all the kings of Israel who were before him."

The day of vengeance is at hand: "As the Lord liveth," says Elias the Thesbite, "dew nor rain shall not be these years, but according to the word of my mouth." If the minister of God holds blessings in his right hand he also holds curses in his left, to be used that the sinner may happily turn to God and become worthy of the blessing. By God's command he departs from the cursed land to the "torrent of Carith over against the Jordan," probably the Wady Kelt, where the mountain brook is his drink and the ravens minister food. But the drought spreads even there; and, natural resources exhausted, the man of God must turn to the supernatural and bless by his company even the idolatrous Zidonian widow of Sarepta, whose site was off northward yonder, between Tyre and Sidon. There he appears, and at the gate of the city sees a widow gathering sticks, and he says to her, "Fetch me a little water that I may drink." This she does not attempt to refuse, for hard-hearted is he who, in these lands of scanty springs, would refuse a drink; but he also asks for food, "Bring me, I

beseech thee, a morsel of food in thy hand." This is a hard trial: "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have no bread, but only a handful of meal in a pot and a little oil in a cruse; behold I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die." How pathetic! But she does not refuse, and is encouraged by the Prophet: "Fear not, go and do as thou hast said, but first make for me a little hearth cake, for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The pot of meal shall not waste nor the cruse of oil be diminished, until the day when the Lord will give rain." And the poor widow, in the joyousness of her plenty, sees also the salvation of her boy brought back to life by the Prophet. 3 Kings, ch. xvii.

After three years of drought the word of the Lord comes to Elias: "Go show thyself to Achab that I may give rain." But the famine is grievous in Samaria, and the king is still obdurate; Jezebel, worse than her husband, as woman ever goes farther than man in crime when she falls, is killing the prophets and those faithful to the God of Israel. Abdiah, governor of the royal household, fears the Lord and hides a hundred in two caves, "by fifty and fifty." We can still find these openings in the limestone hills, used by the shepherds as shelter for themselves and flocks.

Were prophets so plentiful in those days that Abdiah hid them by fifties? And were the caves so large as to hold them? To the first objection, I would venture the suggestion that bands of men employed in praising God and in various religious offices may be here styled prophets; and to the second, that caves are really very numerous in Palestine, as even in this mountain, and although not notably large, in times of emergency fifty men could be housed in small space.

In the last extremity the king sends him to the more permanent source of the Kishon: "Go to all the fountains of waters to see if we can find grass, that the beasts may not utterly perish." On this expedition Abdiah meets Elias. We can well imagine that the meeting would be in these marshy grounds yonder below us, about the Kishon, at the foot of the Carmel range.

The Prophet directs Abdiah to tell Achab: "Behold, Elias is here." The good man, knowing how the king had sought the Prophet in many places where he had been but from whence he had disappeared mysteriously, and fearing to be fooled again by the Prophet's departure, exclaims: "As the Lord thy God liveth, there is no nation nor kindgom whither my Lord has not sent." Elias assures him: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, I will surely show myself to him today." Achab comes; but only as many sinners do, to blame the Prophet: "Art thou he who troubles Israel?" "I have

not troubled Israel," answers Elias, "but thou and thy father's house, ye that have forgotten the commandments of the Lord, and have followed Baalim; but send now and gather unto me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal, four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves, four hundred, who eat at Jezebel's table." Achab does as the Prophet directs him. Now follows a duel—a drama such as is not recorded in all Scripture elsewhere, so graphic in its description, so rapid and sure in its movement. "How long do ye halt," says the Prophet, "between two sides? If the Lord is God, follow him; but if Baal is God, then follow him." The people speak not a word. Again, Elias: "I only remain a prophet of the Lord; but the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty men. Let two bullocks be given us; let them choose one bullock and lay it upon wood but put no fire under. I will dress the other and lay it upon wood but put no fire under; call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of my Lord, and the god who shall answer by fire, let him be God." The people: "A very good proposal." The priests of Baal build their altar and lay the victim thereon: They call on the name of Baal "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve—a Summer's day," but there is no voice, no answer. They leap over the fire, they cut themselves with knives and lancets—but no answering God, no heaven-sent fire. Elias jeers at them: "Cry louder, your god may be talking, or on a journey, or asleep, or in a saloon; cry louder." And they bellow more fiercely and act more frantically—but no answer. Then Elias says: "Come to me." And he repaired the ancient altar, that was broken, making it of twelve stones, the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob. He makes a trench around it two furrows in breadth for the water; he lays the wood in order; he places the bullock on it. Not once, but twice and thrice, at his command, are altar, wood, and victim drenched with water till the trench is overflowing. Then the Prophet raises his prayer: "O Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel! show this day that thou art God and I thy servant." Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the holocaust, and the wood and the stones and the dirt, and licked up the water in the trench. The people: "The Lord He is God! The Lord He is God!" Then Elias: "Take the prophets of Baal and let not one of them escape. And they brought them down to the torrent of Kishon and killed them there."

This is the first act—vengeance. Now comes the second—mercy and reward. Elias to Achab: "Go up and eat and drink, for there is sound of abundance of rain coming." This sound was only audible to the Prophet's ears of faith; but together they return to the place of burning and partake of the meats, whose consumption is an integral part of sacrifice. But Elias

still has to pray for the rain "with his face between his knees." Elias to his servant: "Go up and look toward the sea"—one is obliged to climb three hundred feet before the sea is visible, as the "place" is in an amphitheatre. The servant: "There is nothing." There is no atmospheric prospect of rain; there needs the perseverance of prayer. Again the face is between the knees. Elias again: "Return seven times." Repeatedly he ascends to yonder hill westward from el Mukraka, where we are resting. From there the Mediterranean can be descried toward Cæsarea and northward toward Acre. At the seventh time: "Behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot." Elias, the man of faith, waits no longer: "Go and say to Achab: Prepare thy chariot and go down, lest the rain overtake thee." And while he turned himself this way and that way the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain. And Achab went away to Jezreel.

Now occurs something that we wonder at except we read the hidden meaning, viz.: That the dignity of the king must be upheld, now that he has been humbled and has turned to God and cast out idolatry. "And the hand of the Lord was upon Elias, and he girded his loins and ran before Achab till he came to Jezreel." We have seen these runners, these *saïses*, with their white, gleaming robes; like gulls they flash past you. They are considered necessary to the state of any officer, and the king's servants not being at hand, Elias fills the gap.

Could anything move with more perfect dramatic action than this recital? Could anything present more realistic pictures to our mind? We live it all over as we stand among these trees, looking from the "place of burning" to the Kishon, the place of drowning: the calm majesty of the Prophet, the ridiculous contortions and cries of the false priests; the altars reared on this wooded eminence—one to the left, the other to the right; one with its background of dark ilex and of darker crime, the other facing eastward with a gleam of light from Nazareth; the dry wood under the victim of Baal, the altar whence comes no answering fire; the altar of Elias, sopping wet, but bursting into flame at his prayer; the instant revulsion of feeling of the populace against those who had imposed false prophets upon them; the tragic suddenness of death to the four hundred and fifty; the prayer of Elias, "his face between his knees;" the repeated run of the servant to the heights above, where the horizon would be visible; the little cloud, the quickly overspread heavens, the downpour of water; the chariot of Achab driven along by wind and rain over the Plain of Esdraelon, and the girded Elias ever in front—a white form in the gloom, willing, now that God's honor is vindicated, to lay aside his dignity as a

prophet and appear as a servant, as I have seen a cardinal serve mass for a simple priest in the absence of an acolyte.

The distance to Jezreel is about twelve miles, a great feat for an old man; but running is one of the accomplishments of the Orient.

Nor did the discomfiture of the priests of Baal entirely destroy idolatry on Mount Carmel. Suetonius relates that as late as the fourth century of the Christian era Vespasian, afterwards Emperor of Rome, ascended this mountain to consult the God of Carmel.

Before leaving we will go to the elevation, "thridding the mazes toward the mountain top," the vantage spot of Elias' servant. It is three hundred feet above us, and westward. From here the "place" appears a sort of hollow or amphitheatre, and the sea is visible in the neighborhood of Cæsarea.

How real everything seems! We almost expect to see Elias appear from his retreat in the brook Carith, or from his mission of love at Sarepta. He seems to have had the faculty of being in several places at the same time. "A person cannot be in two places at once," said Sir Jeoffry Roche, "except he is a bird." "Bilocation is possible by the power of God," began the Professor, "for the distinction between substance and subsistence—" "Now, Doctor! we all believe in the possibility of the miracle; do not distress us with its philosophy." "Oh, well! I say no more; but the philosophy is very beautiful." The Professor is not very formidable when grasped resolutely, as a nettle.

We must now descend to where we expect to find our servants and tents. The road is a very steep one, and we therefore walk, leading our beasts. At one point our leader stops; "This road is impassable; not even jack-assable!" says he, the Pessimist; but we succeed in getting through, and we are soon cheered by the sight of the Stars and Stripes, which Francis has hoisted on a tree to attract our attention.

It is a far cry from Elias to the redwoods of California, but Ellsworth Huntington, in *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1912, proves in examining hundreds of trees from the large and small annual growths indicating wet and dry seasons respectively, that there was a great drought about the time of King Achab's reign. Thus is the testimony of the trees added to that of the rocks of Moab and the bricks of Babylon in establishing the truth of Scripture.

One of our party finds a bird's nest and we reflect that love for animals is not peculiar to the twentieth century. It was commanded in Deuteronomy; it was practiced in the Middle Ages, those times of bloodshed; and it has been a characteristic of the saints (how St. Francis and St. Anthony of

Padua loved the dumb animals; they brought back partially the harmony of Eden!) Deut., ch. xxii, forbids the killing of the dam sitting upon young or upon the eggs in all cases, even when a sort of permission is implied to take the young when there is use for it, and the reward for sparing the nest and bird is "that thou mayest prolong thy days." If this spirit of pity and kindness was inculcated in the old laws, how much more should we obey it. And assuredly there is a connection between robbing nests and early death, for in wanton destruction of life is aroused the spirit of cruelty and hatred that brings on quarrels and ends in early death.

The birds may not have claims against us, but we have claims on ourselves to foster meekness and sympathy in our hearts. "God builds the nest of the blind bird," is our Arab's echo of Christ's "Not a sparrow falls without the will of the All-Father."

CHAPTER II

FROM THE KISHON TO NAZARETH

Our first night in a tent! A new experience; and we are glad to be able to learn the *modus operandi* from those who erect it. The dextrous Arab servant sets upright the central pole like the mast of a small ship, extends the canvas, drives a circle of stakes into the earth, draws taut the ropes, and behold! A dwelling place! We assist at putting up the cot-beds and spreading the mats on the ground. We unpack some of our necessary articles, and, feeling quite at home, recite the Breviary. The Mukâris put up another tent open at the sides, which is to serve as a dining-room, and under which they will stretch themselves at night. The beasts of burden are picketed apart from each other—for these Arabian horses are quarrelsome—where the grass seems most abundant.

Mr. H. Van Dyke writes: "Men may say what they will in praise of their houses and grow eloquent upon the merits of various styles of architecture, but, for our part, we are agreed that there is nothing to be compared with a tent. It is the most venerable and aristocratic form of human habitation. Abraham and Sarah lived in it, and angels were glad to share its hospitality. It is exempt from the base tyranny of the plumber, the paper-hanger, and the gas man. It is not immovably bound to one dull spot of earth by the chains of a cellar or a system of water pipes. It follows the wishes of its inhabitants, and goes with them, a traveling house, as the spirit moves them to explore the wilderness. New beds of wild flowers surround it by day, and new plantations of trees overshadow it at night; new avenues of shining water lead up to its ever-open doors. What the tent lacks in luxury it makes up in liberty—'by having nothing we possess the whole world.'"

We agree with Mr. Van Dyke when we reflect on the semiannual earthquake of house-cleaning at home. We open our Bibles for allusions to the tent. "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacles, spare not: lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," Is. liv. 2. How strikingly the manner of tent life is here depicted. It is the diffusion of the Church that the Prophet has in mind, and how admirably he uses the figure well known! The place! for every spot is not fit to camp on; the skins of covering and matting, the cords and the stakes. But if it is

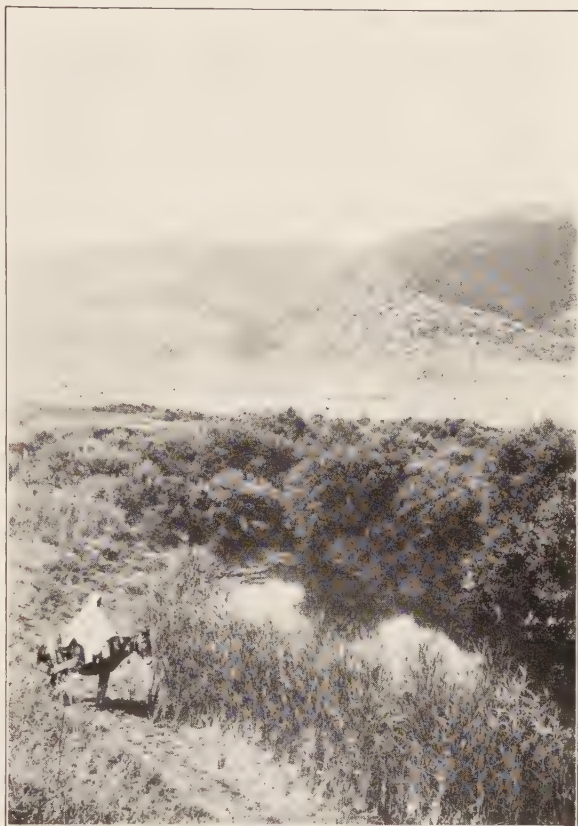
a figure of the Church, the tent is also a figure of transitoriness ("Removed as the tent of one night," is the expression of Isaiah. "My life is rolled away from me like a shepherd's tent," Is. xxxviii. 12), but of transitoriness protected by God. "And I will fasten him as a tent-nail in a sure place,"

Is. xxii. 23. "And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house." In our centre-post are the tent-nails, in the solidest part, as much must be hung on them, room being limited—heavy overcoats, wraps, satchels, etc. But I think Isaiah refers rather to the nails (pins of wood) that fasten the tent on the outside, and that in marshy soil would pull out. "And there shall be a tabernacle for a shade in the day time from the heat, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind and from the rain," Is.

iv. 6. How appropri-

ately is described God's protection against the three evils encountered in traveling in Palestine—the heat, the whirling dust, and the rain!

But we must explore our surroundings. Our muleteers came by the river road, now a fair highway for carriages, that connects Haifa and Nazareth, several miles paralleled by the railroad. Belled-esh-Sheik was passed on their right, nestling in the lap of the Carmel range about three miles from Haifa, and traveling through young groves of mulberry and



THE KISHON

palm; after six miles they would pass on their left a large artificial hill called el Harbadj, covered with ruins and a few houses, and half a mile farther the railroad station of Shomarîeh. Here they left the Nazareth road, keeping on the south side of the Kishon to where we are camped, Tell-el-Kassis. This means, mound of the priests. It is also called Tell-el-Katl (mound of the massacre), both of which names bear witness that here the priests of Baal were put to death. Nothing remains but the name; such deaths do not merit the martyr's monument. We come back to our tent, and the sun goes down behind Carmel, touching its treetops with flame, renewing to our eyes the burning sacrifice of Elias.*

By day the scenes of our wandering are all foreign; at night we feel at home, for behold! there are the old stars that glitter over Lake Michigan or reflect themselves in the Wisconsin River. "He maketh Arcturus and Orion and the Pleiades," says Job ix. 9. And he asks: "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades or loose the bonds of Orion?" Job xxxviii. 31. Those stars, like a happy family, united by the sweet associations of home, saying as persistently as Wordsworth's little maid: "O Master, we are seven"—couldst thou have bound them together? Or those three great stars in Orion's belt—canst thou separate them? Can there be happy home without God? Shall man put asunder what He has united? And the stars, so much larger than in the West, appear to say: "We are here nearer heaven and God"; and with the musical *lailatak saida!* to each other, we compose ourselves to rest.

The sounds outside our tent are many and new—the loud talk of the guides, who appear to be always quarreling; the fighting of the horses; the braying of the jackass—but fatigue soon brings sleep. "He shall put on sin as a garment," says Psalm 108. How forcibly the simile, among these people who never undress, brings forward the continuance in sin of the wicked. He goes to sleep with his sin; he rises again with its curse upon him; he carries his sin with him all day; in his pleasures as in his pain it is present.

We are up betimes, for we want to reach Nazareth early, and for the first few miles we have but a poor road, having to cross both the river

*Spelling of Scripture names is in a state of chaos. Not only does the Catholic Bible differ from the Protestant, but protestant authorities differ among themselves, having sometimes one spelling in the Old Testament and another in the New; and still more are Catholic versions discordant with each other. This is accounted for by the fact that Hebrew is a language without vowels and with consonants of different values from ours. Bible scholars should get together: uniformity being the first object; fancied or real similarity to the original only second; and jealousy of schools ruled out. All I have aimed at is to give the most commonly used Catholic spelling when the names occur in my own narrative, and the spelling of non-Catholic writers when I quote from them.

and the railroad track, the former after some difficulty in finding the ford. The boy is experimentally sent in first, and on his showing reluctance, *Akh-ul-benat!* ("Brother of girls"), exclaims Francis, stinging him to quick action. In half an hour we reach el Harotiyeh, the modern representative of Haroseth of the Gentiles. Here we must pause and read our Bible, for this was the residence of Sisera, the commander of the troops of King Jabin. We read in Judges, chs. iv and v: "The Lord delivered the Israelites into the hands of Jabin, King of Canaan who reigned in Azor, and he had a general of his army named Sisera, and he dwelt in Haroseth of the Gentiles, and the children of Israel cried unto the Lord; for he had nine hundred chariots set with scythes, and for twenty years had grievously oppressed them. And there was at that time Debbora, a prophetess, and she sat under a palm tree which was called by her name, between Rama and Beth-el, in Mount Ephraim, and the children of Israel came up to her for all judgment; and she sent and called Barac and said to him, The Lord God of Israel hath commanded thee, go and lead an army to Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand fighting men of the children of Nephtali, and of the children of Zabulon, and I will bring unto thee in the place of the torrent Kishon, Sisera, the general of Jabin's army and his chariots, and all his multitude, and I will deliver them into thy hands. And Barac said to her, if thou wilt come with me I will go; but if thou wilt not come with me I will not go."

Poor chicken-hearted Barac! to require the company of a woman in battle. She said to him, "I will go indeed with thee, but the victory shall not be attributed to thee, because Sisera shall be delivered into the hand of a woman. Debbora therefore arose and went with Barac to Kedesh, and he called unto him Zabulon and Nephtali, and went up with ten thousand fighting men, having Debbora in his company, and it was told Sisera that Barac was gone up to Mount Tabor. And he gathered together his nine hundred chariots armed with scythes and all his army from Haroseth of the Gentiles to the torrent Kishon. And Debbora said to Barac, Arise! for in this day the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thy hands, and Barac went down to Mount Tabor and ten thousand fighting men with him; and the Lord struck a terror into Sisera and all his chariots and all his multitude, at the sight of Barac insomuch that Sisera leaping down from off his chariot fled away on foot, and Barac pursued after the chariots and the army unto Haroseth of the Gentiles, and all the multitude of the enemy was utterly destroyed."

We can easily imagine how the chariots would be mired in this low land around the Kishon; but now comes an idyl and a tragedy combined:

"Sisera fleeing, came to the tent of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, and Jael went forth to meet Sisera, and said to him, Come in, my Lord, come in, and fear not! He went into her tent and he said to her, Give me, I beseech thee, a little water for I am very thirsty." She opened a bottle of milk and gave him to drink, probably the *Leben* (curdled milk), which is soporific, and Sisera said to her: "Stand now before the door of the tent, and when any one shall come and inquire of thee saying: Is there any man here? thou shalt say, There is none. So Jael took a nail of the tent, taking also a hammer, and going in softly and silently, she put the nail upon the temples of his head and striking it with the hammer drove it through his brain fast into the ground, and so passing from deep sleep to death he fainted away and died. And behold Barac came pursuing after Sisera, and Jael went out to meet him and said to him, Come, I will show unto thee the man whom thou seekest. And when he came into her tent he saw Sisera lying dead and the nail fastened in his temples, so God on that day humbled Jabin the King of Canaan." Debbora breaks forth in a canticle, in which she allows Barac, though unworthy, to join her: "O ye of Israel, bless the Lord! Hear ye, O Kings. The mountains melted before the Lord, and Sinai before the God of Israel. In the days of Jael the paths rested; they who traveled walked through by-ways; the valiant men ceased until Debbora arose, a mother in Israel. The Lord chose new wars, and he himself overthrew the gates of his enemies. Arise! Arise! Oh, Debbora! Arise! Arise! and utter a canticle! Arise! Barac! and lead away thy captives, O son of Abinoem! The remnants of the people are saved, the Lord hath fought among the valiant ones. The kings came and fought, the kings of Canaan fought in Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo, and yet they overcame not. War from heaven was made against them; the stars in their order and courses fought against Sisera; the torrent of Kishon dragged their carcasses, that ancient river, the torrent of Kishon. Tread thou my soul upon the strong ones! Blessed among women is Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite! Blessed be she in her tent! He asked for water and she gave him milk, cream, in a dish fit for princes. She put her left hand to the nail and her right hand to the hammer, and she struck Sisera, seeking in his head a place for the wound, and strongly piercing through his temples; at her feet he fell; he fainted and he died; he rolled before her feet, and he lay lifeless and wretched."

The scene now changes to Sisera's home. His mother looked out of a window and wailed, and she spake from the dining-room: "Why are his chariots so long in coming back? Why are the feet of his horses so slow?" One that was wiser than the rest said, "Perhaps he is now dividing the



PRIESTS COPT

spoils, and the fairest of the women is chosen out for him. Garments of divers colors are given to Sisera for his booty, and vesture of many kinds is heaped together, to adorn the necks. And the land rested for forty years." Observe the different significance of the same word "rested" in different passages: one indicating danger and suspicion, in which men skulked in byways and not by the common path; and the other, security and peace. What a graphic description! How much the sacred writer can crowd into a small space!

It is a song of triumph for Deborah and Barac and Jael, and of

praise for "Issachar and Nephtali, who offered their lives to death in the region of Merom," but there is interjected condemnation of Reuben, "who was not found in the strife of courageous men." "Why dwellest thou where thou mayest hear the bleating of the flocks?" There is sterner music for men!

The scene of this encounter would not be here; here was the general's headquarters, and here his

mother and wives were awaiting the return of Sisera, who never returned. The battle is thought to have occurred off there, twelve or fifteen miles to the southeast, in the vast



GREEK



ARMENIAN

plain of Esdraelon, where Adu Kudeis in the valley and Tannuk in the foothills recall Kedesh and Taanach. The Syrians had scoffed at the Israelites: "Their God is a god of the hills, he cannot fight in the plains;" and so Sisera had gone out with horses and chariots to their death in the bogs over which the light-footed soldiery of Debhora passed unimpeded. But the "stars in their courses fought against Sisera"; the torrential rains made the plain a swamp, and the bible Kishon changes for the modern Arab into Nahr el-Moukatta (river of the massacre.)

But was not Jael's action treachery? Was it not murder? It would seem so to us; but no—in considering the actions of men in the Old Testament we must remember they lived under a theocracy or immediate government of God; and, just as it is allowed to the hangman to take life, or to the soldier in war, because they act in obedience to the law in force, so what would otherwise be murder, crime, a lie, etc., ceases to be such if God be the law and orders it.

But all has not always been bloodshed in this Plain of Esdraelon, watered by the Kishon and its tributaries, from the slopes of Carmel as from those of Tabor, and from as far south as Jenîn. It is the garden spot of Palestine, and has greened in thousands of springs and yellowed to thousands of harvests, even before our era; and though yet early in the season, see how the whole expanse is taking on the color of hope, in the expectancy and the fruition of "the early and the latter rains!" There is a large square patch still gray in the centre of the landscape, but over this field also the rain-cloud will pass, like the priest at a funeral, with the holy water; over it will the sunbeams smile and the mist-wreaths gather, like the words of cheer in the ritual, like the incense smoke of the thurifer; and all betoken the new life that will succeed to the death.

We now resume our journey, and traverse a spur of the Nazareth hills covered with the evergreen oaks, their rounded tops responding to the larger smooth *mamelons* of the mountains. Soon the road again descends into the valley, and passing through the valley of Jeida, where the water is very unwholesome, we stop awhile to rest the horses at Khan Jeida, and shortly reach Semonnîeh, the first settlement in Palestine of the German Templars, now in a deplorable condition, though it was once the stronghold of Simonias, the ancient Semeron, and yet shows remains of its glory in prostrate columns and scattered capitals. The little colony of Würtembergers of 1867 all died of malarial fever from drinking the bad water.

We continued to ascend, looking back occasionally to view the sanctuary of el Mukraka on Carmel, passing Maloul and Moujeidil, a flourishing village, the gathering place in the harvest of the peasants, to do their



MOWREJ

threshing on the common ground, beaten flat and smooth and hard. As the buffaloes go round and round drawing the mowrej—a sort of stone-boat, with short teeth on the under side—they occasionally take a nip at the grain, but are quickly stopped by the goad of the driver, who perhaps does not remember the prohibition of Deut. xxv. 4: "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." Another injunction of the same book is disregarded: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together"—often have we seen these "in unequal yoke." The different modes of threshing are alluded to in Scripture. Isaiah, ch. xxviii, says: 'Gith (fitches) shall not be threshed with a saw (the sharp wheels), neither shall the cart wheel turn about on cummin; but gith shall be beaten out with a rod and cummin with a staff, and bread corn shall be broken small, but the thresher shall not thresh it forever.' The gith was doubtless vetches, the cummin a plant of the parsnip family, with a seed about one eighth of an inch long, and used in medicine. Mint and cummin were given in tithes; they are both carminatives, and are used by the Latins to make the face pale.

This village contains six hundred inhabitants, over half of them Mohammedans and the rest Greek Catholics. The Franciscans have a church and a

school, and there is also a Protestant school for girls. As we reach the elevated plateau, the Plain of Esdraelon is spread out and our heart gives a leap (oh, modern heart!) at seeing a railway train off in the distance at the station el-Fouleh; it is the station of the Haifa-Tiberias-Damascus railroad for Nazareth, which is, however, four miles distant. We have now a fine view of Tabor, over the jagged outline of the nearer Hill of Precipitation.

Yafa, the beautiful, is the village to our left, with its little church dedicated to St. James, and its surroundings burrowed with burial caves. This must have been a town of some importance, from the numerous coins found here with the image of many Cæsars. We are reminded of the parable of the treasure hidden in the field, for which the man sacrifices everything else to possess himself,—as Christians should, of virtue here and heaven hereafter.

There is also a church of the Orthodox Greeks. Going up the Wady-el-Emir, down which runs a beautiful stream of spring water, we make another turn and Nazareth lies before us. How queenly she looks among the hills of Zabulon!

CHAPTER III

NAZARETH

Jesus of Nazareth! His last and regal name as He hung on the cross. "Every institution," says Lamartine, "is the lengthened shadow of a man."

What shall we say of Christianity? How the shadow, or rather, let us say, the light, of the Man of Galilee, goes lengthening and brightening down the ages and projecting itself westward (for the light is from the East), till it reaches the world of Columbus, and touching the Rocky Mountains of De Smet, gilds the pacific waters of Junipero Serra!

And this is Nazareth, "where Gabriel spread his wings," as Dante has it—yes! and opened to men the mysteries of heaven; for this is the city of the Annunciation, of the Word made flesh, of the Boyhood. Here is the starting point of the Redemption; for Nazareth antedates Bethlehem by nine mysterious months. As the Incarnation is the centre point of Christianity, so is Nazareth the centre of the Holy Land. Bethlehem was the consummation, this is the inception; that the evening, this the dawn. She is well styled *en Nasira*—the Flower. This is the Florence of Palestine—rod from the root of Jesse, regal sprout from David. As we approach from Carmel, the city is hidden away in the lap of *Jebel es Sikh*; as the Incarnation was hidden for nine months; as the Divinity was hidden for thirty years. But as you round the spur of the hills, how beautiful she appears in her amphitheatre of higher hills around! Viewed from the little Latin chapel commemorating the fright of Our Lady when the Jews sought to cast down her Son from the hill, the Church of the Annunciation forms the centre of the picture as you look north. The straight line of the esplanade of stone in front, rendered necessary by the terraced situation, together with the square tower ending in a pyramid, give the church an air of quiet repose and stability. In the same enclosure is the Franciscan monastery with from eight to ten inmates. Just to the left, across the street, is their hospice, where the pilgrim finds a welcome. If here the fatigued traveler feels at home, what must Nazareth have been for the Holy Family after the terror of Egypt, from the sand of the desert, from the long nights under the stars! Where is home? There where is the Child and His Mother. We too, O God! can only find our resting place in Thy presence.

Adjoining the hospice is a school with two hundred scholars. We

visited this school. The examiner had been round shortly before us and had put the question to the highest class of boys: How many paras, metalicks, beshlicks, mejidehs are in a Turkish pound? Out of a class of twenty, there were fifteen different answers; and the teacher did not know which one was correct! This will give one an idea of the chaotic state of money matters in the Holy Land. Truly the new government at Constantinople had better give the country a sensible monetary system. No wonder strangers feel they are cheated at every turn.

The Protestant church is just back of the Latin hospice, and the Protestant orphan asylum is far up on the hillside directly north, looking, in its terraced verdure, a very hanging garden of beauty. Lower down, and to the right, is the large arch enclosing the Fountain of the Virgin, with the Greek church of St. Gabriel above it, to the left, through which enclosure the water of Ain Miriam flows from the Ras el Ain far up on the Jebel es Sikh. Beyond the fountain on the road to Cana is the large hospital kept by the Brothers of St. John of God. Turning now to the west of north we have the Christian Brothers' boys' school, and, most prominent of all, high up and of commanding aspect, the large industrial school of the Salesians, built by Father Belloni within the last few years, where all the principal trades required in Palestine are taught. Still further to the left, a fine new convent has just been completed for the Discalced Carmelite Sisters, but it is not yet occupied. There is also the Josephite Sisters' Hospital, which is new, as also the Sisters of St. Vincent in the south end of the city. The city is well supplied with religious educational and charitable institutions. Many of these, as stated, are new, and it gives us an opportunity to see how rich Palestine is in building stone. What she lacks in wood is made up in rock—a limestone of most beautiful texture and color; not the cold white of snow, but a warm yellow white, often pink, and even deepening to red in the veinings. It could be called a fine limestone or a low grade of marble. Here not only the walls are builded of stone, but the roofs likewise, becoming low-vaulted arches. These buildings, rising tier above tier, with the encircling hills above them, present a most beautiful scene, with a Mohammedan minaret lifting aloft the crescent near the middle of the town.

After this general survey we must visit the most important shrines individually. As we have pitched our tent a little northeast of the town, we first go for refreshment, as well as for devotion, to the Virgin's Fountain. It goes by the name Ain Miriam, the word ain, or "eye," being used for a living spring; and this is living water, although it does not rise from the ground in this spot, but high up on the hill. This being



MARY'S FOUNTAIN — NAZARETH

the only water source that the town formerly possessed (now there is a new aqueduct in the south part), it is certain that Mary and often the holy Child would come here for the daily supply. How venerable then is this spot! It is the belief of some that here, at this gushing, life-giving source, the message of the angel was brought to Mary; that here she heard, with the rush of the water, also the rush of archangelic wings, and that flood of benediction which justified the words: "Hail full of grace! the Power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and therefore the Holy One born of thee shall be the Son of God"; heard also the rush of wings of the overshadowing Dove. This is the tradition of the Greeks, who have their church a short distance away—a very tasty, wall-encircled edifice, dedicated to Gabriel; but the traditions and recitals of pilgrims through the centuries point to the Church of the Annunciation over Mary's House; and, certainly, as the spring must ever have been a public resort, there would be something inappropriate in it. We might reconcile the two traditions by supposing that Mary was saluted first at the spring, and afterwards at her home.

How much of the Bible narrative, as well as the life of Palestine to-day, clusters round the fountains! In our well-watered country and our cities supplied with water works, we cannot rightly appreciate the importance of a spring in this dry, parched land. It becomes the camping place for pilgrims, the watering place for the herds and flocks, the gossiping place for the women and youth, the resting place of the aged, the courting place for the young.

The Arabs have two words, little changed from the Hebrew: *Ain* (Hebrew *en*), for a natural spring; *Bîr* (Hebrew *beir*), for well. "The Ain comes from God," said my guide in explaining the difference. But even the digger of a *Bîr* is held in great honor; as Jacob, who gave to Samaria its so-long dilapidated well, now being restored by the Greeks.

Observe the continual procession of females to the spring. How statuesque they are! Our American ladies would give much for such figures—except the price, a life untrammelled by fashion! Those who are coming have the water-jar inclined at a rakish angle; but going away with it filled, it is poised upright on the head. I never saw one fall, although I suppose sometimes "the pitcher is broken at the well." Other women are washing; but the large tank used for laundry purposes (and, as I once saw also for little children's bathing) has been filled in of late years.

We now go to the Church of the Annunciation, passing through the court of the Franciscan monastery, in which are several columns of the ancient basilica, and entering by the side door, which is always open. At



GROTTO OF ANNUNCIATION

first sight the church is not remarkable; but proceeding toward the high altar at the north end, raised on a high platform, with its back to the south, and reached by a flight of stairs on either side, our attention is at once attracted to the crypt below the high altar. With holy eagerness we descend the seventeen steps into the chapel of the Annunciation. How we thrill as we kneel and read the words:

“HERE THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.”

In a flood of thought we try to realize what the Incarnation was; what it is to us, what to Mary! It is not merely God coming down to earth—that was represented in many pagan mythologies; but it is God becoming one of ourselves, assuming our flesh and nature without ceasing to be God. Dost thou so believe, O modern world? Then thou art Christian. As the heresies spring from a wrong belief in the union of the two natures in the one Person, so truth must perennially confess God and Man in Jesus Christ. How can so-called Christians write of this land and of the life of the Master, and leave the reader in doubt whether or not they believe the Saviour was God! To this lead forward and up all the eternal designs of God toward men, and to this all the promises of old; to this travel back and upward all the hopes of future ages. At Nazareth we realize the Incarnation. It is the centre point in history. It is the core of Religion. It is the focusing of God for humanity to gaze upon, even as the Blessed Sac-

rament was for all time to focus Christian worship; otherwise our adoration would be dissipated—gazing everywhere, it would see nowhere.

Blessedness of Catholic Faith! All may not visit the Holy Land, but all may approach the tabernacle. We realize, too, that the Incarnation was something more than God becoming man; it was man becoming God. "It is more than Redemption (which presupposes sin)," explains the Professor, "for probably the Word would have been made flesh even if man had not fallen; for the Incarnation benefits those most who had least sin; namely, the Blessed Virgin and the saints. It was this aspect of the Incarnation that some theologians think was what the celestial spirits inquired into, and some rebelled against, when it was revealed to them that God was to become man. Why not become angel? If it were only to lift man from sin, they could not be jealous, not having sinned as yet. But if He wished to make man higher than they, by taking man's nature—Ah! there came cause for envy!" So far the Professor. And on our inquiry as to his opinion if God did become angel: "*Chi lo sa?* It is enough to know that God became man; did He also become angel? We have no knowledge; it is not our concern; but I think it almost inevitable that He should, for their elevation and from His love for His creatures, have allied Himself in some special way with the nature of every intelligent being of His creation." We shall know when we are as the angels; and in the meanwhile we are allowed a pantheism, with all the beauty of paganism but with all the truth of Catholic teaching.

And what was the Incarnation to Mary? We recite an "Ave" to unite with the Archangel and to join that age-long choir which, as she prophesied, will call her Blessed, and to recall what that annunciation contained. How strange it must have sounded in her ears! "Not strange to a maiden of the lineage of David, to be betrothed to one of the same line; not strange that He should be called Jesus, for the symbolism of such a name was deeply rooted in Jewish belief; not strange that the Holy Ghost should be the medium, for the activity of the spirit of God was familiar to Israel; but it was the *how* of her own co-operation with it. *Why* she should be so favored, she alone of all Jewish maidens! And the humility of her self-surrender and acceptance of the suspicion regarding her purity, especially in the eyes of her betrothed!" So writes Weiss. Shall we say it was not also for her own consolation as well as Elisabeth's that she hastens to her cousin, before she would speak to Joseph of what, even in married life, is the first, sweet, whispered secret?

Divines read in Mary's exclamation, "How shall this be, because I know not man!" not an assertion of present virginity, which was uncalled

for, and would not have been contradictory to the future event of maternity, but a vow of perpetual chastity. To understand how far above her sisters of Palestine Mary rose in the heroism of this vow, and in the light that showed her the supereminence of virginity, we must take into consideration the intense desire of all Jews to have a posterity. Without that they could not hope to be in the Royal line that would give an expected Messiah to Israel. Hence the ceremonial laws that required one brother to marry the wife of another who died childless, and the possibility of the case proposed to our Lord by the Sadducees, of seven brothers marrying the same woman. Mark xii. 20. Hence also the cry of mothers like Rachel: "Give me children or I die!" To have no children was considered as a reproach and a blame, yea! a curse. Hannah's prayer at Shiloh was echoed by every Hebrew woman. So when Mary resolved to forego the dignity of being the Mother of God, except it could be accomplished without loss of her virginity, she rose to the new plane of the New Testament, in which virginity is to be esteemed as supernaturally above marriage; albeit not the state required by God for the majority of mankind, because in the natural order parentage is above non-parentage.

For one moment our salvation hung on her lips; but quickly came the acceptance: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word." Does Catholic theology place her too near in importance to her Son? Coventry Patmore calls her "Co-redemptrix with Christ. He converts the soul, destroying the old Adam; she converts the body, giving gentle disposition and affection, destroying the old Eve."

To our left, as we come to the altar, there are two columns of red porphyry, one called for the Virgin and the other for the Angel. These of course are commemorative aids to imagination as to where the actors stood. One of these is broken off about the middle, the upper half hanging from the ceiling, to which it is secured. Back of the altar, indeed back to back, is another dedicated to St. Joseph; and still back of this is a rock-cut cavern, that used to be styled the Virgin's kitchen, but is now thought to have been a cistern. A narrow flight of steps leads to the monastery above. The rock grotto of the Annunciation is thought to have been the rear part of the Blessed Virgin's residence, and that outside of it projected the site of the Holy House of Loretto, transported to Italy in the thirteenth century, to preserve it from being desecrated by the Turks.

This being sufficient exaltation for one day, we return to our tent.

We drop into several of the shops. Their contrivances are most primitive; they often sit on the floor, holding between their toes the stick they are shaping. Here they are cutting or fastening together the rude plows,

still in use, as in the days of our Lord, who doubtless, in Joseph's workshop, would make similar ones. We had a small model made as a souvenir. There they are fashioning hand-made cutlery; there beating out cotton with their one-stringed harp twanged into it. Others are weaving or spinning; others ironing the red tarbooshs worn on the head. In other booths they are making shoes; in others cooking unsavory food. But the streets are narrow, steep, and dirty, and, asking for the post office, we are directed through a chicken-occupied ground floor, in the upper chamber of which is the G. P. O! We are glad to get to the open.

As the weather is cool our Mukârî has not sought the shade of the olive-trees, and we think of the line: "He has stretched His tent in the sun." No hidden shade, but where He could be seen; not on the outskirts of creation, but at its centre; and "He put on radiance even as a bridegroom proceeding from his chamber." We pray the Angelus at sunset; for is not this its home?

"The mercies of the Lord are new every morning." In these sentiments we rise to another day of Nazareth. I say the Mass of March 25th (an incomparable privilege!), on the holy spot. Is there not an intimate relationship between the Mass and Nazareth?

After breakfast with the Franciscans we examine more particularly the Church of the Annunciation of the present day, which was built in 1730, in its relation to the basilica erected by Constantine in the fourth century. We see from the sub-structures that the former church was much larger and extended both east and west; in fact that the modern church occupies only the transepts of the early one. This brings the altar to the north, and not, as it was formerly, to the east, but it was done to secure the sanctuary being over the house of the Blessed Virgin; and even in the church of the early days, this north transept formed a chapel distinguished from the church. Bases of columns show that the level of the ancient basilica was twenty-seven inches below the present level; but there is sufficient to enable us to trace both the basilica of Constantine and the later one reconstructed by the Franks in the eleventh century. Inscriptions show us where Christians were buried, and the well-worn pavement, where innumerable pilgrims venerated the self-same mystery that brings us here to-day.

Father Felix, an Irishman, accompanies us to the workshop of Joseph, taking with him a large key, for there is no resident at this place. This goes by the name of the Nutrition; as here the Blessed Virgin would take up her residence in her husband's home after her visit to Judea, and again after the exile in Egypt. It is situated only a short distance north of the Franciscan convent, and is owned by them. The interior is very empty

looking, with a plain altar (of marble, however, by the generosity of Countess Nicholay) where Mass is celebrated. I would like to see it incorporated into a boys' manual training school, for it commemorates the life of labor of the Holy Family.

St. Joseph, model of husbands! The Book of Numbers, ch. v, had appointed "an offering of jealousy" for a suspected woman. It was so exuberant with curses that we never read of any Hebrew woman appealing to it; and we are indignant when the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus says that Mary proved her innocence by it.

*What sound was that? A pheasant's whirr?
What stroke was that? Lean low thine ear.
Is that the stroke of carpenter,
That far, faint echo that we hear?
Is that the sound that sometimes Bedouins tell
Of hammer-stroke as from His hand it fell?*

*It is the stroke of carpenter;
Through eighteen hundred years or more
Still sounding down the hallowed stir
Of patient toil, as when He wore
The leathern dress—the echo of a sound
That thrills for aye the toiling, sensate ground.*

*Hear Mary weaving! Listen! Hear
The thud of loom at weaving time
In Nazareth. I wreathe this dear
Tradition with my lowly rhyme;
Believing everywhere that she may hear
The sound of toil. Sweet Mary! bend an ear.*

*Yes! this is the toil that Jesus knew,
Yet we complain if we must bear.
Are we more dear? Are we more true?
Give us, O God, and do not spare!
Give us to bear, as Christ and Mary bore,
With toil in leaf-girt Nazareth of yore.*

We are glad to reflect, with Joachim Miller, himself a worker, how toil has been ennobled by the family of Nazareth; but I would have written

"hill-girt" instead of "leaf-girt," for though somewhat more favored than other places, it is lacking in the luxuriant verdure that we have in America. Perhaps the poet had in mind the fig-leaf of Adam, in contrast to the vesture that the Incarnation has thrown over our shame. Recent excavations have brought to light the remains of a most beautiful church on this site, 95 by 48 feet, with exquisite carvings, the finest to be seen anywhere in Palestine. The Franciscans are collecting these into a museum, which must prove of great interest and advantage to Palestine explorers.

Here we see consecrated the three counsels of the Gospel: Poverty and work, obedience, and chastity. Humble labor in Joseph; obedience in Mary and even in the divine Child—"He was subject to them"; chastity in all three. How we could have wished that that Childhood and Boyhood had been written for us! but no! nothing but "He was subject to them," to show the importance of obedience to a world that has gone crazy over liberty.

There is another interesting church that we must not fail to see, as it takes us back to the first preaching of our Lord in Nazareth. It is difficult to preach before our friends and relatives; they are the severest critics, and we are most sensitive to their blame. "A prophet is without honor in his own country," and thus the displeasure of the Nazarenes, who consider Jesus "the son of Joseph," is vented against him when he assumes the rôle of a teacher and a censor. "They rose up and drove Him out of the city, and led Him to the brow of the mountain on which the city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong." Luke iv. 29.

The chapel on this interesting site is quite small, being only 26 by 30 feet. It is the parish church of the united Greeks, who on their conversion from schism were given this place of worship by the Franciscans.

The historical program would take us next to the precipice; but as that site is disputed we must reserve it for greater leisure, and proceed westward from the synagogue across the dirty streets to visit the chapel of *Mensa Christi*. Its dome covers a small church, in whose center is a rude block of limestone about nine by twelve feet and three feet high, which tradition relates that Our Lord and the disciples were wont to use as an out-of-doors table—no improbable occurrence in this land of fresh-air existence, and a tiny runlet of water near by gives it an added feasibility; though no serious credence is given to this as anything more than a commemorative thought embodied objectively. It is only in the last century that the Franciscans cleared away this spot and built an oratory. Near by is the parish church of the Maronites.

We are going to-day for a long walk of exploration, to visit, if may



RAS EL AIN—NAZARETH

be, the precipice down which the incensed inhabitants of Nazareth were about to precipitate Our Lord.

Since the gospel says, "the brow of the mountain on which the city was built," some have thought to locate the precipice northward where the city extends up the acclivity, and which is crowned by a Mukam Neby Sain; but in this case the Jews would have had to cast Him *toward* the city, and certainly they would not have wished to have His blood on their town. But we take this as an excuse for seeing the view from the top of Jebel es Sikh. Climbing up through the squalid houses, we stop to rest where a woman is taking bread out of an oven—bread not like our loaves, but the flat scones of the natives, like baby blankets. We watch her; and she, thinking she sees curiosity to taste her bread, says: *Taffadal!* (Be pleased to take some). We accept, and say: "*Min keirak*" (From your store). She rejoins: *Keir Allah!* (From God's store.) There is scarcely any occurrence that does not bring in God. The bread is tough and heavy, but tasty enough.

Father Felix, who accompanied us, asks a boy to assist us to find Ras el Ain, for we wish to see the headwater of the Virgin's fountain, and the good Father acknowledged he has never seen it himself. After

considerable hunting in the desolate hillside we are shown a hole, crater-like, in the solid rock about ten feet across, the bottom full of water. If this is the fountain head, it must have a subterranean passage to reach St. Gabriel's Church and the Ain Miriam.

We climb still higher, and at Neby Sain have a magnificent outlook. Below us is Nazareth; south is the great valley of Esdraelon, shut in by the Gelboe Mountains, with the great curves of railroad track and the smoke of a locomotive at el Fuleh, Jezreel in the far distance, and, nearer at hand, Nain and Endor, nestling between the Little Hermon range of hills and Mount Tabor. To the east Mount Tabor itself rises, a great sugar-loaf, in isolated importance. "Seating myself in the shade of the Wely," writes Dr. Robinson, "I remained for some hours upon this spot, lost in the contemplation of the wide prospect, and of the events connected with the scenes around. In the village below, the Saviour of the world had passed his childhood; and although we have few particulars of his life during those early years, yet there are certain features of nature which met our eyes now, just as they once met his. He must often have visited the fountain near which we had pitched our tent; his feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills; and his eyes, doubtless, have gazed upon the splendid prospect from this very spot. Here the Prince of Peace looked down upon the great plain, where the din of battles so oft had rolled, and the garments of the warrior been dyed in blood; and he looked out too, upon that sea, over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of his salvation to nations and to continents then unknown."

Behind us to the north is the city of Seffurieh, Sippchoris, the Diocæsarea of the Romans, the supposed home of St. Joachim; and beyond it the Plain of Buttauf. To the west we see the road we came over two days ago and the Carmel Range with the chapel of Mukraka. Flowers like these around us bloomed for Him. We can picture Him, not unlike yonder boy, with the *talith* or gaberdine of blue confined at the waist by a cord, a *keffieh* on the head falling over the back; with the large eyes, that Mary gave him, looking out wistfully over the plain, and with the eyes of God over countries and ages that He has come to redeem. We will not attempt walking to the traditional precipice. We descend to our camp and take dinner. Our dragoman has prepared fried chicken, rather poor potatoes, artichokes, and the eternal boiled eggs—which, however, are the article most secure in these lands—and with white bread and red wine and excellent fruit, both fresh and dried, and nuts for dessert, we fare well.

We take our horses for the excursion of the afternoon; we pass through

the town, leaving our beasts at the foot of the hill while we stop at the chapel of the Fright. The Franciscans have enclosed this rising ground adjacent to the city with a wall of stone, and till it to admiration, having thus an abundant kitchen-garden and vineyard, and the whole hill adorned with cypress-trees. Indeed it is a beautiful spot. The church commemorates the Fright of Our Lady as she followed her son in troubled uncertainty as to His fate, till she saw the rabble returning, and learned that He had manifested His divine power by escape. But she has seen the malice of mankind, even of His own, and henceforward He must be the Man of Sorrows and she the *Mater Dolorosa*. As this site is merely monumental, it is no discredit to the Greeks that they have erected a chapel recording the same event over near the road to the precipice. This chapel is like a cemetery monumental vault, in Gothic style with pillar-supported open vestibule, well elevated.

While the traditions regarding the Church of the Annunciation go back to the early part of the fourth century, these other sites are not spoken of, or any attempt made to identify them in writings that have come down to us, till much later: the mount of precipitation not till the ninth century, the *Menṣa Christi* not till the sixteenth. We may well not accredit them with an equal share of authenticity with spots identified earlier, but should deprecate, yes, condemn, the rash judgment of unbelievers in attributing these shrines to deceit and imposture. Even where we find two or more sites, each may think his own genuine without any intentional imposition. I designate these as merely monumental and commemorative. They keep alive the remembrance of a certain fact, or mystery, that had its accomplishment in this locality, if not on this exact spot.

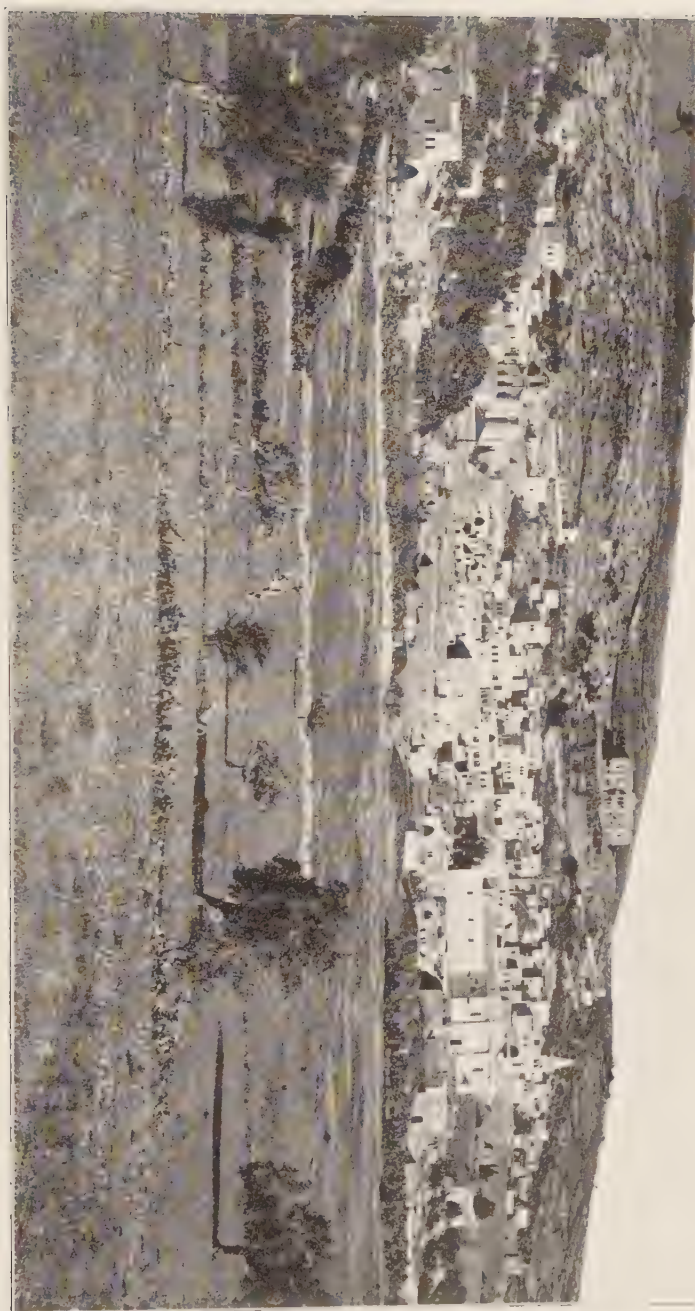
We proceed south to where the undulating plateau on which Nazareth is built breaks over into the valley of Esdraelon in peculiarly jagged outline. This is about one and one half or two miles distant, but as "He passed through the midst of them and went away," even if it were determined what cliff they intended to throw Him down, it would be uncertain where He escaped from them. There is one point, however, still called by the natives Jebel el Kafsaḥ (the mount of the precipice), and to this go back the oldest traditions. The author of the *Commemoratorium*, writing early in the ninth century, says: "A mile from Nazareth, where the Jews wished to throw Our Saviour over the cliff, there has been built a monastery and a church in honor of St. Mary. It is occupied by eight monks." Remains of this monastery have been found, as also a niche cut in the rock, on which Mass is sometimes celebrated. The traditions of the last eleven hundred years point to this spot.

But we must return to camp, for this is our last evening in Nazareth.

Returning, we witness one of the little annoyances of nomad life. In the old threshing-floor south of the Annunciation church there was a drove of camels being prepared for their journey of the transport of merchandise southward. If the camel is the Arab's greatest treasure, it can also be his plague. Two heavy packs were lying by the roadside, and the driver was trying to coax his camel to kneel and be loaded. Probably the camel had estimated the weight of the load (for he is a mathematician) and concluded they were over-weight; at any rate, kneel he would not, neither for entreaties nor blows. I wondered how he endured the latter—for the camel can both bite and kick in ugly fashion and trample on his victim—and why he did not annihilate his keeper, a puny old man with a most dirty turban. "Abuna!" said my guide; "it is the will of God! Allah has made the camel so that man may beat him. His eyes are magnifying glasses, and that tiny driver appears a giant in his sight." A wise provision of the Creator, indeed! And surely there is this much truth in the idea—that, were animals to know their strength relative to ours, we could not control them.

As we sit in our tent this evening we amuse ourselves in inquiring by what cognomens our Mukâris speak of us to others. I, having the longest beard, go by the title of Abû Dukn, father of a beard; and here is a peculiarity of Arab talk and custom: a man is only worthy of a title if he is the parent of something. When a man becomes a father he is known by the name of his son, "Father of John" for instance, Abû Hannah; thus reversing western practice, which would make "Johnson" for the younger generation. As the Arabs venerate the beard and the Moslems have the blessing, "May thy beard never be less," and swear "by the beard of my father," I consider myself favored; especially when we recall the names of the others—"Son of a frying pan," from his having a low broad hat, is given to the Pessimist; the Photographer is "the picture man," and the Poet rejoices (or squirms) at the title of "Halam," which is the reed used as a pen; which word, doubtless, is from the Greek "Kalamos."

How placid was the life of Mary at Nazareth! She had her household cares and her life of labor, but she had also her child, to work for whom was joy. Uneventful shall we call these years from five to twelve, between Egypt and the first journey to the Temple? There were events, but they were of the heart and of the mind and of the soul. There was the continual intercourse with the divine Child; there was the Godhead manifesting itself more as the years went by. She was His mother, and yet He was her Creator. She was instructing her babe, but He was in-



structing her. It is all so full of mystery! Did her thoughts pierce to the day when He would hang upon Golgotha? He, her tender Child? When He would accidentally place two sticks in the shape of a cross, would the sob rise in her throat, and her heart break? Who can tell? It is all so full of mystery! We may well say with the Poet:

*Forestall not thirty years to mar thy joy;
Think not to-day of sorrow that must be;
But like a mortal mother kiss thy boy,
Nor dream of darkness and of Calvary.*

At Nazareth we began our Palestine rosary; it is the first mystery. We must hasten, as Mary did, toward the second, the home of Elisabeth, in the mountains of Judea—the Visitation. While we shall follow mainly the route that Mary would have taken in this journey, and that the Holy Family took twelve years later, we will first make a detour in order to visit Endor and Nain. Before leaving we pay a last visit to thank the Fathers for their kind services, and to pray before the Grotto of the Annunciation, in gratitude for the “good that came out of Nazareth.”

CHAPTER IV

NAZARETH TO SHUNEM

Dear as Nazareth is, we must perforce leave it. Our horses in their Arab impatience are pawing up the ground, and bidding adieu to the home of our Lord, we depart. Before starting we inquire into the credentials of our guide, for whom, being a native of Nazareth, the Franciscans vouch. We think of the time long ago, when Tobit, about to journey to Rages or Ecbatana, in the country of the Medes, seeks a guide: "And he found a beautiful young man standing girded, as it were, ready to walk," Tobias v. 5. And thus Tobit obtains an angel for companion and friend.

Are angels as near to us as they were in Bible times, and ready for emergencies? We have the assurance of our Lord that the angels of little children "see the face of the Father who is in Heaven," even while they accompany and guard their *protégés* on earth, and that "God has given his angels charge over thee, lest thou hurt thy foot against a stone," Matt. iv. 6.

We cannot doubt the existence of angels, but modern conditions render their appearing less necessary, and modern unbelief, perhaps, impossible. Remember that once it was said our Lord could work no miracles on account of the unbelief of the people.

"Theology teaches," says Coventry Patmore, "that a characteristic of all the angelic orders is the capacity of assuming a double aspect. They can turn their gaze directly upon God, a state which St. Thomas Aquinas describes as 'the morning joy,' or they can turn to God in His creature, which is said to be 'the evening joy.'" Milton even says: "Spirits at will can either sex assume," which means that, looking up to God, they are feminine; in relation to us, they are masculine, by analogy. Thus we believe in the presence of spiritual beings which we cannot see, and in a heavenly music,

*Which, while this muddy vesture of decay
Does grossly close us in, we cannot hear.*

Mary's journey to the home of Elisabeth would be taken in the month of March or early in April. Being poor, she most probably would travel on foot. It may be she traveled alone—alone with her great secret. There may have been pilgrims on their way to the Easter celebration, and she

would have company as far as Jerusalem. It is not probable that Joseph accompanied her, as he is never mentioned; but most surely he knew of her journey and would arrange that she should not be exposed unnecessarily to the dangers of the way, although the hardships were unavoidable. Her route would be about the same as that which we are taking. Alone! but not alone; for the Power of the Most High has overshadowed her, and the Lord is with her! Truly she would not want for company. How her thoughts would run forward to the day she should hold Him on her lap! To the time He would sit on the throne of David her ancestor! To the time when He would take again the scepter of power and, delivering the Hebrew nation, raise it to more than its former glory. All this was in her thoughts, for so thought every Hebrew maid and man. But shall we not think that it was revealed to her that He would be more than man? Would the spiritual side of His mission, would the Godhead of His person not be disclosed? We know how seldom an event is seen in all its significance at the time of its happening. Mary herself often appears not to have understood all the words that were spoken to her; but she "kept them in her heart." We know that the Apostles long afterwards expected a temporal kingdom at the hands of the Messiah. Yet it is hard to think that she, who was "full of grace," should not have been enlightened from the beginning as to the full extent of the great things done for her.

We have said her journey was in the spring, when, after the winter rains, the fields (for roadways there were none) would be looking their fairest. Familiar with the Scriptures, as every pious Hebrew maiden was in those days, yet undebauched by daily papers, what a litany would not she and the mystic presence within her chant as she proceeded along this road! Her ancestor David (Psalms cxlviii) calls together the elements and every living thing, and they sing to the Lord God: "Praise Him sun and moon; praise Him all ye stars and light; fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy wind, which fulfil His word; mountains and hills, beasts and cattle, reptiles and feathered fowls, praise the Lord!"

May we not imagine that the poetry of eastern nations found expression in Mary's heart, and that she too called on the springing flowers to bless the Dayspring within her? "Oh, all ye flowers of the Lord, bless the Lord! Ye scented thyme that His feet will crush, revealing sweetness; ye lilies that His parable will ennoble, bless the Lord! Thou star of Bethlehem, point out his birthplace! Ye spikenard, prepare your sweetness for his burial! Ye little blue-eyed veronicas, look up and speed Him on His way that you may merit your English name of Speedwell!

Ye roses and pomegranates in your redness, bless the Lord! Rejoice ye palm-trees and clap your hands, for even now He cometh! Ye olives, prepare your paleness and your trembling for the anguish of Gethsemane! Ye thorn-trees bless the Lord!" Ah! and a mysterious pang as from a spina-point pierced her. William Cullen Bryant echoes the same thought:

*It is as when of yore
The Hebrew poet called the mountain steep,
The forests and the shore
Of ocean, and the mighty mid-sea deeps
And stormy wind, to raise
A universal symphony of praise.
For lo! the hills around,
Gay in their early green, give silent thanks;
And, with a joyous sound,
The streamlets huddling waters kiss their banks.*

To avoid the Hill of Precipitation we must keep to the southwest where a very fair road for these countries will bring us by a gentle winding incline to the valley of the Kishon. Those who prefer risking their necks on the rocks may go over the brow of the hill, passing the Greek chapel of the Terror and wait for us in the plain. Before reaching the valley we pass Yaffa, thought to be the home of Zebedee. Arrived in the lowlands we leave the carriage road to the railroad station at el Fuleh (the Bean), and keep to the left through the fields, passing Iksal, the Chesuloth of Josue xix. 18, a Mussulman village of six hundred inhabitants. We are now well into the Plain of Esdraelon, called by the Arabs Merj Ibn Amir, the Plains of the Sons of Amir, the largest valley in all Palestine and one of the most opulent, if only the government would keep in check the Bedouins, those hereditary plunderers of this land, who fly like Scythian arrows, coming from where you know not, and retiring to where you cannot follow. This plain is an irregular triangle, whose north side of about twelve miles is formed by the mountains of Galilee, north and back of Nazareth. The plain extends south for perhaps fifteen miles, lessening as it proceeds; the range of hills, much broken by smaller valleys and swelling upwards in Tabor, and Little Hermon bounding it on the east, while Carmel stretches out its long arms to embrace it on the west, which is the longest side, probably twenty miles. It is by no means level, this valley of Esdraelon, in Bible language "the valley of Megiddo," but rolling exceedingly, with smaller valleys running off from it, as between Tabor and Little Her-

mon (ed Duhy), and between this and the mountains of Gelboe extends the valley of Jezreel. These mountains form the watershed between the Mediterranean and the Jordan, the Kishon draining all on the west and the north, and Wady Sherrar and Wady Jâlûd carrying off the waters on the east, the latter watering the Plain of Jezreel in its course. The exact spot of the watershed Thomson places between Endor and Iksal, where the Kishon and the Jâlûd interlap each other, divided by Gelboe, the latter draining thus some of the more central portions of the "great plain," as Josephus calls it. Mount Tabor's sky-line is two joined "lines of beauty," almost mathematically perfect.

There is a nearly direct trail through the farms between here and Endor. Although we are still in March the grain is eighteen inches high and the peasants are in the fields busily rooting out extraneous weeds, mostly wild mustard, in spite of the metaphorical injunction of our Lord: "Let both grow until the harvest." But this was spoken of cockle. What plant represents the cockle, or tares of the Protestant Bible? The plant we now call cockle, the *Lichnis githago*, is very different from wheat, and so would not readily be taken for it, even when small. But the *Zâwân* of Palestine, here called cockle, is more like the English chess or cheat. This *Zâwân* calls to mind the old and never settled dispute of whether wheat can turn into chess. Though not a naturalist, I side with those who think it possible. Wheat could never turn into the *Lichnis githago*, but it seems to me that wheat might by the severity of winter be forced back to the earlier and hardier type, which is probably the chess; just as a Christian can degenerate into a worldling or a pagan. I made a rough sketch of *Zâwân*, which I give on page 593. By a curious coincidence the grains of the plant almost formed the Arab word.

In this land nothing is wasted, not even the weeds. They are gathered together—you may observe the heaps at the side of the roadway—and fed to the camels, or, if uneatable, are dried and used as fuel. A very short-lived fuel indeed, and we are reminded of the words of our Lord: "The grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven," Luke xii. 28; or of Eccl. vii. 7: "As the crackling of thorns burning under a pot." Both are used as a figure of transitoriness, and prove that even in olden times timber was here too precious for fuel.

There are many diversions of the path leading off from our road and I, riding in the vanguard, have often to stop and listen for the command of Francis: "*Schmalek! Schmalek!*" he shouts, "To your left;" or "*Yemenak,*" "To your right;" or "*Alkawim,*" "Straight on!" We are



ENDOR

getting these terrible sounds into our ears, and begin to find them musical. We meet many pedestrians. Where the wandering tribes are continually shifting to new pastures, they must make the journey mostly on foot. A constant companion is therefore the rude walking stick. It is both a staff to lean on and a rod to smite with; for these people are always liable to attacks. "Thy rod and thy staff have comforted me"; "Put away the rod of thy anger": the rod is therefore both the protection and the punishment. "Stretch out thy rod": it is retribution. "Strike the rock with thy rod": it is provision. "Put away thy rod, O my God!" its withdrawal is mercy. "And there shall come forth a rod out of Jesse": it is the blessing of progeny; "and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him." Here the "rod" means Christ, and is better translated as "sprout" or "sucker," like the straight shoots called "whips" in the West, that spring from a chopped-off tree stump. Thus "rod" represents continuance of lineage.

We are approaching Endor and the blocks of black basalt are becoming larger and more numerous. It is with difficulty that we ride our horses between them, and where the path is through a defile great watchfulness is necessary in the horseman to avoid bruised shins.

Guiding our mounts circumspectly among them, we come to Endor, at the foot of Jebel ed Duhy, facing Tabor about four miles distant.

The hillside is full of caves, in one of which the witch of Endor probably dwelt; for she would ply her superstitious trade and sorcery secretly, since she knew of the stringency of the laws Saul had made, or rather enforced, for the command of God was given long ago to "destroy magicians out of the land." Even the few hovels of the natives are wretched and the inhabitants unprepossessing. It would take no great stretch of fancy to think them witches. And yet what a pretty little girl is yonder! So God places flowers among the weeds. We must give her an alms for being beautiful, for to be beautiful is the duty of every woman.

The Ain Dûr that gives name to the place rises in a cavern in the mountain side from which it issues to irrigate the surrounding gardens. To the witch of this cave came one night a disguised king. He had "rooted out magicians and soothsayers from the land," 1 Kings xxviii. 3. But for his sins God had deserted him, and the Philistines are about to overwhelm him; instead of repenting, he turns to spiritism, which even in our day ensnares those who have lost the faith; they take to superstition. How widespread and enduring is superstition! How powerful

the desire to know things that God has hidden, and to know which is not for our good! Saul committed a great fault in consulting this witch, and suffered for it. How self-deceived is the person who consults fortune-tellers or believes in superstitious practices. Not for nothing has God so emphatically forbidden it. Saul—for it is he—says to the woman, "Bring me up Samuel." "And he comes up, an old man covered with a mantle; and Saul bowed himself to the ground and worshiped." God allows those who give credence to superstition to be injured by it. Samuel had anointed Saul to be King of Israel; but he has no blessing for him now: "The Lord will deliver thee into the hands of the Philistines, and tomorrow thou and thy sons shall be among the dead, because thou didst not execute the wrath of the Lord upon Amalek," 1 Kings xxviii. 18. Thus is Endor fixed in our memory. We will see its sequel in the Gelboe mountains. And now comes a touch of humanity in the woman, and an evidence of how strongly hospitality is a part of the oriental mind. By her importunities she prevailed on the famished king to stay and eat. She quickly kills a kid, dresses it and cooks it—a too hurried process, our butchers would say; but it was universal in the Holy Land. We see the same thing done by Abraham and Gideon and on the return of the prodigal son. Indeed this meal, with its preliminaries, partakes of the nature of a sacrifice, and the Arabs call it *Dabbihah*, i.e., offering; and while the Sheikh who would neglect this duty would be blamed by everyone, he would also be considered disgraced if the guest refused to partake of the meal, or even if he did not eat enough. "You ate twice as much at So-and-So's, please do not bring me to shame by eating less," is often the agonized request of an Arab host.

From Endor we turn westward, skirting the foothills of Little Hermon. This name is rather unfortunate, as it has nothing to do with Mount Hermon, and comes from Jerome's misplacing here the "Hermonites of the little hill," Ps. xli. 6, which is, from the text, supposedly beyond the Jordan. The natives call it *ed Duhy*, probably from the Wely on its summit of a Moslem *santon* or beggar saint. Some fakirs still inhabit a squalid village there, with their gardens enlivening the desolation of the mountain. The ride is uneventful enough, and yet there is always plenty to engage our attention. Now we dismount to examine a plant that, starting from a center, throws out branches along the ground, radiating in every direction like the spokes of a wheel, now to gather an unknown flower, that might have given the idea of the Turkish minaret, that one distinct and beautiful feature that Mohammedan-

ism has added to the world's architecture. This plant is divided by whorls of leaves, like the balconies from which the Muezzin chant floats out five times daily to the Prophet's faithful.

Tabor is behind us and Hermon to our right. Our course is sometimes impeded by a rock that has fallen into the pathway, and we think of the word "scandal," which has come to us from malice placing stones of stumbling where one traveling in the dark would be certain to fall. In about forty minutes from Endor we are at Nain. Our one recollection of this town so favored in Bible story is a funeral; but with a resurrection how glorious! And all that remain of it, once called "the Fair," are the houses of the dead; even the trough at which we water our horses is a stone coffin. It is a place of tombs. Is that to remind us that the life of the body, even miraculously prolonged, is only to be followed by death after all; and that far greater is the life eternal that Jesus has brought, not for the favored few but for all who desire it, than that life which He gave to the widow's son? The city that witnessed this ever-to-be-remembered proof of the sympathy of Jesus seems never to have been walled, so the "gate" may have meant simply the road leading from the cactus hedges. The Latins have erected a very modern and rather ugly church to commemorate the miracle. There is, however, no resident clergyman.

Miracles fall into two classes: Those worked in mercy, to reward faith; and those worked in evidence of mission, to awaken faith. This one is of the first class: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." "If you will not believe me, believe my works that no man can do except that God be with him." They were wrought by the prophets anterior to Christ, and they did not end with His life but continued in His Church. They were antecedently probable. They were expected: "What sign dost thou show?" They are credentials; and just as pardon is the prerogative of the governor, so is miracle working the prerogative of God's representative. But there is this difference in the miracles of Christ: that He claims them as done by Himself; all others acknowledge they are only instruments.

It is the almost universal practice in the Orient to bury a person the day he dies. Thus Christ was laid in the tomb on Friday and Ananias was carried to the grave even before his wife Sapphira knew of it. Acts v.

The heat of these lands and the lack of scientific treatment of corpses will in part justify what seems uncalled for and heartless haste. It may well be, also, that the tombs being rock-cut sepulchres, only the first part—the laying-out like—was done immediately.



NAIN—TABOR

Thus we know that "very early the first day of the week the holy women come to the sepulchre that they might anoint Jesus." Mark xvi. 2.

But this is the exception for the rich or honored; for the majority interment takes place within twenty-four hours.

Mr. Mills describes the burial of a girl while yet warm, and that without a coffin.

The popular presentment of this funeral, with the corpse carried uncoffined on a stretcher, is still in evidence, although the better off are introducing rude wooden coffins. "And much people of the city were with her." True again. The Arabs are neighborly in going to funerals, both men and women join in the *cortège*, but it is the female portion alone who do the wailing—it is unheroic for men. The grave is very shallow; flat stones are set up edgewise to protect the body in some measure from the soil, and as hyenas are not unknown, the largest stones are placed on top. Later will come, if it can be afforded, a prone mound of rock and cement, or perhaps a post-like upright stone, plain at the top if for a woman, turbaned if for a man.

The mourners squat around picturesquely while the *inam* reads the prayers from the Koran. Weird in the extreme are the improvised songs—*ululula* is the descriptive name—of the women, sung in a minor

key, relating the virtues and deeds of the deceased or pointing a moral for the living. They have all the floweriness of the Orient, and the interchange of person with the parallelism of ideas which we see in Solomon's Song and in so many psalms.

After the funeral the mourners go to the home of the dead for a feast, returning to the grave day after day, and especially on the seven Thursdays following the burial.

"Those who do not believe are already condemned." How can you reconcile this statement of the merciful and just God with the impossibility some minds say they experience to honestly believe? I think the answer lies in the words of the father of the maniac boy at Nain: "I believe, O Lord, help Thou my unbelief," Mark ix. 24. There is the same difference between unbelief and disbelief that there is between nonobedience and disobedience. The latter is sin. "The servant who knew not the will of his lord shall be beaten only with few stripes," Luke xii. 48. We are bound to believe when truth is rightly presented to our minds, either by seeing the intrinsic reasons for it, or (and this is important) seeing the obligation of accepting it on the word of the speaker. When we have recognized the authority speaking we must not refuse our belief, even if we cannot see the intrinsic truth. There are those who feel they would be untruthful in saying, "I believe," because they do not see the possibility of joining with it, "help my unbelief." Faith being something more than the acceptance by the reason, the heart having a great deal to do with it, a sinful life, an obstinate disposition, will prevent faith; hence the necessity of prayer.

We might have a much easier road to the main traveled route between Nazareth and Nablus by continuing southwest, but we prefer the added hardship of crossing over Jebel ed Duhy for the sake of the view over Esdraelon, which we will thus have for reflection during our nooning; so, with the Arab request to the caretaker at Nain, "Pray that my road may be smooth," we climb the hills. The road is very bad. Sometimes we are jammed in a narrow passage through which our horse and the pack-mule endeavor to go at the same time. "*Kish!*" shouts the driver, "Look out!" but it is too late. Though there was once a convent of nuns on Jebel ed Duhy, as St. Jerome has an epistle "to the Virgins of Hermon," there is no Christianity there at present. We give the inhabited top a wide berth, and choose a spot with trees behind us to the south and the prospect unbroken toward the other points of the compass. We require a large screen for the moving-picture show that our imagination will bring up out of the Bible story. Here we are on the exact

coign of vantage. The Plain of Esdraelon is below us, but in a different position from before. Northwest is Carmel, its range coming as if to meet us, for we can see the unobstructed plain that, narrowing at Haroseth of the Gentiles, spreads out again into the maritime Plain of Acre. To our right is Wady Sherrar, running backward from us down to the Jordan; on our left, the valley of Jezreel, with the Nahr Jâlûd descending, also behind us, to the river at Bethabara.

We have before us now the battleground of Palestine; and probably it is this valley that St. John had in mind when in the Apocalypse he says: "In Armageddon will he gather them together," for the last struggle between good and evil. The name is sufficiently like Megiddo to warrant the assumption. There are three great acts to the exhibition:

I. The Sisera-Barak encounter, in which the Canaanites of King Jabin are defeated at Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo.

II. Gideon's victory over the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel.

III. Saul's defeat by the Philistines in the mountains of Gelboe.

As the old soldier "will shoulder his crutch and show how fields are won," so we look out over this valley and try to imagine the conflict. We know from the Bible narrative that the Canaanitic troops of King Jabin under Sisera's command came from Haroseth of the Gentiles there in the northwest; that the army of Barak and Debbora came from Mount Tabor on our right in the northeast. They would have met doubtless somewhere where the plain below us was then, as now, furrowed by the many tributary streams of the Kishon, where the horses floundered, and where to-day gleam also the two rails for the iron horse. "In Taanach by the waters of Megiddo the kings came and fought." You will notice how numerous are the streams that come down from the side of the Carmel range, in whose foothills is the modern Tannuk. We have seen how disastrously the day ended for Sisera, and how gloriously for Debbora and Jael, the strong women of the Bible.

We will change our position so that we can overlook the valley to the south. We have still in full view the great plain of Esdraelon or Megiddo; but we gain a vista down the valley opening out from it eastward—the valley of Jezreel, drained by the Nahr Jâlûd, that passes Beisan, the ancient Bethshan, which is a station on the Damascus railroad, and enters the Jordan at Kirbet Arbeh, which M. Heidet thinks to be the "Bethabara, where John was baptizing." It has, however, no sanction from tradition. Almost due south is Ain Jâlûd, thought to be identical with the fountain of Harod, of Judges, ch. vii, and we are therefore in the locality of Gideon's victory over the Midianites. How

wonderful that recital! How evident that man must not trust in numbers! The Israelites had forgotten the victory over the Canaanites, where the stars fought for them; and they are overwhelmed by Midian. Gideon is the God-chosen deliverer. He has already done good work; he has broken down the altars and the groves of Baal, so that he has merited the title of Jerobaal—"Let Baal punish me." But he requires proof that his sending is from God. "I will put this fleece on the threshing floor. If there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry on all the ground besides, I will know that Thou wilt deliver Israel by my hand. . . . And rising before day, wringing the fleece he filled a vessel with the dew." He requires an assurance doubly sure. He asks God not to be offended: "I pray thee that the fleece only may be dry, and all the ground wet with dew," Judges vi. 37.

So it happens, and Gideon is convinced. And he gathers his people at the fountain Harod; but God says, "There are too many; let the timorous return to their homes." He is resolved that Israel shall not say, "I was delivered by my own hand." Two and twenty thousand men go home. "There are still too many; bring them to the water and I will try them." The gluttons must be sent back. Those who drink lifting the water in their hand are to fight God's battle; those who indulge their appetite, bending down their heads to the stream and drinking like a beast, are unworthy. Only three hundred remain, while "Midian and Amalek lay in the valley as a multitude of locusts, and their camels innumerable as the sands on the seashore." Gideon adopts a ruse: "He divided the three hundred into three companies and gave them trumpets into their hands, and empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers. And at the beginning of the midnight watch they began to sound their trumpets and clash the pitchers, one against the other. So they sounded their trumpets in three places round about the camp, and having broken their pitchers held the lamps in their left hands and their trumpets in their right crying out, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! This they did standing around the enemy's camp, who being troubled fled away howling."

Was bad boy ever so easily scared by a pumpkin jack-lantern! But the Israelites must follow up their advantage. The Midianites flee down the Wady Jâlûd toward the Jordan. Gideon gathers together the men of Ephraim (Samaria) and orders a pursuit for booty, telling them to cut off Midian before he can reach the river. These men of Ephraim are offended that they are called in only after the glory of the victory. But Gideon is a diplomatist: "What could I have done like to that

GIDEON'S FOUNTAIN



which ye have done? Is not one bunch of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintages of Abiezer?" and their spirit was appeased. Oreb and Zeb, Zebee and Salmana fall before them, and great is the booty. The districts that will not allow him to pass, or that refuse him food, are "scourged with the thorns and briers of the desert." Judges viii. 7.

So much for Gideon's Comedy, now for Saul's tragedy.

Now we look southward to the mountains of Gelboe, Jebel Fukana. Here the tragedy turns against the Hebrews. The Philistines are encamped at Aphek; Saul and his Israelites at the fountain of Jezreel, probably the modern Ain Jâlûd. Where Aphek was we do not know with certainty, but Thompson and others suppose it was at el Fik beyond the Jordan to the east of the Sea of Galilee. Brother Lieven says at Zulaphek, two leagues from Zerîn. The valley of Jezreel however is undoubted. The Philistines came up "by hundreds and by thousands," following presumably the route of the railway of today. David, whom the hatred of Saul had driven into the enemy's camp, was in their rear, but having plenty without him, and suspicious, perhaps, that he will not fight Saul, they persuade him to separate himself, marching southward into Judea, where he attacks the Amalekites and acquires the city of Ziklag. The combatants meet in battle but "the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines and fell down slain in Mount Gelboe." They evidently sought the shelter of the trees and ravines. And here Saul's cowardly death of suicide, the fulfilment of the prophecy of the ghost of Samuel. Jonathan, the son of Saul and the beloved of David, was also slain. Away in Ziklag David is told of their death. If it is true, "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring good tidings," the bearer of ill news is unwelcome. "I slew him in Ziklag." This was a village that David had taken from the Philistines with the consent, it seems, of King Achis. Its site is unknown but was somewhere in the south country of Juda. Then follows the lamentation of David, a model of an elegy: "How are the valiant fallen! the illustrious of Israel upon the mountains! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the sons of the uncircumcised triumph! Ye mountains of Gelboe let neither dew nor rain come upon you, nor fields of first fruits, for there was cast away the shield of the valiant, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil. I grieve for thee my brother Jonathan, exceedingly beautiful, and wonderful to me above the love of woman. How are the valiant fallen!" 2 Kings i.

We descend from our lookout mountain to the smiles of Solâm.



SHUNEM
HARAMIEH

MICHMAS
DOTHAN

From a distance it appears a very bower of verdurous beauty, encircled with prickly pear, shaded by groves of fig and olive and glowing in spots of brightest red. These are where the pomegranates are blooming. But the houses are poor and dilapidated. We pitch our camp here for the night. It was here that the scouts obtained Abisag—to comfort the old age of David. The name is sufficiently like to entitle it to being the ancient Shunem, the home of the Shulamite. As Elias was the prophet of Carmel Eliseus is of Shunem. Here Eliseus miraculously saves the wife of one of the prophets (a very minor one no doubt, as no name is mentioned) from the misfortune of seeing her two sons carried off into bondage for the debts of her deceased husband, as the ancient laws permitted. He instructs the widow to borrow all the vessels she can from her neighbors and the little remnant of oil that she has fills them all, which being sold pays the creditors, 4 Kings iv. This shows us that imprisonment and slavery for debt was customary, and makes natural the parable of our Lord of the man who was sold with his wife and family to make payment of the 10,000 talents.

But the history that most endears Shunem to our recollection is that here lived "the good Shulamite" who entertained the Prophet Eliseus, and received such a touching reward. This woman had noticed that the man of God often passed that way and persuaded her husband to make him a little chamber "on the wall." This is evidently on the roof of their own dwelling, as the houses here are flat and the broad wall is almost large enough to accommodate the upper chamber. This *alieh* was doubtless of the most primitive sort, but it could be entered from outside so would not disturb the household. This she furnished with a bed, a stool, a table and a candle-stick; that is, rest, refreshment and light. Perhaps not luxury, but they must have been welcome in his journeyings between Carmel and his native village, Abel-Meholah, the meadow of dancing, now Ain Helweh, the sweet spring, about twelve miles beyond Beisan.

Now for our Shulamite's reward: "The Prophet speaks through his servant Giezi to the woman, asks her if she desires any favor from the King, any protection. She says she lives among her own people; a seeming denial, but really to lead him on. The Prophet wants her to ask what she desires. Giezi, knowing the desire of every Hebrew wife to be a mother, says: "What use to ask her, she has no son and her husband is old." The woman is called again and Eliseus tells her that on his next yearly round she shall have a son. He is born; but the God-given child is about to be taken away.

In the valley that spreads its richness in front of us, the little fellow watching the reapers gets a sunstroke, and his piteous cry: "My head! my head!" makes his father send him in to his mother, on whose knees he sits until noon, when he died. She lays him on the Prophet's bed in the upper room. Then all a mother's faith and heroism is aroused. He who gave can conserve also; and though the Prophet is far distant, away in yon blue hills of Carmel, probably near el Mukraka's altar, where Elias confounded the priests of Baal, the Shulamite sets out with a servant, who is told never to slack rein for her. From his lookout on Carmel the Man of God sees her approach and sends Giezi to inquire: "Is all well with thee? Is all well with thy husband? Is all well with thy son?" To which she answers, "Well." This is in strict accordance with Eastern custom. It would be impolite when asked not to say, "I am well, thank God!" even if you were at death's door. She tells of her misfortune and Eliseus sends Giezi, but the woman is unsatisfied. She must have the Prophet himself; so he goes. Before they arrive Giezi had laid his master's staff on the child, but without effect. It was God's will that the Prophet should accomplish the miracle. He measured himself twice on the body of the boy, and at the second time the boy, gasping, arose and was given to his mother. Man must not be discouraged if God answers not the first prayer. Another favor the Prophet extends to the Shulamite. He warns her of the famine and advises her to seek more plentiful regions; and when, by her absence her lands are confiscated (which may happen to-day if one deserts his paternal acres), he pleads for her to the King till her inheritance is restored, iv Kings 4., It is cool enough to-day, but in the heat of summer sunstroke is not unknown—though the natives guard against it with the *keffieh*, which covers the back of the neck.

"How do you account for the fact, Professor," said the Photographer, after supper, "that Palestine has produced no high art, like Greece and Rome? Why no poetry like England and Germany?" "*Distinguo*," said the Professor; "you will please let me divide, and, I hope, conquer. Your objection contains two questions. To answer the first I think it cannot be gainsaid that the one-sided understanding of the first commandment, (with Protestants the second) or perhaps the necessity for the material obeying of it that it might not be formally broken, is partly at the root of the lack of graphic and plastic genius among the Hebrews. Protestantism would have perpetuated that one-sided interpretation: "Thou shalt not make the likeness of anything in the earth, or air or deep," not perceiving with sufficient clearness that the commandment or forbidment lay in the

words "Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them," or, if, in the childhood of the race *making* might have included the danger of *adoring*, sculpture and painting might be discountenanced—but only temporarily.

But to the second question I wish to deny that the Hebrews originated no art; for is not poetry art? And the Bible is full of the highest poetry. Mind I do not mean simply poetical prose, which all would allow; but I take this occasion to insist on what Professor Moulton, of Chicago University, has convincingly brought out in his *Literary Study of the Bible*, that many books and parts of books, in the Scriptures, were not only essentially, but also formally, poetry. Poetry has not always been governed by the same rules. At present we determine its form by the regular recurrence of accent; the Greeks and Romans by the sequence of quite often artificially determined long and short syllables. What the future may require we do not know, and are justified in thinking that any tinkering with our prosody will be retrograding. But the Hebrews may well be supposed to have had metrical rules, differing from the classical, differing from ours. And Professor Moulton makes a most excellent argument for the form of their poetry being ordered recurrence of thought, either by parallelism or by opposition. Why! this very spot is immortalized in Bible poetry: "Return, return O Shulamite, return that we may behold thee," breaks in the Poet, and the Photographer suggests that a bridal party would be now in order. He is thinking of subjects for his camera. The Poet, however, has brought out a book to maintain the Professor's position, and reads Idyl III of the *Song of Songs*.

Recitative. King Solomon coming in state.

Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness

Like pillars of smoke,

Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,

With all powders of the merchant?

Behold, it is the litter of Solomon;

Three score mighty men are about it,

Of the mighty men of Israel.

They all handle the sword, and are expert in war;

Every man hath his sword upon his thigh,

Because of fear in the night.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon,

With the crown wherewith his mother hath crowned him

In the day of his espousals,

And in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Arrived, King Solomon pours forth his love to the Shulamite damsel.

KING SOLOMON

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair;
 Thine eyes are as doves behind thy veil:
 Thy hair is as a flock of goats
 That lie along the side of Mount Gilead.
 Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes that are newly shorn,
 Whereof everyone hath twins,
 And none is bereaved among them.
 Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
 And thy mouth is comely.
 Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate
 Behind thy veil.
 Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory
 Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
 All the shields of the mighty men.
 Thy two breasts are like two fawns that are twins of a roe
 Which feed among the lilies.

REFRAIN

*Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
 I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
 And to the hill of frankincense.*

King Solomon (under the symbolic expression of an enclosed garden) proposes marriage, and (in the same symbol) is accepted.

KING SOLOMON

Thou art all fair, my love;
 And there is no spot in thee.
 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride, come with me from
 Lebanon:
 Go from the top of Amana,
 From the top of Senir and Hermon,
 From the lions' dens,
 From the mountains of the leopards.
 Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my bride, thou hast
 ravished my heart
 With one look from thine eyes,
 With one chain of thy neck.
 How fair is thy love, my sister, my bride!
 How much better is thy love than wine!

HOLY LAND AND HOLY WRIT

And the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices!
 Thy lips, O my bride, drop as the honeycomb:
 Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
 And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden shut up is my sister, my bride,
 A spring shut up,
 A fountain sealed.
 Thy shoots are an orchard of pomegranates,
 With precious fruits;
 Henna with spikenard plants,
 Spikenard and saffron,
 Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense,
 Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.
 Thou art a fountain of gardens,
 A well of living waters,
 And flowing streams from Lebanon.

THE SHULAMITE

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;
 Blow upon my garden,
 That the spices thereof may flow out.
 Let my beloved come into his garden,
 And eat his precious fruits.

KING SOLOMON

I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride:
 I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
 I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
 I have drunk my wine with my milk.

CHORUS

Eat, O friends;

Drink, yea, drink abundantly of love!

Showing it around, he asks "How much more easy of comprehension and of enjoying is the Canticle when thus printed with the type indicating the difference of speakers, and when the parallelism of the ideas is presented to the eye?" Although no compassionate Shulamite has prepared a room for us, we erect out tents and are delighted to sleep in the perfumed shade, fragrant with remembrances. We have a very long day before us tomorrow, so "*Bukra, Kabl tulu esh Shems,*" is our order to the Mukâris. "Tomorrow before the sun."

CHAPTER V

SHUNEM TO SHECHEM

We are up betimes, and the Pessimist, half asleep, says that the heading of the chapter should be man's motto with women! Ungracious and abominable pun! It will occupy us about an hour to traverse the valley southward to the village of Zerîn, quite a considerable one for Palestine, whose square tower, an Arab structure, stands out prominent on the hill, a detached spur of Gelboe. The lowlands, as we traverse them, are dotted with large white birds, some monumental in their stillness, others wading round, others flapping their large black and white wings and quickly settling down in another spot; they are storks. "Abû Said" our muleteer calls them—Father Happy! and we remember that the Hebrew word is *Chesidah*, which means pity and some writers remark: "It was given this name on account of its filial piety, for storks support their parents in old age; they allow them to rest their heads on their younger bodies during migration; and if the old ones are tired, the young ones take them on their backs." It is considered a bird of good omen, and to destroy him is as unlucky as at sea to shoot an albatross. Abû Said is cosmopolitan. He loves the marshes, but is seen also in grain fields, not however to eat or destroy the grain, but to feast on the mice and frogs and insects. In Hungary the children sing (laying the blame for the stork's red feet on the hated Moslem):

Stork, stork, poor stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
Turkish boy hath torn it;
Hungarian boy will heal it
With fiddle, fife and drum.

and even in America the stork brings happiness!

Midway we cross the beds of the streams tributary to the Jâlûd, also the railroad track, and again join the carriage road which will shortly be continuous between Nazareth and Jerusalem. The only portion not built (March, 1910) is between Jenîn and Nablus.¹

¹Feeling that Palestine is our heart's country I will not *foreignize* Arab names by italics, nor make my book look learned with accents except where they are a phonetic help but only endeavor to present their sound in modern spelling.

A long string of camels are journeying northward, with their great loads and their little tinkling bells. We allow them to pass at a respectable distance, for their bite is very wicked, though they seldom attack us. What a quaint figure the camel is! How perfectly a part of the Orient! With his lips ever moving as if in prayer!

Back to the Macadam we feel nearer to civilization, somewhat out of the Old Testament and into the New; feel that we are nearer to Mary and Jesus—for this is the road they undoubtedly trod. Mary would pass yonder Jezreel, which we are approaching, the home of Jezebel, synonym for all that is bad in woman, she the “full of grace” she the “Blessed among women.”

We ascend the hill on which Jezreel stood. The Arab tower is the dwelling place of the Sheik, but the village houses are of the ordinary native architecture, loose stones “chinked” with mud and with mud roofs.

It is now called Zerîn, and occupies one of the ridges of Jebel Foqoua, at whose foot runs a diminutive stream from Ain Maiyiteh, which later join forces with Ain Jâlûd. It fell to the lot of Izachar. The Hebrews had difficulty in conquering it from the Canaanites but it became an important city, the secondary capital of the Northern Kingdom after Samaria. Here Jezebel the Phœnician wife of Achab had her palace builded in blood and injustice. We call it hers; for Achab’s regal palace of ivory was in the capital, Samaria, but he had another here, the increment of Naboth’s vineyard to which demesne was Jezebel’s work, although desired first by Achab, and after his death this palace appears to have been left to Jezebel, till Jehu exterminated her family; and two heaps of royal heads crowned this hill!

What was Naboth’s crime that he was killed and his vineyard confiscated? He would not sell it to the King. “The Lord forbid that I should sell the inheritance of my fathers!” We sympathize with this feeling. It is a noble trait in the Jews, this desire to hold possession of the land of their inheritance. It is a reproach to Esau that he sold his birthright for a mess of lentil pottage. The very natural wish for property to descend by a legal necessity is seen in the law of primogeniture in England; and is sadly lacking in our shifting population of America, where “the home of my forefathers” is not often on the lips nor in the heart.

Here then Jezebel heaped full the measure of her abominations. The slaughter of the Prophets of Jehovah: The worship of Baal and Astarte: The greed of the vineyard unjustly and murderously taken:

the vanity of the painted cheek! Here, too, the retribution. The conquering usurper comes up the valley. "His driving is like the driving of Jehu," say the watchmen of Jezreel. Peace messengers stay him not. "Can there be peace with the fornications of Jezabel, thy mother!" he says to Joram. "And Jehu bent his bow and shot Joram through the heart." "Cast him into the field of Naboth the Jezreelite; for the Lord laid this burden: to requite in this field the blood of Naboth." Since Jehu was coming up the valley, the text implies that the coveted vineyard was to the east, where we still see the hillsides planted with vines. He goes into the city, and looking up to the window of the palace: "Who is this woman? Cast her down headlong; and the wall was sprinkled with her blood, and the hoofs of the horses trod on her."

Now appears a lingering of human feeling in Jehu. "Go! see now this accursed woman and bury her; for she is a king's daughter." He acknowledges that he is fulfilling the prophecy of Elias—"The dogs shall eat the flesh of Jezabel in the field of Jezreel." Going to bury her "they find only the skull and the feet and the extremities of the hands." 4 Kings ix. 34. Threefold was the blood of Naboth avenged; in the blood of Achab, in that of Joram, and in that of the painted Jezebel.

Painting of the face is still practiced in Palestine. The eyebrows are darkened with *Kohl* and the eye apparently lengthened out to almond shape, which is considered the beautiful ideal. The *Kohl* is a powder of burnt almond shells. Henna, the powdered leaves of the *Lausonia*, with a color like the juices of our blood-root, and antimony are used to paint, not a blend of delicate color like our ladies sometimes affect, but a tattooed pattern on lips, forehead and cheek. Also the finger nails are stained red. The cosmetics are kept in narrow glass bottles and applied with a pencil of wood or ivory. The apparatus is called *el Mukhuly*. Achinoam, one of David's wives, was a Jezreelite. But we are glad to escape.

In the next stage of our journey—from Jezreel to Jenîn—we will desert the main road again to visit Ain Jâlûd. Here is where Gideon's men were tried. Let us show self-restraint in our draught of the water that whatever battles are to be fought we may not be sent away as unworthy. The spring is copious; flowing partly from a cavern in the cliff and in part bubbling up from the bottom of the pool. This pool is enlarged by a dam, making it over twenty feet across, and the water is thus made available for some mills further down.

Crossing the foothills of Gelboe, for we do not ride to the summits, we notice large areas of bare rock. What dew could moisten it! What

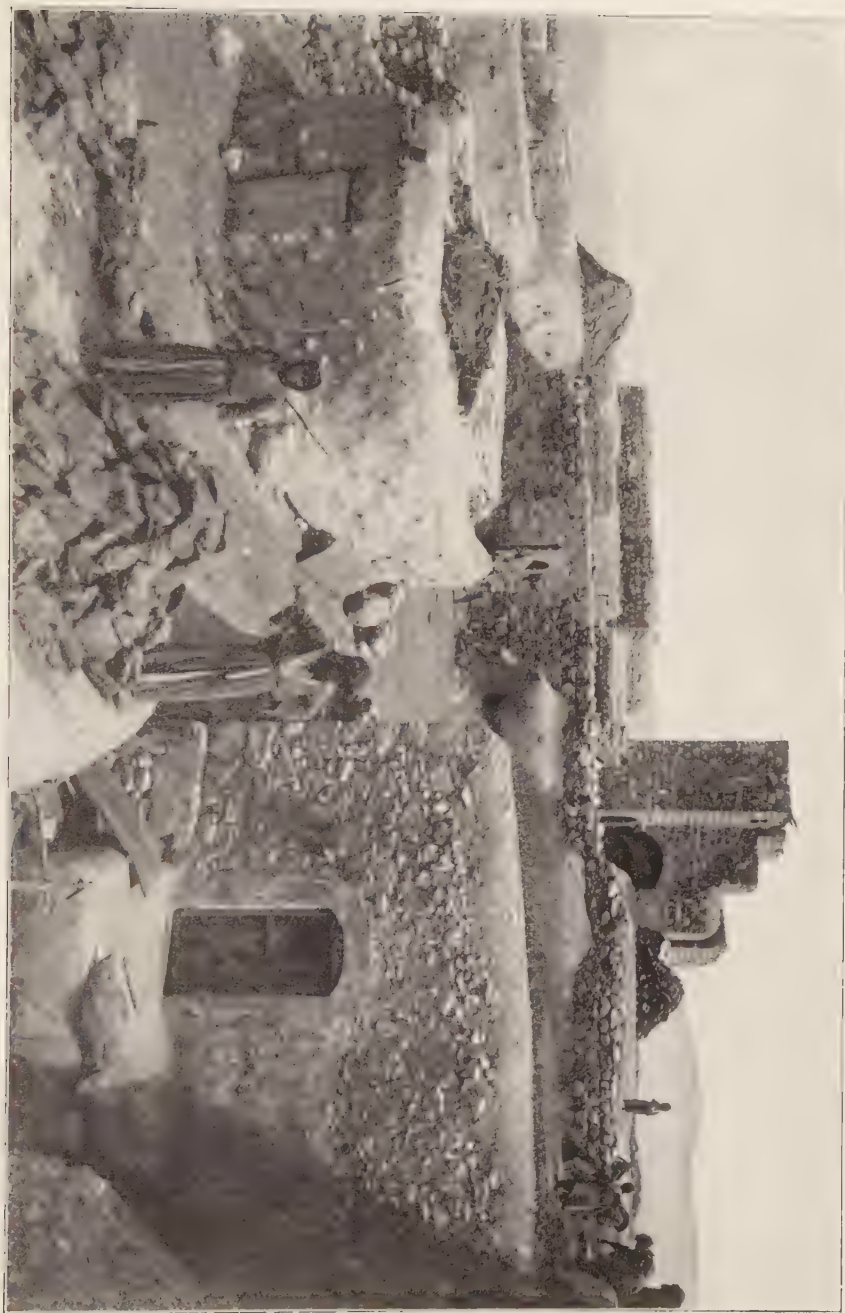
rain make it fruitful! Truly the curse of David was accomplished. If without superstition we hold that the earth was accursed in the fall of Adam, surely we may recognize the curse that lies on Palestine for the prophets killed and the Saviour rejected. David's outburst was called the "Lamentation of the Bow" and was to be taught to all the children of Juda.

Getting back to the main road we pass Sundela, Jelameh and el Jebôn perpetuating Gelboe, in the hills of Gelboe, and in the plain Yâmôn and Sileh. To our right across the valley in the folds of the Carmel range now dwindled to a moiety of its Western heights, is Tell Taannak-Taannach, the Canaanite city that Josue conquered, Josue xii. 21. In 1902 Prof. Sellin on behalf of an Austrian Society made extensive excavations at Tell Taannak that prove from the clay tablets of the King of Megiddo the influence of Egypt and Babylon; showing also, by the scarificial vessels, that children were offered up in sacrifice here.

Further west and still in the foot-hills of the Carmel range is Tell el Moutesellim, which M. Guérin surmised might be the ancient Megiddo, and which supposition Dr. Shumacher as good as proved by his excavations in 1902, when he revealed the remains of five or six cities superimposed on that *Tell*, which is 72 feet in height. The remains are supposed to take us back 3,000 years before Christ, and exhibit remains of Canaanite, Assyrian, Egyptian, Jew and Roman. At Leijun, near by, were found bricks bearing the stamp of the VI Legion.

We have also crossed two more of the torrent beds that in the rainy season would be paying their tribute to the Kishon. Through lanes of cactus we pass over a rising ground and Jenîn lies before us with its palm trees and its mosque, giving it a truly Oriental appearance. In beauty it far surpasses most Palestine cities; being embowered in verdure, owing to its fine fountains. Indeed its name would have told us this, for Jenîn (Ghenîn as the natives pronounce it) is a corruption of En Gannim, the fountain of the gardens. This is the most important place since we left Nazareth. It has an imposing mosque conspicuously placed with the ever beautiful minaret, considerable of a trade in its little bazaar and flourishing groves of orange and fig. Its gardens are well watered, as befits its name, and here near the mosque is found the head waters of the ancient river Kishon. Jenîn has 3,000 inhabitants, almost all Moslems of a fanatical kind. It is a Kaimmakamlik.

There is a tradition that here our Lord healed the ten lepers, Luke xvii, and this would naturally be the route through Samaria to Jerusalem. En Gannim was a Levitical city of Isachar, and hence the fit-



JERZEEL.

ness of the command: "go, show yourselves to the Priests," that they might certify to the lepers being now ceremonially "clean."

There were to be forty eight Levitical cities (Numbers, ch. xxv.) with their suburbs that must reach from the walls outward 1,000 paces or 2,000 cubits on every side. In Jacob's prophetic sight Isachar was to be "a strong ass lying down among the borders. He saw that rest was good." Gen. xlix. "Borders" seems to mean: as the ass in its stall so is Isachar between these sheltering hills. We pitch our tent by the aqueduct near the hoary figs not yet in leaf. What a fantastic growth of stems and branches! Every conceivable contortion of limb is here! An army of Laocoons without the snakes.

"Come!" said we to the half-wit who hung around our camp as we took our meal at Jerîn. "Come! drink with us." "No, I am but a fool—" "Still drink," said we, "and cheer up your heart." "No, No," said he "why should I drink? I am a fool already; you drink, and you will be fools too." And again foolishness has reproved wisdom. We ought to have been more considerate, for we have now entered Samaria, the province most fanatically opposed to wine of all the Moham-medans, so that even the culture of the vine is discouraged. They take more to olives, and Nablus is the metropolis of all Palestine for soap.

Southwest of us descends the Wady Selhab, changing its name to Wady Abû Nâr, then joining with the Wady er Roz and entering the sea as Nahr el Mefjîr. Through these defiles marched the armies of the ancient world: Thothmes and Rameses; Sargon and Senacherib; Cambyzes and Alexander; Pompey and Vespasian.

As soon as we leave Jenîn the hills close in upon us and this last and lower bay of the Plain of Esdraelon comes to an end. We ascend the Wady Balemieh which perpetuates Belma, spoken of in Judith vii. 3, a defile through the higher hills where the road is absolutely sheer rock, the ascents worn into steps, or rather holes, by the hoofs of the horses. The hills here, fairly well wooded, are something refreshing in this land of barren fields and mountains. Not raising vines the people have gone more to fig and olive. These orchards I noticed are flourishing. Gangs of workmen are grading and macadamizing what will be an excellent roadway in a few months. We pass several rock-cut tombs and then a little village—Kabatieh—of fanatical inhabitants.

By striking off to the right into the hills from Kabatieh, we will visit the remains of Dothain. It was here that the King of Israel sent to find Eliseus: "Behold he is in Dothain." The King fears he is going to be overwhelmed by the satellites of Syria; but the Prophet answered:

"There are more with us than with them." The king had only a small army, and could not believe such a statement, but Eliseus prayed: "Lord, open his eyes that he may see!" "and he saw and beheld the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire fighting for Israel."

In about twenty-five minutes from Kabatieh we come to two springs of good water. A large *Tell* rises to the west; I should think excavating would reveal the city. As Dothian means "the double spring," and this locality is noted for its excellent pasturage even in time of drought, we may conclude that here is where envy enacted that domestic tragedy thirty-six hundred years ago, but which is still fresh and interesting. Joseph's brothers were tending their flocks in this vicinity that belonged to their father, who lived at Hebron. He sent his favorite, Joseph, to inquire "if all was well with the brothers?" They had conceived a spite against him, born of the, perhaps, too well expressed favoritism of the father, perhaps from his own ingenuous admission that he was to rule them as indicated in his dream; and seeing him approach over the plain they planned to kill him. Reuben saved him from death, by advising them to imprison him in a cistern. Palestine is a land of pits; some of them for water but a greater number are to hold grain. These are not only economical in a land without building material but are hidden from the depredating Arab, therefore many of them are always dry, and some of those intended for water, becoming cracked, are so also. To these the prophet Jeremiah compares sinners: "They have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Jeremiah ii. 13. Into such a pit the "Dreamer" was lowered. There was no possibility of his escape without aid, for the cisterns are shaped like a jug, with a narrow neck which is covered with a large flat stone. How callous were their feelings is seen in the composure with which they sit round this very spring, "eating their bread." An opportunity is offered for Juda to save his brother. This is the highway between Gilead and Egypt. Ishmaelite merchants coming up the wady, down which the Midianites were chased by Gideon, would pass by this way and doubtless make the little detour that we have done for the sake of the watering place. They formed a picturesque procession as they came up the road—their camels laden with "spices and balm and myrrh." The spices if we may judge from those sold in Jerusalem now were cloves and nutmegs. The Balm of Gilead has passed into a proverb of healing. The myrrh, we know, together with aloes and other sweet spices, were used in embalming. Juda persuaded his brothers to sell Joseph and he is drawn out of the pit and sold to the Ishmaelite merchants for twenty

silver pieces. Their device to deceive their old father has the appearance of likelihood; for there are still wild beasts to be found in Palestine, panthers, boars, etc. And so the coat, already of many colors, receives still one color more, the blood of a kid, that, microscopes being unknown, Jacob takes to be the blood of his son.

These Ishmaelites remind us that we are on the highway of nations; Pharaohs and Caesars and Emperors have traveled this road from Rameses II, from the South, down to Napoleon I from the West.

A short distance from Kabatieh on the direct road toward Bethulia we come on a tree loaded with the most curious fruit. It is literally covered with bits of rag! It is one of the haunted trees of the Moham-medans. In almost every mythology we find special trees, either of good or of evil influence. These sacred trees of the Moslem are thought to be inhabited by the *Jan* or evil spirits. Might not this be a distorted tradition of the "tree of good and evil" where the ancient serpent lurked? At any rate the pious Mussulman leaves here a shred of his *abba* or *keffieh* to propitiate the *Jan*. This prominence given to appeasing the Evil one instead of the adoration of the Good is not a part of Moham-medan teaching, but seems to spring up in degenerate religions.

Off to our left about half an hour eastward, is Zebabdeh, a small and quiet village on the edge of the "Drowned Meadow," with a Catholic church and one lonely Father, with whom I passed an improving evening although my Italian was not fluent; he was rejoiced at the opportunity to confess, as he is a day's ride on horseback from any fellow clergyman. He had permission to give faculties to any priest and anywhere. In the morning I went early into his little chapel; he was already there saying Mass that I might have the use of the altar. Never, even in the grandest celebration of the Mass, in the Sistine or St. Peters, did I have so vivid a spiritual insight of the greatness of the Sacrifice! I thought of the words of Alfred Ernest on hearing Wagner's opera when first given in New York: "I know of only one thing more beautiful than Parsifal, and that is any low Mass in any Catholic Church."

"Mumbling prayers at the Altar," is the stereotyped expression of non-Catholics and shows their *animus*; for artistic utterance would have said "murmuring," which would then have linked it to the quiet ocean waves, as Wm. Watson's lines connect High Mass with the grander manifestations of Ocean's sublimity:

*"Therefore with leapings of spirit thou chantest the chant of the faithful;
Chantest aloud at thy toil, cleansing the Earth of her stain."*



TYPICAL ARAB VILLAGE

Continuing our journey in the morning we come back to the highway and leaving the *Ex Voto* tree, we pass on our left the little villages of Koufeir, Kerbet Kabar on its white hill, Siyr also on an elevation, and we are into the plain of Sanour or as the Arabs still call it Merj el Kourak, "the Drowned Meadow," doubtless from the fact that in wet seasons it is overflowed and forms a lake nearly circular and about three miles in diameter. But this meadow saw another of the great epics of Scripture History. Yonder city on the hillside, up which the vineyards creep, though its buildings are modern and well-built for Palestine, marks the site of the walled and once strong city of Bethulia. So think many; but it is only right to add that Meithulia, a short distance to the east, preserves better the name, and is possibly the site; though not in so commanding a situation. Probably future excavations may throw light on the dispute.

The Book of Judith, Chapter vii, will place before us the picture of Holofernes, the Assyrian General, encamped with his 120,000 footmen and 22,000 horse. Their tents whiten the plain. Israel has fortified herself on all her hills. She will not bow down to the golden statue of Nebuchadnezzar and pay tribute to Assyria. Like a wise general Holofernes inquires of the strength of the Hebrews, and Achior, Captain of the Children of Ammon, learned in the ways of a God whom he does not adore, relating how the Israelites are victorious when faithful to Jehovah, but always overpowered when they depart from His ways and sin in the sight of their God, advises Holofernes: "Therefore, my lord, search if there be any iniquity in them, and so let us go up because their God will surely deliver them into our hands." We know how this displeased the Assyrians, and how they sent Achior to the camp of the Israelites that he might be destroyed with them, but in God's design that he might encourage them with assurance of victory; victory not due to spears nor arrows, but to the Lord God who showeth mercy.

How can we account for the lack of water by reason of Holofernes guarding the springs, when here is a fine spring? It either was outside the walls of the city at that time, or this one was inadequate to their needs. It is evident that they had some water, although not a sufficiency, for OZIAH advises them to have patience yet for five days. But they are indeed in extremities. Now comes the power of God to deliver them by the hand of a woman. Judith was exceedingly beautiful. Not only in feature, but likewise in mind and heart. How fine her prayer for constancy and fortitude! No glory in self; no silly

vanity in all her self-adornment; and "therefore the Lord added to her beauty." But what of the untruths with which she deceives Holofernes? Although it is not necessary to hold that our doing God's behest is always sinless in the manner of doing it,—for the human equation may detract from the perfection of the act,—I cannot but think that she was blameless. The same inspiration from God that justified her in endangering her chastity and in becoming a murderess would also excuse the deceit.

According to the Bible narrative, there must have been a spring near the tent of Holofernes. We find such a one about nine minutes' walk south of Sanour. This might well be the location that drank in the blood of the tyrant, when, as he lay drunk in his tent, Judith parted his head from his trunk. Bocaccio tells of a girl cutting off the head of her lover, "*il migliore che potè.*" "The best she could!" But here I am sure it was one swift stroke. As it hung from the ramparts of the wall, the first rays of the sun would strike it, for Sanour looks to the east. Everything corroborates the Bible story. How hot are these fields in the harvest! shut in as they are from all sides. Manasses, the husband of Judith, had died three years and six months before, in "the time of the barley harvest." We find parallels to Judith even among the Arabs of to-day. It is the custom of an Arab force to be accompanied by some courageous maiden, who, mounted on a blackened camel, leads the onslaught singing verses of encouragement for her own, and insult for the opposing tribe. Her capture or death is the signal for utter rout. So Judith saved her people.

Leaving Sanour, with its recollections of the heroic Judith, we pass on our left a village called Jaffa. There are many Jaffas, meaning beautiful, in Palestine. This is on a hill as is *en règle*, and passing a grove of olives we find ourselves at the Ain Jeba. Here we witness the abhorrence of the Mohammedan for the Christian. I had thoughtlessly put my hand under the spout of the spring, and the women lower down snatched their pitchers away and emptied them. I thought I could hear the muttered word, "Chanzir!" "Pig of a Christian!"

There are also many Gebas or Gibeahs mentioned in the Bible; this is probably one of them. The town lies a short distance from the spring. It is the most important place between Jenîn and Samaria. It occupies a commanding position on a hill that looks to the South. It is entirely Mohammedan. Eight minutes more travel brings us to Bîr el Hamân—the Pigeons' well; we see no pigeons, but only some sheep and goats with their keeper, but we hear the word Hamâm, forming the refrain

of the song that our Mukâri is humming, and are convinced that even in Arabic *dove* rhymes with *love*. Indeed, he admits that it is a song to his sweetheart.

We continue our route towards Samaria, and have the choice of two paths, that to the right, a little further but better supplied with water, and the people less hostile. By this track we pass, to our left, the village of Pentekumieh on a hill side with a spring of the same name. In about five minutes we pass two other springs, and in ten more one of very fine water, Ain es Sileh. Passing in sight of the village of Kafr Rai and Ramah, and leaving Borka to our left, a fanatical village situate on a hill, we enter Wady Beit Imrim, a well cultivated valley with figs and olives and a little brook, at the south end of which lies the village Beit Imrim to our left. And now we approach Samaria.

We would have saved a little time by going by way of Borka, but if the Mohammedans had been feeling in quarrelsome mood, it might have fared badly with us. A few minutes from Beit Imrim takes us to the suburbs of Samaria.

In this land of many crops a year we never know when we will find the farmers sowing and reaping; the two are intermingled, verifying the words: "He who sows shall tread on the heels of the reaper." In yonder field a man is sowing grain. How tellingly St. Paul makes use of this to illustrate the resurrection of the body from the grave: "It is sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption. It is sown an animal body, it shall rise a spiritual body. If there be an animal body, there is also a spiritual body," I Cor. xv 44. This was particularly suitable in Samaria, for the Samaritans, seceders from the unity of kingdom, also fell into heresy; and one of the main points was disbelieving in the resurrection of the body.

In situation, Samaria was one of the most favored cities in Palestine. Surrounded by a most fertile country and occupying the summit of a hill, high enough for grandeur, but not too difficult of ascent; well watered, and with interesting ruins that tell of past splendor. The first token of the splendor of this ancient city called Sebaste, the august, (which name still lingers in the Arab Sebestieh) as well from its importance as to honor the Caesar, is a congregation of sixteen pillars. They appear to have surrounded a quadrangle and are probably all that remains of a theater or other building erected by Herod the Great; for Herod was a Roman, and spectacles were, next to bread, a necessity, "*Panes et circenses!*" when this city was added by Augustus to the dominions of Herod, he made it the foremost city of the province. Witness to this is the majestic colonnade

round the hill on which Samaria stands, the remains of which still attest its beauty, a colonnade of pillars deeply buried in the soil and used as supports of a stone wall. They run through the grain fields westward for 2000 feet, showing above ground heights of from two to sixteen feet and are without capitals. Where the colonnade ended at the west of the hill are remains of a great gate flanked by two round towers, and underneath are the walls, dating from Amri, who first built Samaria. Extensive excavations have been made in the hill by Prof. Reitzener in 1909, which have disclosed a large temple with colonnades of granite pillars running north and south. Here was undoubtedly the temple of Augustus, erected by Herod; here, too, very likely, stood King Achab's temple erected to the Sun-god of his Phœnician consort Jezebel. But where was the ivory palace of Achab? Not a trace of it remains and tradition is silent as yonder sarcophagus. I was followed persistently by a native and stopped whenever I tried to photograph any of the excavations. He said he had authority to do so. Probably he only wanted enough Baksheesh to stay away; but I would not bribe him, and "*imshi*" had no effect, and so, when he threatened violence, I was forced to desist, being alone, and the inhabitants here most fanatical.

Samaria sought to rival Jerusalem, and indeed it surpasses it in beauty of surroundings, though not in wildness of scenery. The hill of Samaria is almost isolated from the neighboring mountains. A wide, fertile valley, watered by brooks, surrounding it on all sides except a small neck of ridge to the east, while on the top of the hill, which rises in successive terraces of soil in which luxuriate the grape, the pomegranate and other fruits to a height of 400 to 500 feet, is an extensive plateau seemingly formed expressly for a noble city. The lines of the ancient city have not been discovered, for the ruins now visible are mainly those of the city of Herod, but the natural lines of defense would enclose a place about a mile in extent from east to west. This ancient city was utterly destroyed by John Hyrcanus about 110 B. C. It was about 27 A. D. that Herod restored it and named it after his regal benefactor. The magnificence of his restoring may be seen in the colonnade spoken of above, a noble boulevard around the south foot of the hill, emulating Tadmor in the wilderness built by Solomon.

We are taken backward to the twilight of history when Omri leaving yonder Tirzah off to eastward as unsuitable for great things, bought of Shemer this hill "and built on the mountain and called the name of the city Shemron, (Samaria) after the name of Shemer the owner of the

mountain," 3 Kings xvi, 24. It remained the capital of Northern Israel till the fall of the kingdom in the siege of Salmanaser and its capture by his successor Sargon, 4 Kings, xvii, 5.

Many pictures will here arise before the eyes of the Biblical student. Achab succeeded his father and married Jezabel, daughter of Ethbaal, King of Sidon, and fell into idolatry erecting a temple to Baal. We can see in our mind's eye the palaces faced with ivory, the mansions of cut stone, the priests of Baal and the grove of Astarte. But we can also see the prophet of God meager from fasting but with a divine wisdom, "a hairy man with leathern girdle" 4 Kings i, 18, issuing from his dwelling on the foot of the hill and proclaiming to the impious king: "Nor dew nor rain shall be these years but according to the words of my mouth." And the land suffered. The lifting of the curse we saw from Mount Carmel.

We can see in 900 B. C. the multitude of Benadad laying siege to the city, but defeated; defeated in the hills, defeated in the plains in spite of their boast that the God of the Hebrews was a god of the mountains.

We can see the king of Israel, Achaz, and the king of Judea, Josaphat, sitting each on a separate throne, and Micheas the prophet called on to foretell the issue of the war with Ramoth Gilead, prophesy disaster to Achaz. We can see him brought home dead; thus was fulfilled the word of Micheas: "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills like sheep that have no shepherd." 2 Chron. xviii. The king is deaf to the warning. He retorts: "Put this man in prison and feed him with the bread of affliction and the water of distress till I return in peace." The prophet, wavers not: "If thou return, the Lord has not spoken by my mouth."

What are we to think of Micheas first telling Achaz "to go up to battle for the Lord would deliver Ramoth Gilead into his hands?" There was in the prophet's tone that which showed Achaz that the prophet at first answered him according to what he wished to hear. How many seek, not the truth, but what they *desire* to be the truth! Achaz at heart was brave enough to hear the truth although he was not humble enough to profit by it.

We may see Ochozias from his sick-bed where he was laid by falling from a window, apply to Belzebub, god of flies, to cure him and finding no relief turn to the God of Elias. How well does that illustrate our own actions! We seek consolation in creatures and only when this reed breaks do we lean upon the Lord the true strength! But punishment must follow unfaith. "Is there not a God in Israel that ye go to consult Belzebub the God of Accaron?" Wherefore thus saith the Lord: "From the bed



SAMARIA—HEROD'S COLONNADE



DANCING DERVISHES

on which thou art gone up thou shalt not come down but thou shalt surely die." Three times does Ochozias send a company of fifty men to obtain a more favorable answer. The two first companies are consumed by fire; and, though the Prophet comes at the prayer of the third cohort, it is only to reiterate the condemnation: "Thou shalt surely die." And Joram his brother succeeded to the throne.

In his reign we see Benadad the Assyrian king again surround the city with his multitudes till the suffering from hunger is so great that the Holy Book tells us that an ass's head, at other times a thing of abhorrence, was sold for eighty pieces of silver; nearly three times the price set on the head of our Lord! and the fourth part of a measure of pigeon's dung brought five pieces of silver. Some commentators think that "Pigeon's Dung" was the popular name for a kind of bean; others that it was used as salt. Here is a good instance of how much better it would be in cases of uncertainty to give the Hebrew word (which would be satisfactorily non-committal) in place of translating it: the fourth part of a *cab* of *Charey Yonim*. But most heartrending of all, with the help of her friend, one mother devoured her own child, making a compact to eat the neighbor's next day; which compact not being kept the first woman appealed to Joram. He tore his garments in distress, revealing his hair shirt, but alas! penance is not always repentance, and his heart was so stubborn and dark that he laid the blame of the famine on the only one who could remove it,—namely, God and His Prophet. Eliseus now comes forward in the midnight of distress and foretells: "Tomorrow a bushel of fine flour shall be sold for a stater, and two bushels of barley for a stater, in the gate of Samaria." The unbelieving officer is trampled to death in the crush that verifies the Prophet's words for the Assyrians flee before imagined chariots and armies, leaving behind all the riches of gold and silver and raiment, of barley, and corn and flour.

Another kingly presence is before us here. It is Jehu who slaughters the priests of Baal and the wicked descendants of Achab, and destroys the statue of Baal. But,—strange perversity and inconsistency of human nature,—he allows the idolatrous emblem to remain in Bethel. How often there is some spot in our hearts out of which we cannot drive idolatry.

But even the great Prophet—the chariot of Israel and its driver—more to Samaria than munitions of war, also comes to die. Joas the king comes to visit him to find out if the Assyrian invaders may be conquered, and by command of Eliseus he shoots an arrow from the east window to foretell the driving back of the Syrians who still were invading the land. Their utter destruction is only avoided by Joas' want of spirit in not striking the

ground oftener with the arrow. "If thou hadst smitten five or six or even seven times, thou hadst smitten Syria to utter destruction; but now three times shalt thou smite it." 4 Kings xiii, 19. God wishes to be asked for large favors. The Prophet was buried on the hill, and, when later the roving inhabitants coming to bury one of their friends threw his body into the sepulchre of Eliseus, on touching the bones of the Prophet he was restored to life. Shall we call it superstition to venerate the bones of saints when God thus works miracles through them? Nor must we here forget the poetic rebuke that this same Joas gives to Amasiah king of Judea who had invited him: "Come let us see one another." Joas answers: "A thistle of Libanus sent to a cedar tree that grows on Libanus, saying, 'Give thy daughter to my son to wife; and the beasts of the forest passed and trod down the thistle.' 2 Chron. xxv. There are some whose friendship is not desirable, especially in the close relationship of wedded life.

The Samaritans under King Phakee son of Ramelia, showed an example of humanity in war unparalleled in sacred history. 2 Chron. xxviii, 5. At the request of the Prophet Obed they clothed and fed and arrayed the Jewish captives that they made at Jericho. So the Good Samaritan had a precursor. But the fate of Samaria was sealed; it was sick to death before it fell, and the prophets had foretold its destruction. "I will make Samaria a heap," says Micheas i, 6, "I will roll down its stones into the valley below. All its carved images of stone will be shattered to pieces and all the wealth of its temples got by its temple harlots will be burned with fire, and the site of its statues will I make desolate." How literally was this fulfilled! How its masses of rubbish that make a modern *Tell* speak of the "Heap" of Micheas! Its entire site is one great rubbish heap, veiled by the prickly pear and by rank, ill-smelling weeds. "Nettles shall inherit their beloved silver; the burr shall be in their tabernacle." Osee ix, 6.

It was to Samaria that Naaman the Syrian general came from Damascus to be healed. Eliseus told him to wash seven times in the Jordan. The condition did not suit him any more than confession of sins pleases the sinners of today. "Are not the Abana and the Pharpar" says Naaman in disgust, "rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" But we are not the judges nor the choosers of the remedy of our cleansing. Had Naaman persisted in his pride, had he resolved to be cured only in his own way, never would he have been healed; but in humility reconsidering his determination he washes the prescribed times and "his flesh becomes clean as the flesh of a child." The servant who induced the good disposition in the general is not proof against the temptation to cupidity, and when the man of God refused any recompense for the healing—as it came *gratis*

from God—Giezi runs after Naaman and by a lie receives two talents of silver and two changes of garments; but lo! he receives also the leprosy that Naaman had been cured of; and what changes of garments shall ever avail him anything? “Thou hast received money,” the Prophet upbraids him, “to buy olive yards and vineyards and sheep and oxen and men-servants and maid-servants, but the leprosy of Naaman shall also stick to thee and to thy seed forever. And he went out a leper white as snow,” IV Kings ii, 27.

And to thy seed forever! Terrible curse! Look! as we recall this passage, there come towards us two lepers. Are they the seed of Giezi? We may well believe so; but the leprosy of covetousness is over more lands than Samaria.

In 721 B. C. Salmanaser took Samaria after a siege of three years. After being in turn under the dominion of Babylonians and Macedonians it was destroyed by John Hyrcanus and partially rebuilt by Gabrinus. It was under Herod the Great, however, that it again arose to splendor and to the name of Sebaste,—august.

Now does the tragedy of Herod and Marianne rise before us! It was Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great by a Samaritan mother and a native of Sebaste, who was the murderer of John the Baptist; and here in Samaria do we find the reputed tomb of John the Precursor. The New Testament does not mention where John was beheaded; Josephus expressly states, however, that he was confined in the fortress of Machærus on the east of the Dead Sea. But he might have been imprisoned there and later on at Sebaste. It seems scarcely likely that the gay court of Herodias and Salome would be in that far-away stronghold. Much more probable that it would be in the voluptuous Sephoris, that the courtesan would turn the head of a king and dance away the head of a Prophet. Indeed Mark says “that the guests of the feast were men of distinction in Galilee.” Sephoris, a little to the northwest of Nazareth, had been strongly walled and made the metropolis of the Tetrarchy by Antipas, though Tiberias was his favorite city. It is most probable that the feast was held in one of these cities and this increases the credibility of Samaria being the veritable sepulchre of The Baptist—latest of the Prophets, first of the Saints. Besides this the fortress of Machærus was on the very confines of the dominions of Aretas, the father of Herod’s repudiated wife; which would be no place for showing favor to Herodias. With this preparation we now visit the tomb. The Crusaders, at least, considered it authentic, for we find the well-preserved ruins of a large church, which cover a still earlier one, over the tomb of St. John. The tomb itself is covered by a white dome like

any Mohammedan *Mukam*. We read that this earlier church and the tomb itself was violated by the pagans at the time of Julian the Apostate who cast out the bones of St. John and threw the ashes on the fields; and Rufinus and Theodoret relate that Christians at the risk of their lives mingled with the profaners, and, gathering some of the precious ashes, sent them to Jerusalem to Philip who transmitted them to St. Athanasius. We descend by a flight of twenty-one steps into a room about twenty feet square, which has three *loculi* in the walls; the one to the right was pointed out by the inhabitants of Sebaste as St. John's; the middle one as that of the Prophet Abdiah and the one to the left that of the Prophet Eliseus.

This Abdiah is thought to have been the steward of Achab who hid the one hundred Prophets from Jezabel's wrath. He here shared the Prophets' rest. He may or may not be the Abdiah of the prophecy: "Thus saith the Lord to Edom: though thou be exalted as an eagle and set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down." Abdiah i. 4. These tombs are much venerated by the Mohammedans, though they hold sacred ashes no more. We notice, too, many repetitions of the cross of Malta, which gives us to believe that the earliest church was built by the knights of this order in honor of their patron's tomb.

The original walls of the Crusaders' church still stand, converted into a mosque, with the three apses toward the east closed up with masonry. The church is 165 ft. long by 75 ft. wide, with two rows of stone columns.

In the Acts of the Apostles we read of Samaria again. Simon, the Magician, was from Getron, a suburb of Sebaste, and seeing the prodigies worked by the deacon Philip endeavored to buy the power from Peter and John, the apostles, who came to confirm those baptized by Philip. "Give me also this power," and he offered them money; but Peter said: "Let thy money perish with thee; the gift of God cannot be purchased with money." Acts viii. 20. From this Simon came the word *simony*, the crime of buying or selling holy things.

From this incident we may refute the statement of those who say that the miracles of Christ and His Apostles were only the work of magic or imposition, for here we have one of the very magicians themselves begging for a power that he was intelligent enough to know was beyond his own.

Leprosy still abounds in Samaria: "There were many lepers," says our Lord, "in the days of Eliseus but none of them were cleansed only Naaman the Syrian." And there are other leprosies, too, that maintain their ground; the leprosy of Turkish rule that eats away the bodies of this peo-

ple and the Mohammedan faith that eats into the soul. "In that day the Lord shall shave with a razor." Is. vii. Witness, this poor taxed land! and "briers and thorns shall be in all its confines." Ibid. Witness yonder field! "These Prophets would be called cranks in our day." Said our pessimist as we returned to our place of rendezvous. They were thought so in yon times: A crank is a man who speaks the truth."

*"Give us our Gods," the populace saith,
But the Prophet answered "No";
And the Prophet's head goes off at a blow:
In the heart of the people springs faith.*

We have made three stages of today's program stopping for lunch at Jenin; and Samaria requiring considerable time and attention we halt here for late dinner, which Francis makes ample, and in the cool of the afternoon we proceed to Shechem, glad to escape the importunities of the children and the women who nearly mob one in their endeavors to sell "*Antika*."

"Woe to the drunkards of Ephraim and to the fading flower, the glory of his joy, that were at the head of the rich valley staggering with wine." Is. xxviii. 1. These hillsides were most favorable to the culture of the vine, and from the Prophet's recital we know that Samaria must have been given to drunkenness. "The crown of pride, like a festal wreath of flowers, shall be trodden under foot." "The priest and the prophet have been ignorant through drunkenness." Ibid. What a change has come? Samaria is now almost fanatically opposed to wine. It is indeed forbidden to all Mussulmans, but I am informed that especially in Jerusalem there is much strong drink used and that in some Mohammedan districts total abstinence societies are being formed.

Samaria was the stronghold of the Israelites as distinguished from the Jews; this antagonism commenced in the time of Roboam and from thence forward even till the time of our Lord this hatred between the two branches of the chosen people is very marked. It is like the conflict of parties in every nation; like the Whigs and the Tories; like the Republicans and the Democrats.

We descend from Sebestieh first eastward, then south. We rejoice to travel in the direction of Jerusalem, for "salvation is from the Jews." There are some scattering vineyards struggling with the briers—like good that must ever be combating evil. We are reminded of the words of Is. vii. 25: "And as for all the hills that shall be raked with a rake, the fear of thorns and briers shall not come thither." We pass through an arch

under the aqueduct of an old mill. The Arab mind does not enjoy a joke; there is a chorus of frogs from a nearby pond and I remark to Said our boy, "These frogs seem to speak Arabic." "They speak the language that God taught them," he retorted severely, and I am ashamed of my flippancy. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." Matt. xxi. 16.

Nakura is a village on the slope of the mountain on our left. It possesses a most beautiful spring of water, the source of its life and freshness. Besides the ordinary groves of fig and olive we notice a large plantation of pear trees. A *Wely* crowns the hill to the north—the usual white dome of the Mussulman Saint's tomb. Beit Sid and Kousine are passed and Ain Koufrate and now we are greeted by a sight of the blue Mediterranean Sea, about twenty-five miles distant. The far off blue of the ocean is as silver in the evening sun, but near by, on the declivity of the hill where we stand is a patch of intensest blue; not the pale *aquamarine* of Italian skies but the deep violet purple of the Gulf of Corinth, when a storm hangs over it. It is the Lupine of Palestine, like our *Lupinus perennis*, only very much darker.

We descend into the valley between the northwest prolongations of Ebal and of Gerizim; Gerizim to our right, Ebal to our left. The valley is drained by streams tributary to the Nahr Fâlik, that flows into the Mediterranean. Particularly from Gerizim come gushing brooks, irrigating the valley or carried across it in aqueducts to turn mills, several of which are near our road. On our right on one of the spurs of Gerizim is Beit Iba, a pretty little village, and now our route turns more to the left to avoid the rugged side of Mount Gerizim. We are on a fine carriage road, which I understand is completed to Dor and Carmel. The still more rugged and higher Ebal is in plain view. At this end it is called by the natives Amud ed Dîn, Pillar of Religion. Further east it becomes Jebel Sitty es Salâmîeh—Mountain of our Lady of Peace. Ebal rises from the plain 1,200 feet, and 3,375 feet above the sea, being only surpassed in Samaria by Tell Azur; and at this northwest end the mountain is much more fertile than at the east, being watered by many streams springing high up on the hill-sides. Ebal is well worthy of being climbed. From its summit northward, we can see the modern Tulluza, which Dr. Robinson identifies with Tirzah celebrated by Solomon's comparison: "Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as Tirzah," and the memory of which name is again renewed for moderns who neglect their Bible, in the wondrously fascinating book, Ben Hur. Still further north Tabor and Safed, with Hermon, displaying aloft his

white banner; west, the Carmel range; and east, the mountains of the Hauran. Tulluza is surrounded by olive groves, but it is not at all pre-eminent in beauty above the numerous ruin-like villages that we encounter everywhere in Palestine. Just on the crest of Gerizim we can see Junete and further east Rafidieh, a village mostly Greek.

We are approaching Nablus, and we will camp at Souaitrah, at the north end of the city where the water is good, and the surrounding gardens fruitful and shady; with many a mill turned by the small streams, and the soap factories of Nablus sufficiently distant.

CHAPTER VI

NABLUS

Every city of Palestine is a parchment, a book written and rewritten with the former words more or less scraped away from the page to receive the later message. So old Shechem becomes new Neapolis, which the Arabs of today have contracted to Nablus. Here in this beautiful and fertile valley with these dark mountains on each hand, we go back almost to the beginning of history. Shechem is one of the oldest cities in the world. The first mention of this place is Genesis xii. Abraham came here (Gen. xxxiii). When Jacob returning from Mesopotamia, having passed the Jordan at Succoth (tents), he comes to Salem a city of the Sichemites, "and he bought that part of the field where he pitched his tent of the Children of Hemor, the father of Shechem, for a hundred lambs." Gen. xxxiii. Bargains are still made with such payment. But close on this peaceful transaction follows the horrible tragedy of Dina's dishonor and Shechem's bloody extermination. We can in no wise justify the deceit of Jacob's sons nor the hypocrisy of the Canaanites urged by Shechem in accepting, for worldly ends, circumcision, the initiation into a religion they did not mean to practice.

It is a common fault of travelers to so hurry through everything that the sweetness is lost, yes, and the profit. "He who believes let him not hasten." Is. xxviii. 16. Let us linger in this beautiful vale of Shechem, and with the aid of our Bibles try to live over again the scenes that transpired here. So beautiful are the streams that fall from the shoulder (Shechem) westward to the Mediterranean and eastward to the Jordan, that we may well rejoice with King David: "The Lord is my shepherd, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Yea, God carries His own on His shoulder.

Before Shechem was a city, Abraham and Lot pitched their black tents on those plains, their long-eared, great-tailed sheep and black goats had been pastured here; their tall, solemn camels had stalked along in their proud, disdainful way nipping off bits of herbage of cactus or flower. Sarah and her women slaves,—of course duly veiled,—had glided about among these valleys and climbed these hills. Here lived Jacob and his wives; poor Leah in her homeliness and Rachel the beloved in her beauty. What a

strong power beauty is to compel love! and what questionable ingenuity does Laban employ to marry off the plain daughter first!

Shechem was one of the cities of refuge; of which there were to be six in Palestine, three this side the Jordan—Hebron, Shechem and Kedesh; three beyond the Jordan—Bozor in the wilderness in the tribe of Reuben, Ramoth Gilead in the tribe of Dan, and Golan in the tribe of Manasses. Deut. iv. The Lord spoke to Josue: "Appoint cities of refuge that whosoever shall kill a person unawares may flee to them and may escape the wrath of the kinsman, who is the avenger of blood." Thus was given time for heated anger to cool, as was done in the middle ages by the "truce of God." But alas it offered no refuge to the sons of Hemor. Gen. xxxiv.

This is the first writing on the parchment, nearly 4,000 years ago. Let us turn to writings less bloody. Genesis says that Jacob came to Salem. This name is perpetuated in Eslamieh, on Mount Ebal. Some commentators translate "Salem" as meaning that Jacob arrived "safe" or "into a place of healthfulness"; however this may be, the city soon took the name Shechem from its former owner. The idolatrous *Terephim* that Jacob's wives and children had brought from Laban's dwelling, Jacob buried under the oak tree, "behind the city of Shechem." That "behind" will doubtless mean west, as Jacob came from the east, although good authorities place it at Balâta, down near Jacob's well. We looked in vain to enrich ourselves by these jewels. The definite article applied to trees proves that they were always a rarity.

Here also culminated the punishment foretold to Solomon: viz., the partition of his kingdom. Was it to be Roboam or Jereboam who should reign over Israel? Roboam the rightful heir, son of Solomon, had it in his power, but he followed the young men's advice instead of the older, wiser counsellors and boasting "my little finger is thicker than the back of my father" said that where Solomon had beaten with whips he would add scorpions. No wonder they rebelled; and the gulf was opened, never to be closed, between Juda and Israel. They cast off their old allegiance; "What portion have we in David?" "To your tents, O Israel. Then Jereboam built Shechem." Thus it became the capital of the Samaritans and the temple in Jerusalem was deserted by them for Gerizim.

Later the city of Samaria became the seat of government as we have seen, but Gerizim was always the centre of religion. As is noticeable in the history of the Catholic Church, schism almost invariably passes over into heresy. Most bitterly has the animosity continued ever since. This hatred between Samaritan and Jew is one of the facts that must be taken into account to understand the force and graciousness of our Lord's parable



EBAL — NABLUS — GERIZIM

of the Good Samaritan and to comprehend the condescension of the Saviour at the well and the surprise of the Samaritan woman; to feel also the necessity of St. John almost apologizing for our Lord's going through Samaria at all, "He needs must go through," John iv. 4. Even to our day "Smokes on Gerizim's height, Samaria's sacrifice."

The schism has not been healed, the heresy not overcome. It requires the healing of mercy. This rupture dates back, however, far beyond Roboam. After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity the Samaritans were willing to participate in the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem, but Ezra, in the narrowness of his Rabinism, refused them. Their orthodoxy also was questioned—and they were said to deny the resurrection of the dead.

In the saddle traveling along the stony narrow trail is not conducive to conversation. We make up for it at our noonings, in the shade, and in the evenings in camp. At supper we are regaled with some Arab proverbs: "Do not mention disagreeable things at meal time"—"Do not stop eating before your guest does"—"God loves sneezing but hates yawning." I am pleased to hear that Mohammed forbade any one his presence who had

recently eaten onions. France and Italy will never be really civilized till they abolish garlic.

But we notice that our Philosopher has been following a train of thought. "To thee and to thy seed forever" he quotes, as he sweeps his hand round the horizon. "Do you gentlemen think that that promise was fulfilled? The Jews are scattered, without a nation, and the Moslem rules in this land."

"I would answer your question in the affirmative, nevertheless" says the Artist, "not to take shelter behind a limited meaning of 'forever' I would hazard that the Jews may come into their own again; indeed there are evident signs of it at present." He took out the Crusaders' Almanac (1912) and read:

IS PALESTINE TO BECOME A JEWISH KINGDOM?

Undoubtedly all present indications point to that effect; at least the Jews are today almost lords and masters of the whole country. On the twelfth day of the Zionist convention, held in Frankfurt, Dr. Warburg of Berlin, described the various outlooks of the industries, which the immigrant Jews had started in Palestine, and went on to show how they could be promoted by settlements of agriculturists.

Dr. Oppenheim of Berlin, reported that they were on the point of founding a new colony in Palestine, for which all preparations had been made. The Jews are already in possession of the best parts of Palestine. Jerusalem counts no fewer than 90,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of which are Israelites. In Jaffa they number 20,000; in Damascus 10,000; in Aleppo 12,000; on Safed 8,000; in Tiberias 7,000; in Beirut 3,500; in Killis 2,000; in Caifa 1,600; in Hebron 1,000; all of which indicates an increase within the last ten years of nearly 300 per cent. Moreover the grand rabbi of the Jews in Constantinople is regarded a Prince by the authorities. In a late firman the Sultan of Constantinople disclaims all rights against the authority of this high official of Judaism.

We are surprised by this admission from the Franciscan paper, and will be on the lookout for confirmation of its truth,—or the contrary.

"I have another explanation which need not necessarily exclude our friend's," said another. "These promises were made to the Chosen People of God and were kept as long as they were faithful; when they ceased to be the True Church, they would be fulfilled in favor of their successor the Kingdom of Christ."

In the morning we proceed to the city; it is hardly protected by its dilapidated wall, and its gates stand open even after night-fall. From outside Nablus presents some beauty and picturesqueness, lying as it does at the foot of the hills, and climbing towards their knees; but seen from within it has only the picturesqueness of dirt. There are but two principal

streets; these run east and west through the city, and present the usual animated life of an Oriental town, with their low, dark booths, where sit the petty merchants like spiders watching for flies. Soap! soap! soap! There are at least a dozen factories. This is the staple, evidently. It is displayed in every conceivable shape, and size and color. It is made from the poorer parts of the olive. Yet the people seem no cleaner than in other parts of Palestine. And though a brook runs down the gutter of the principal street, the town itself is fearfully dirty, and with the blessing of water that still flows from Gerizim's height, how easy would it be to have a city clean and laughing with pretty fountains; but this is unthought-of by the Moslem. His only scavenger is the ubiquitous dog. One thinks how the Jew, to whom the dog is an unclean creature, must appreciate the promise regarding the New Jerusalem: "without are dogs and all unclean" Apoc. xxii. 15.

The Greeks are the most numerous of the Christians, perhaps about 700, but Nablus has a Latin mission with a hospice, though the Catholics number only about 60 souls. The Sisters of the Rosary have a girls' school, the Protestants also have a clergyman but he has no congregation, except a few Greeks. There is a mission school but the teachers are native. Nablus is the chief town of a Liva, dependent on the villayet of Beyrout. It has about 25,000 inhabitants, nearly all Mohammedans with a reputation for fanaticism, and seven mosques, most of them made from old Christian churches.

We wander about under arches and through dark streets, and at last find our way to the Samaritan synagogue, *Keniset-es-Samire*. It is like passing through a series of vaults to reach it; hidden away as it is a guide is necessary, but it contains one of the oldest sacred writings that the world possesses, the Samaritan Pentateuch. Near by is the Samaritan school. The children were assembling and desired to be photographed, some refusing, however, except for a good baksheesh; and the teacher would not pose for love nor money.

We offer to take off our shoes to enter the temple, but the Jews are not so scrupulous as the Moslems.

The reverence that prompts the Eastern people to bare their feet as we bare our heads, is certainly not to be laughed at, much less reproached, and we would show ourselves more nearly barbarians than they, should we disregard the customs of any people however different from our own.

The Synagogue is itself small and poverty stricken, and has the customary accessories of the Jewish Temple. The Pentateuch is written on scrolls of parchment yellow and torn; rolled about two central sticks—

the ancient method of binding. This copy is certainly very old, but just from what date it comes is much disputed. The Samaritans themselves claim for it an antiquity of 1500 B. C. Brother Lieven de Hamme says it probably comes from the time of Manasses 330 B. C. and others ascribe to it a still later date. At any rate it is the center of this interesting little sect, which once disputed dominion with the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem. It is for them the sole Scripture. They have refused to accept Christian teachers who will not confine themselves to the five books of Moses. And so this little handful of people (under 200) isolate themselves. Will they die out? Or will they increase? It is an interesting question. Theirs is the purest of Semitic blood, for from time immemorial they have never intermarried.

What an importunate throng of beggars, mostly children, meet us as we emerge from the caverns that connect the synagogue with the more public street, itself often cavernous in the narrowness of its extent and the overhanging buildings overhead. I try a new method with the beggars: I hold up one leg and using my umbrella as a crutch, hop around more furiously than any of the boys crying "Backsheesh, backsheesh, Meskin! Hadji! Madam! Backsheesh!" The boys enter into the spirit of the fun and laughing heartily soon drop behind.

Nablus has the capabilities of a beautiful city. It is well sheltered; and the clear, cold springs, 22 in number, especially the one called Ras el Ain, supply it with excellent water which now is a nuisance, yes and in the springtime a danger, as it pours itself down the streets. Under many streets you may hear the rush of waters. Nablus is also in a very fertile neighborhood. The olive is so productive here that over twenty factories use the surplus of oil for soap. The ashes which now having rendered up their lye remain in unsightly heaps round the city, could be well bestowed on the fields. The growth of pomegranate, ilex and carob are musical with nightingales—in fine, nothing is wanting of natural advantages to make Shechem again a city of refuge from the more inhospitable parts of Palestine.

The next morning, having risen at daybreak, we order our horses to visit the Samaritans' holy Praying Ground; we ascend to Ras el Ain. This word means "the head spring" and is applied to several streams in Palestine; to one near Nazareth, as we have seen, and one near Tyre. Here it is in the southwest of the city, a magnificent stream and carried a good distance in a high level race, cut partly in the native rock, partly made of masonry, so that it may reach many gardens. The laugh of the mountain is sweet and joyous, the lyre of bird and bee well attuned, and our pulses



SAMARITAN SCROLL.



RAS EL AIN—NABLUS

exult as we climb. We ascend higher and over a most perilous road. The hillside is beetling over in many places in rocky shelves, and we wonder from which one of these natural vantage-grounds Joatham spoke his celebrated allegory, the first recorded:

"The trees said to the olive: "Come thou and reign over us. And it answered: Can I leave my fatness, which both Gods and men enjoy to be promoted among the trees?"

"And the trees said to the fig tree: Come thou and reign over us. And it answered: Can I leave my sweetness and my delicious fruits and go to be promoted among the other trees?"

"And the trees said to the vine: Come thou and reign over us. And it answered them: Can I forsake my wine that cheereth God and men and be promoted among the other trees?"

"And all the trees said to the bramble: Come thou and reign over us. And it answered them: If indeed you intend to make me king come ye and rest under my shadow; but if ye mean it not, let fire come out from the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon." Judges ix. 8 to 15.

The trees were all within sight; but truth is ever unwelcome (and the man who speaks it ought to have one foot in the stirrup, says the Arab), so we read that Joatham had to flee for safety which he could well find in the fastnesses of the mountain southward, and Abimelech reigned over Israel.

We are now overlooking the valley stretching eastward between Gerizim and Ebal. Grand is the panorama that spreads before our eyes; grander that which our mind recalls. We picture to ourselves that most imposing assembly of the children of Israel, when, having conquered the Chanaanites at Ai, they ratified the commandments and swore fidelity to Jehovah. Here on these two hills were ranged the twelve tribes,—descendants of Jacob. On Gerizim, the mount to our right as we look eastward, mountain of blessings, were Simeon and Levi; Juda and Issachar; Joseph and Benjamin. On the opposing hill, Ebal, the mountain of curses were Reuben and Gad; Aser and Zabulon; Dan and Nephtali. The narrow valley lies between the two hosts, filled with the children of Israel round the Ark of the Covenant. Now listen to the mighty litany that is entoned by the Levites and responded to by the multitude, who, with hearts shuddering at the curses, but glowing under the blessings, swear eternal obedience and loyalty to Jehovah. From Ebal comes the first part of the Chant:

"Cursed be the man who maketh a graven and molten thing; And all the people shall say: Amen.

Cursed be he that dishonoreth his father and his mother; And all the people shall say: Amen.

Cursed be he who shall remove his neighbors' landmarks; And all the people shall say: Amen.

Cursed be he who maketh the blind wander out of his way; And all the people shall say: Amen.

Cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the stranger, of the fatherless and the widow; And all the people shall say: Amen.

Cursed be he that taketh bribes; And all the people shall say: Amen.

How that "Amen" resounds along the hills; and Gerizim joins with Ebal in that awful curse. But now Gerizim takes up the strain. It is like the soft rain after the thunder-clap, or like the light beaming after the storm.

Blessed be the man who has placed his trust in the Lord; Amen! from Ebal as well as from Gerizim.

Blessed is the man who keepeth his Commandments; Amen!

Blessed shalt thou be in the city and blessed in the field; Amen!

Blessed shall be thy barns and blessed thy stores; Amen!

Blessed shalt thou be coming in and going out; from both hills echoes the thunderous "Amen." It is remarkable how the voice carries in those valleys with their clear atmosphere. Often in our journeyings did we hear the peasants calling to each other across long distances.

We proceed eastward along the top of Gerizim to the place of the Samaritan's Temple. As the Jews focus many events in Jerusalem and the Christians on Calvary so the Samaritans assemble on Gerizim many events in history—The twelve stones of the twelve tribes; The slaying of Isaac by Abraham; Melchisedek's sacrifice; the camp of Jacob; the temple that should supplant that of Solomon. I cannot but think that they knew the spot was commemorative and not topographic; in fact cenotaphic. Here to this day this dwindling sect preserving an identity that is of great interest to the Bible student, celebrates yearly the principal feasts of Jewry.

"The summit of Gerizim," writes Major Wilson, "is a level plateau; the northern end is occupied by the ruins of a castle and church; the southern by smaller remains, principally low and irregularly built walls. The castle was rectangular with flanking towers at each end of its angles; the church was octagonal; on the eastern side is an apse; on the northern the main entrance; on five sides, probably six, were small chapels. There was an inner octagon which gives the plan some resemblance to that of the "Dome of the Rock" at Jerusalem. The church is believed to have been built about 553 A. D. But more interesting to us than the Christian are the Samaritan remains.

The Holy Place of the Samaritans is a portion of the natural rock, where an excavation uncovered a mass of human bones. There are several platforms of unhewn stones, and one of these near the place at which Abraham is said by the Samaritans to have offered Isaac, is approached by a flight of circular steps. Twelve stones form part of a solid platform of unhewn masonry. Although it is recorded in Scripture (Deut. xxxvii. 2) that the blessings and the curses should be graven on twelve stones, no trace of inscription was found on these. East of the castle are the remains of three platforms and below them on the slope of the hill are broken terraces. The platforms have evidently been built to support some building on the top of the hill, and add to its appearance, and they as well as the twelve stones may not improbably have formed part of the substructure of the Samaritan temple. Of the temple itself there is nothing left but it probably stood on the site now occupied by the ruins of the church and castle. North of the castle is a large pool, and below this and surrounding the hill on all sides are the ruins of a considerable town to which no distinctive name could be obtained. Near the Samaritan place of sacrifice, however, at the western foot of the peak are considerable ruins to which every one we asked gave the name "Kourbet Lousah," which may be the Luza of Judges i. 23.

The enclosure formed by the rough walls of these ruins is the camping ground of the modern Samaritans when they assemble to celebrate the Passover. It is then picturesque with their white tents and the scene is animated as they prepare for the feast. "As sunset approaches," says Father Breen, "the men collect in the tabernacle, and the women and children take up their positions at the doors of their tents. The men are for the most part clothed in long white garments like surplices." "Thus shall ye eat it; with girded loins; with shoes on your feet and holding staves in your hands. And ye shall eat in haste for it is the Passover of the Lord." Exodus xii.

The ceremony now commences with prayers, ejaculations and a spreading out of hands. Six or seven lambs are kept in readiness in the space behind the tabernacle door. A careful watch is kept on the downward progress of the sun; and as he dips into the west the high priest steps forward out of the tabernacle, accompanied by the white-robed men, who form a group around the place of sacrifice. When the last golden arc of the sun has sunk out of sight behind the Mediterranean Sea, the priest repeats, in a loud and rapid voice, the Samaritan version of the latter half of Exodus xii. 6. In an instant the lambs are seized and passed from one to another of the sacrificial ministers until they reach the white-robed man



JACOB'S WELL

whose office it is to slay them. As they lie quivering in their death-throes, two or three of the surpliced young men catch the blood in basins and proceed around the camp, sprinkling the upper and side posts of the tent-doors, and the faces of the women and children with the blood. The carcasses of the lambs are then examined and if pronounced faulty, are rejected and consumed in a separate fire. If passed as without blemish, their fleeces are stripped off, and their entrails extracted. Each carcass is then pierced lengthwise with a wooden spit, with a cross bar near the extremity, and carefully placed in the circular pit, which has already been heated like an oven. When all are safely deposited, the mouth of the pit is closed up with sticks and stones and mud, and there the bodies remain until they are fully roasted (see Exod. xii. 9). Unleavened bread and bitter herbs have already been prepared; and as soon as the roasting is completed (which is not until midnight, generally) the whole community gather round the oven, the covering of which is torn off, and the roasted lambs are dragged out on their long spits, black and charred. The eating is done literally, according to verse 2, with loins girded, with shoes on their feet, with staff in hand and in haste. In less than ten minutes every vestige of the meat is gone; the women and children being supplied in the tents. The remains are carefully searched for and cast into the fire and "nothing remaineth until the morning." The Feast of Tabernacles as well as the Feast of Weeks is kept in this mountain. "The former occurs in the early part of the autumn, when tent-life is very pleasant and refreshing. The people 'take the branches of goodly trees,' such as the evergreen oak and arbutus, and they 'make booths,' roofing them with interlacing willows, pliant palm fronds, and boughs of the glossy-leaved citron and lemon trees, with the green fruit hanging from them in clusters. For seven days the people dwell there, rejoicing and giving thanks to God."* The Samaritans assemble here every Sabbath but for less solemn service.

We return to our tents for a good long *siesta*. Nearby is a pomegranate tree early in bloom. What an intense red! and in the grass we discover daffodils, old favorites "that take the winds of March with beauty." The conjunction reminds us of heathen mythology. For it was because she had eaten half of a pomegranate in Hades that Proserpine could not return to her daffodil fields of Sicily, whence she had been kidnapped by Pluto. "We think," says Elizabeth Foote, "of a parent teaching a boy and girl the fable of Pluto and Proserpine. To her he says: 'If sorrow come over your life, my Clara! you will go into the depths with it and be queen of it like Proserpine. Among the dead she breathes alone who is sinless. Be-

* *A Diary of My Life in the Holy Land.* Dr. A. E. Breen, 1906.

lieve in yourself and be worthy of the trust.' But to the boy: 'Believe in others. Snatch your Proserpine from her daffodil fields and take her into the deeps with you. If she disappoint you, believe in her still and you will see her dry her childish tears and meet your kingly faith with a queen's calm.' "

We cannot get away from the charm of classical paganism even in the faith of Christ. Its beauty lingers—like some belated nightingale singing on even in the brightening day.

Our *siesta* ended, we take a canter to visit the tomb of Joseph and the well of Jacob, that these places may not delay us on the morrow's march. We keep well to the north of the city, passing the Latin hospice, passing further on a cemetery where Mohammedan women are lamenting over the graves of their dead. They resent any attention being given to them, and some of our party were driven back by stones followed by curses. We pass on our right, Ain Defneh and the Turkish barracks, and on our left Balâta, a poor enough village but rich in a beautiful spring and tree-embowered, where an early Christian tradition, as also the Samaritan one, places the oak (Ballût) of Shechem. Josue xxiv. 26. Judges ix. 6. The road to Joseph's tomb forms an angle in which is the forest grove of Balâta of fig and mulberry. We keep straight on and arrive at Jacob's well.

Here it was, in the "noble vale," that Abraham coming from Haran with Sarah his wife, erected an altar to the Lord who promised him the land of Canaan. This carries us back more than 1,900 years before Christ. Here it was probably that Rachel sat guarding the stolen *Teraphim*, excusing herself so ingeniously from rising and betraying her guilt. How often do we sit on and hide our faults! yes hide them from ourselves, at the very time that we are keeping them warm like the brooding fowl.

It was Jacob who first obtained a foothold here, purchasing this field from Hemor for 100 lambs and digging the well, that, first accommodating the flocks of the field, has carried to all future times a stream of tradition and is a gathering point for Jewish and Christian pilgrims alike. But Abraham was here before Jacob. The exact place of his altar is, of course, in doubt, but close under the foot of Gerizim is the little hamlet of Balâta, the name of which among the Samaritans is "the Holy Oak." And St. Jerome identifies this as the Oak of Moreh according to the Hebrew Scripture, under whose shade Abraham built the first sanctuary to Jehovah in the Land of Promise.

"We reflect on the calling of Abraham. MacCoun well says: 'Man having twice failed to observe the universal covenant made by God with

the representative heads of the race—Adam and Noah—Jehovah adopts the principle of separation, and Abraham is selected to be the progenitor of a chosen people. This idea implies not only a separation from the rest of mankind locally, either in the family, the nation or the Church; but morally in the observance of God's laws and instructions, and spiritually in a life of holiness in contrast with sin. In the narrowing of the blessing, remember that this policy was not adopted until after the offer of mercy had been twice made to all mankind and twice rejected; that the restriction was for the ultimate blessing of all (Gen., ch. xii); that the door was open all the time that 'whoever would might enter.'¹ . . . The same idea of God is carried out in the so wrongly understood exclusiveness of the Catholic Faith—'out of the Church, no salvation.' It is a chosen, selected people; but all may make themselves the chosen.

"One is inclined to ask why Jacob dug a well when there is such a copious spring, Ain Balâta, a few rods distant. But we must remember that his property here was limited, and that the Canaanites would probably object to the foreigner using their stream. After the well Jacob builds an altar to Elohim, having taken the precaution to purchase the land,—as the Church requires an edifice to be paid for before consecrating it.

"Tradition, like an endless chain, has passed on from generation to generation the site of Jacob's well, and here at the beginning of the twentieth century after Christ we stand in the presence of the twentieth century before Him. Yes, the world is old; but how it comes back to the old mother-breasts of Nazareth and Bethlehem, of Shechem and Shiloh, and how wrinkled we find them and how milkless! Look! there is not one drop of water in the well of Jacob and of the Samaritan woman. No spot in all the Holy Land is better authenticated. Nowhere can we surer say, 'Here the feet of the Man-God have trodden and rested'; and yet it is fast being obliterated: the well is almost entirely filled with the rubbish of centuries. Ah, how eagerly would Christians contribute to a fitting restoration if only that were permitted by the government. At this well we may reflect on the prestige given in Holy Writ to running water. How much more suited to the needs of men, those springs that we saw yesterday dripping from the shoulder,—Shechem, and flowing through the gardens, than the dug wells that cave in or dry up. 'The just shall be as a tree planted by the running waters,' 'Whose leaf shall not fail.' 'Show me the living water that I may not have to come here to draw,' said the Samaritan woman, and His promise of *aquæ salientis*—water springing up. We cannot but compare, in our minds, this well to the old deadness of Judaism

¹*The Holy Land in History*, Townsend Mac Coun, A. M., 1897.

and how the word of Christ is fulfilled in the perennial, running, living water that flows even to these last days through His Church, the truth developing itself like yon flower, first blade, then bud, then half-opened blossom, then the perfect flower! In what stage are we now? I would say half-opened. Some think in complacency we have reached the climax, others would sneer that we are in decay, but surely there is yet a possible more perfect blooming of Christianity; when the differences of sect are swept away (as Leo XIII works and prays so hard to do) what might the world not be under a united Christianity with governments and business and politics alike obedient to the law of Christ. We still pray: 'Thy kingdom come.'

"Growing around the well are different species of pulse and we think of the lentil pottage for which Jacob secured the birthright over his twin-brother Esau. This occurred probably south of Hebron—but here at Jacob's well we gather a pea in memory. Nothing is more remarkable than the apparent injustices and cruelties that are mentioned in the Old Testament, and the sanction that they seem to have received from God. How can we reconcile them with the justice and tenderness of God? Satisfy ourselves completely we probably shall not, but it is well to remember that the times were essentially different from ours; that God is always master over men and in those ages of the infancy of the world the destinies of men seem to have been more immediately under the arbitrament of God. And many things that we would have to condemn now, because man would be doing it on his own judgment, were then right because done in obedience to the expressed wish of God. Many instances occur also, where we do not need to justify but may rightly condemn the action, even if God brings good out of the evil."

Thus I wrote in 1889; in 1910 all is changed! The Greeks have acquired title to this spot and have surrounded it with a stone wall, built a convent and cleared away the rubbish, disclosing the Crusaders' church erected over the well of Jacob, and the water may now be drawn up as of old and used. It is over 100 feet deep. We gladly respond to the petition of the Greek father for an alms to help rebuild the church. This well is one of the localities where our fancy has often wandered. Let us linger now and drink in its lesson as we partake of the water that the kind hearted Greek father has drawn. We read the fourth chapter of St. John. It is one of the charming idylls of which the Bible is so full—the "Idylls of the King."

The time of our Lord's visit to this well, as here recorded, seems to have been in December. But noon is warm even in winter here, and the

fields are green. The white garments of the natives as they come flocking from Sychar would give occasion for the metaphorical turn to the white harvest that was ready for the Apostles' gathering. Alas! that it is yet ungathered. Among the Christians the event of our Lord's talk to the Samaritan woman has superseded the digger of the well and it is styled "well of the Samaritan woman," though the Arabs still call it Bîr Yakub. The Samaritan woman speaks of the Messiah as a "guide": this word "Mahdi" is still used in this locality.

From the narrowness of Judaism and the heresies of Samaritanism the Kingdom of Christ is unfolding to the liberty of the sons of God; to the perfect Christianity broad enough to embrace all men; spiritual, permanent, charitable. Though spiritual, not unreal; though charitable, not weak; though permanent, not ironclad, but able to evolve itself to every beauty and use.

How admirably our Saviour passes from the water of Jacob's well to the living water that He alone can give! From the sectarianism that would worship God only in Jerusalem, or only on Gerizim, to the world-wide acceptance of Christianity; from the formal to the essential; from the material to the spirit and the truth! This is no plea for Universalism—He Himself asserts that salvation is from Jerusalem as later He said to the chosen Twelve, "He that hears you hears Me;"—but it is an argument against sufficiency of the exterior without the interior, and against the narrowness of charity, that would exclude any from God's love. Nor is He ashamed to be seen speaking to a woman, though the disciples wonder! She too has a soul in spite of Mohammedanism's dictum.

Off there to the north, nestling under the shelter of Ebal, is Askar, a poor Arab village, considered to be the Sychar of the evangelist, whence the Samaritan woman came. How was it she came so far? There is water nearer Askar, but there may not have been in her day, or she may have come from a sentiment of veneration for Jacob.

There comes a time in many souls when, putting away the things of a child, they are not satisfied to accept the dogmas of faith simply because the Sunday school taught them; they demand to hear the Christ Himself. For these a further study of the mysteries of faith is necessary, and right; not in the spirit of doubting, but of making faith really something their own. "Now we believe, not from thy word," said the inhabitants of Sychar to the woman, "but because we have seen and heard." When such times of questioning come, happy the man who meets them faithfully, prayerfully, and with eyes fixed on heaven.

We now retrace our steps a short distance to where the road turns



JOSEPH'S TOMB

to the north, and proceed to Joseph's tomb. We take a look westward, comprehensive of both hills. Pessimists who preach that evil is more potent than good and that there is in life "an ounce of pleasure for a pound of pain," may find confirmation in the fact that Ebal of the curses is 300 feet higher than Gerizim of the blessings; but it has not the laughing springs! So evil has not the joy. Loom larger it may, but it has not the fountains of exultation, spilling over with refreshment.

The tomb is about half a mile north. We know from Gen. i. 24, that Joseph in Egypt foretold to his brothers their deliverance from the slavery of the Pharaohs to the freedom of the Promised Land, and made them swear to "carry his bones out of this place." "And, being embalmed, he was laid in a coffin in Egypt." For four hundred years he lay there and the Hebrews had increased from seventy souls to three millions. "And the bones of Joseph which the children of Israel had taken out of Egypt they buried in Shechem." Josue xxiv. 32. The present tomb is scarcely distinguishable from a modern *wely*. It is in the hands of the Mohammedans, who venerate the Patriarchs almost as do the Jews. "Within the enclosure," says Thomson, "is a vine whose branches run over the wall, touchingly recalling the blessing of Jacob: 'Joseph is a growing bough, a growing bough and fair to behold, the branches run to and fro upon the wall.'" Gen. xlix. 22.

There is the Moslem's prayer niche, to the south—also two little square, plastered pillars with a bowl-like hollow at the top in which the Jews burn votive offerings. The tomb is fast falling into decay; and it seems that after waiting four hundred years in Egypt and being carried forty years through the desert, the great Joseph, the saviour of Egypt, ought to have a more magnificent monument.

On the plain to the south about two miles is a village called Sâlim, which may be the one mentioned in Gen. xxxiii. 18, to which Jacob came, returning from Padan Aram.

We return to our tent, meeting a squad of Turkish soldiers making for barracks, and passing through a flock of black goats, their great flaps of ears pendant to the earth.

"Snow in the sun! Snow in the sun!" shouts the Arab guide as he looks up at Gerizim, and we see a flash of silver which we know to be one of the many water-fountains.

Returned, we remark on the heroic persistence of this small sect of Samaritans. When Rev. W. E. Geil asked them: "Do you have any converts?" they answered: "Who would join the poor and the hated?" They have a despondent look about them. But even in our own day Shechem

has crossed swords with Jerusalem. In 1834 the inhabitants of Nablus, led by their sheik, Kassim Ahmeth, and aided by a great number of peasants from the rest of Palestine, besieged Ibrahim Pacha on Mount Zion. Mehemet Ali, the father of Ibrahim, fearing for the life of his son, delivered up Abû Ghôsh whom he held in chains, invited the sheik Kassim Ahmeth to come to Jaffa, and accepted all his conditions for the re-establishment of peace, which was sworn to by both parties. Then, the siege of Jerusalem being raised, the peasants returned to their labors. But immediately afterwards Ibrahim with 16,000 men entered this unfortunate country and ravished it from one end to the other; Nablus was almost entirely destroyed, and the sheik Kassim Ahmeth taken to Damascus, where he was beheaded with his four sons.

As also in Jenin, the Hamburg-American Company has a very fair hotel here; but we enjoy our camp. How the low, western sun casts the shadows of the tall, thin cypress-trees of yonder garden athwart the valley, forming lines as of harp-strings or of a music score. Ah! what varied music has been struck from the heart-strings of this nation, where now the musical rush of the water is our lullaby. Wonderful necromancy of travel! Is it possible that I belong to the twentieth century? Is it conceivable that Paris and London are off yonder in the west and could be reached in three days? The night is alive with mystic presences, the past seems to join hands with the present, or rather, the present is gone, and *we are the past*. We are the patriarchs of old; Bible story is not ancient history but present fact. We are nearer to Abraham than to President Taft, more in touch with Bethel than with Baraboo. "God my maker who giveth songs in the night," Job xxxv. 10, and from yonder bowers comes the fulfilment in the rapture of the nightingale.

CHAPTER VII

NABLUS TO JERUSALEM

Next morning we prepare to leave the noble Vale of Shechem. Even the early rising has its advantages, and we rejoice in the sunrise that comes up behind the mountains of Moab and in the beauteous tints in which he adorns the world every new morning, but which at home we rarely see.

The valley in which we leave Nablus runs pretty nearly east and west, and after passing Balâta and Jacob's well turns south. Ebal has been left behind, but the Gerizim range accompanies us for a while, like the friendly Arab, who does not allow you to depart alone but goes with you some distance on your journey. Kapher Kallin is passed on the right and Awerta on the left. Here is said to have stood the School of Eleazer, and a small monument still bears the title Sheik Eleazer. After Hawara, at the foot of Mount Gerizim on the right, we are in the open plain of Mahkna, a much smaller valley than Esdraelon or Jezreel, and more rolling. We notice how the season is rushing ahead; the "latter rains" have not disappointed the promise, and everything is springing to life and beauty. It is time for the Beloved to sing:

*The winter is now past,
The rain is over and gone!
The flowers have appeared in our land.
The time of pruning is come,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard.
The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom.
Arise my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come!*

How graphic and quick, like the days of creation!

As we ride along, what a wondrous transformation spring is making, weaving her robe over the earth—a robe more gorgeous than can be found on the looms of Damascus. Yonder dark patch is the *Lupinus pilosus*; that field of intense green is barley, that takes the place of oats for horses and is also serviceable for bread for the poorer class, so that "Thou eater of barley bread" is a reproach. In the sunlight there, the landscape is burning with the scarlet anemone and the oriental poppy, the former of which may well be the flower of the field than which Solomon in all his glory was not

arrayed more magnificently, even with the dyes of Tyre at his disposal. When the herbage is thin and the ground is stony the perennial flax, with its differing shades of blue, pink and white, gets a chance to display itself. There is an absence of yellow, but that will come later in the season, like the golden jubilee of a man's life. That quivering whitish mist is none other than the wind-stirred leaves of the olive, turning the under side to view; and far in the distance, in the bottom of yon valley, what you would veritably take for a pond of water—I was so deceived—is only the silver-white stems of the fig-trees of a prosperous farmer. Nor is the Joseph's robe limited to the colors of the vegetation; for it changes as the wind sweeps over it playfully or in wrath and as the cloud-shadows fall upon it in endless variety of form.

What is that slight structure in the field, of four uprights and a roof of branches of trees and grass and weeds? It is the temporary shelter of the watchman of the melon patch. When the fruit is nearly ripe it is necessary for the owner to set a guard, for the border raiders are never far distant. These structures, costing almost nothing to make, are deserted when their time of service is over, so that Isaiah uses them as a figure for the desolation of the daughter of Zion when deserted by the Lord God; for the cities of Palestine when His favor has forsaken them, (Is., ch. 1).

We proceed. Passing Abû Bouse and Kousa on our right and Beita on the left, villages for the most part clinging to the sides of the hills or perched on their summit, we see everywhere the fig, olive, almond, and plum, and round the villages the prickly pear cactus. At Bir Abû Gossab we do not drink, for the water is bad. We have a ride of about an hour, leaving Gerizim behind and traversing the beautiful Wady Yetma, and arrive at Kahn es Sawaheh, with Sawaheh itself on a high hill. Before reaching Sawaheh we may refresh ourselves in the shade of an oak with the water of a fine spring to the southeast of the tree.

A ride of twenty-two minutes over a good road brings us to the village of Louban, in the northwest corner of the valley of the same name. This is the ancient Lebna, which the Scripture mentions as north of Shiloh. There is a khan, ruinous but still in use, and a beautiful spring about five minutes east; but we have mentioned Shiloh and cannot rest till we get there, where we will spend a considerable time.

After leaving Louban we take the road to the left, leaving the one that would take us by Singil as of less interest, though it is the direct way of travel between Nablus and Ramallah, and now a very good road. But Shiloh we must not miss. We have a steep ascent over a stony path, a ride of nearly an hour over the hill at the foot of which is Khan Lubban, and,

leaving Singil on its elevation to the right, we reach Seilûn, the modern representative of Shiloh, but with nothing of its old glory. It is merely a heap of ruins. A more desolate hill than Shiloh occupies could scarcely be imagined. Neglected and uncertain, its very site had been forgotten from St. Jerome's time till Dr. Robinson rediscovered it in 1838.

How much we owe to the American Robinson and to Protestants! Up to very recently we may say that explorers of this country formed a quartet—Robinson, American; Guérin, French; Conder, English; and Tobler, German. And yet, are not the sites that they have identified mostly the ones that tradition has always held? What one of the traditional sites have they conclusively proven to be wrong, or for what one have they found another site with one tenth of the probability? But we must make of the researches of others a Jacob's ladder to mount by, not a Jacob's pillow to sleep on; and it is mainly in identifying places of the Old Testament that the Palestine Exploration Society has done good work. These were neglected by the piety of the Latin Christians for spots more nearly connected with Christ.

Seamed with flint amid the limestone, covered with wandering stones, clumps of grass between the rocks, for camel or goat, a lone Bedouin robber perhaps in sight, looking covetously toward the fields of grain in the more level portion around Turmus Aiya, where the multitudes of old who came up to the solemn yearly feast could pitch their tents—Seilûn is the very picture of desolation.

But there is proof enough that here at Seilûn and its ruin now only confirms the words of the Lord to Jeremiah: "Go unto my place in Shiloh where I set my name, and see what I did to it." Jer. vii. 12 Here the Ark of the Lord, that mercy seat of His power, remained for many eventful years. "Here came up the tribes of the Lord." These plains and hills resounded with the psalms of the Levites, and then were hushed to a repose that well befitted Shiloh, which means "rest" or "repose." Here, too, came one, a woman, Hannah the unfruitful, despised by the other women, as the barren were ever in those days; for it was looked upon as both a punishment and a misfortune, as it would shut one out from being in the line of the progenitors of the Messiah. Comforted, however, was she by her husband Alkanah, in the tender words: "Am I not more to thee than ten children?" But here she came with tears and prayers that the blessing of a son might be hers, comforted also by the promise of Heli; and we know how God heard her prayer and gave her Samuel, the pious boy waiting on Heli, the prophet and the judge. Hannah sings her canticle, joining her voice with the other women of sacred history: "My heart rejoiceth in the



Lord; my horn is exalted; my mouth is enlarged over my enemies! The bow of the mighty is broken." 1 Kings ii. 1. It is a far-off echo of the *Magnificat*.

We have seen the Ark of the Covenant in the Vale of Shechem surrounded by the ten tribes answering "amen" to the blessings and the curses, but here in Shiloh, where it remained from the time it left Gilgal till the death of Heli, let us reflect what it was. This Ark was ordered and its plan was made by Jehovah himself during the wandering in the wilderness. Ex., ch. xxxiii. It was made of setim wood, overlaid with the purest beaten gold from the offerings of the Hebrews' rings and jewels. It was two and one half cubits long by one and one half broad, and the same in height. It was covered by the mercy seat, on which were the two cherubim, one at each end, looking toward each other and covering the mercy seat with their wings. There were rings at the four corners to hold the two poles by which it was carried. This Ark was the holiest object in the Old Testament. Its mercy seat, the Shechinah, was to the people the veritable token of the presence of God. It was the oracle from which He spoke; it was the nearest approach in Judaism to the tabernacle of the Christian altar and the real presence of Jesus. It was the focus point alike of the Tabernacle, or tent of wandering, and of the permanent Temple on Moriah. Nothing was allowed in it but the tables of the law, the pot of manna, and the blossoming rod of Aaron. Law, Food, Beauty—the true, the good, the beautiful. It preceded the Israelites through the swelling waves of the Jordan; it went before them in battle and obtained victory. Even when captured by the Philistines, it fought for the Hebrews, and the heathens were glad to return it. At Gilgal or at Shiloh, at Bethshemesh or at Jerusalem, it was ever to them the protecting hand of God. When Jerusalem was destroyed, Jeremiah the prophet hastened with it to Horeb. He found a hollow cave in the mountain where Moses went up. He carried in the Tabernacle, the Ark, and the altar of incense. Some of his disciples came to mark the place but could not find it, and Jeremiah blessed them, and said: "The place shall be unknown until God gather together His people." 2 Machabees ii. 5, *et seq.* Alas! that day of gathering has not come, for they rejected the day of visitation; and reflecting that we invoke Mary as "Ark of the Covenant," we proceed on our way to visit the ruins of Seilûn. These are perched on a lonely mountain top, surrounded by smaller hills. The plateau offers an ideal site for a sanctuary. Fitting place also for the yearly dance of the daughters of Shiloh in the vintage-time, when the two hundred wifeless Benjamites came up to "catch every man his wife," that the tribe might not be exterminated. Judges xxi. 21. They took them to

the rock Rimmon, south of Bethel. Did this ruse from Hebrew times give a hint to the Romans in the Sabine hills?

There are the ruins of two mosques: Jamia ed Daim, Mosque of the Eternal; and Jamia el Arbain, Mosque of the Forty. Lower down is Turmus Aiya, which probably would be the dancing ground, being larger. Indeed, one field has been named by the natives "meadow of the feast." Around Shiloh grows most plentifully the mandrake, *Mandragora officinalis*, with a fruit like a potato ball (and it is of the potato family), called by the Arabs *Tuffah el Jan*, apple of the evil spirit. This plant recalls a very curious incident in Bible story, Gen. xxx, 14. The Hebrew name is love-apple, and it was considered aphrodisiacal. Rachel desires some of the fruit that was brought in by Reuben to Leah, his mother, and this gift to Rachel bribes away temporarily the rivalry which is incidental to plurality of wives. And so Issachar comes into the world as a reward. Sacrifice the love-apples, and you obtain the love. It has a long, forked tap-root, which Shakespeare makes to "shriek,"—perhaps in the pulling up. The fruit is pale orange in color, about the size of a marble and with a peculiar odor. "The mandrakes give a smell," Gen. vii, 13.

Our road now descends past Turums Aiya to the carriage road down Wady Harâmîeh. "Have you a gun?" asked Said with an assumed look of fright. "Why?" we inquired. "Because we are coming to Ain Harâmîeh, the Robbers' fountain." This is indeed a suitable haunt for robbers, for there are no villages in sight, and the caves and rock-cut tombs are hiding places ready made. But no marauders do we encounter. The valleys are becoming narrower and more stony, their terraced sides clad with orchards, and the vine now more frequent. The landscape has decidedly a striped appearance—red and gray and green; red where the soil appears, gray where the ledges of lime-stone crop out, green where the olive trees prevail. The Royal Prophet speaks of the many making pilgrimages to Jerusalem: "Blessed is he whose help is from Thee, O God in the valley of Baca, the vale of tears, he makes it a well." Ps. lxxxiii. 6. Some have thought that this valley was in the Psalmist's mind, but most probably he was speaking in general terms, and the Protestant "Baca" is not a proper noun. But what comfort in a spring, its tears are tears of joy.

To the west is Singil on a well-terraced slope. Thomson writes: "On one occasion I rode from it to visit Jiljilia, a forlorn and nearly deserted village seated upon a high ridge. I have an impression that it is the site of that Gilgal from which Elijah and Elisha passed down to Bethel, on that memorable day when the great prophet was carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire." 4 Kings.

Still further westward is Tibneh: we will let Geikie describe it: "The ruins of Tibneh cover the slopes and crest of a hill surrounded on the north and east by a deep ravine. On the south the hill sinks in terraces to a valley formerly covered in part with houses and marked by a magnificent evergreen oak, one of the finest in Palestine. On the top of the height is a small Mussulman village with several ancient cisterns and some finely cut stones built into the modern houses. Tombs have been cut out at different levels on the north slope of the hill, eight being more noticeable than the rest. One is much the most remarkable. Its vestibule, cut in the rock, is supported by four pillars. Immediately behind these the face of the rock is pierced by 288 small openings in eight rows made to hold a burning lamp in honor of the dead.

"At the right of the frontage of rock is the low and narrow entrance to the tomb, in the walls of which are fourteen excavations for as many occupants. In the place of honor there is a hollow for only one corpse. Such a tomb must evidently have been designed for a very illustrious personage."* "And who could this be" writes Guérin, "but Josue buried at Timnath Serah," Josue xxxiv, 26. Besides, there is a village three miles to the east called after Josue, and a great oak styled Sheikh et Teim, The Chief, the Servant of God. Plausible as is this hypothesis, it is still a doubtful site and others propose Kefr Haris, four miles north, which might recall the last part of Timnath Hares. The Samaritans support this tradition and 300 years ago a Rabbi wrote of three domed buildings commemorating Josue, Caleb and Nun, Josue's father.

"When they had made an end of dividing the land the children of Israel gave an inheritance to Josue; they gave him the city which he asked, even Timnath Serah, in Mount Ephraim, and he built the city and dwelt therein." Josue xix. And in the twenty-fourth chapter is recorded that "he died there, being one hundred and ten years old, and they buried him in Timnath, on the north side of the hill of Gaash." He certainly showed his unselfishness in giving all the land to others, and being content with this small inheritance of rock and barren wilderness.

A little to the northeast of Shiloh Kilpert places Akrabbim, the Mount of the Scorpion. The most dangerous variety is the black rock scorpion, as thick as a finger and five or six inches long. Others are yellow, brown, white, red or striped. In cold weather they lie dormant but when summer returns they crawl out of the stones. Be careful how you lean against a wall. In its crevices may be a deadly insect. If stung, apply ammonia and

* *The Holy Land and the Bible*. By Cunningham Gickie, D.D., 1888. From which delightful work all future quotations are made.



THE TABERNACLE

sweet oil, or suck out the poison with the mouth. Our Lord knew of these pests, for among the privileges of those who are truly His He mentions that "they shall tread upon serpents and scorpions unhurt." Luke x.

When Roboam threatens to punish his people with scorpions, did he mean these insects? The word may have meant lashes that would sting like scorpions; or, as the ingenuity of man in pain-giving is illimitable, it may even have been these creatures themselves.

Proceeding on after lunch we remark Jifna in the distance and are asked if we know the fable of the incredulous rooster skipping round without his clothes on. But that requires explanation. "A man from Jifna was at Jerusalem during the passion of our Lord. This man had seen many miracles performed by the Christ, and related these things to his companions in the presence of his wife, who was plucking a cock. But when he said that this same Jesus of Nazareth, who had fallen into the hands of the Jews, was crucified, that he had seen Him die, and had seen Him truly risen, his wife replied: 'What you say is not to be believed, and I would not believe it were this bird in my hands to come to life again!' In an instant the cock came to life and escaped from the woman's grasp, and she was obliged to run to the top of this mountain to catch it again. Since then it is called the Mountain of the Cock."

Taibeh on our left is perhaps the city to which our Lord retired after raising Lazarus. We now leave the lot of Ephraim and enter that of Benjamin. "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmarks," says God in Deut. xxvii, 17. This reminds us of an incident of yesterday. Coming through a field in the early morning an old man was transporting a stone about two rods further into the field; our guide—who had spoken to him—told us that the stone had been moved during the night by the man's own son to enlarge his property. The father was putting it back in its place.

How many consider when they speak of a "corner lot," or of not being "satisfied with their lot," that we have the word from the far distant time when this Promised Land was apportioned among the tribes by "lot" or "lottery." And some were doubtless discontented with what chance gave them and others rejoiced with the Psalmist: "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places." He speaks of the rude surveyor's cord. This is not a justification of gambling by lottery, which is expecting to get something for nothing, but it does excuse dividing by chance so that there may be no partiality shown; this was even done in selecting a successor to Judas, Acts i, 26. "And the lot fell on Matthias."

We are to camp for the night at Bethel, now Beitîn. There is no locality connected with the Old Testament history that has been oftener

in our imagination than this, where Abraham built an altar to the Lord: "Having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east," Gen. xii, 8. This is his second altar in the Promised Land, the first having been at "the oak tree of Moreh" near Shechem. And God promised: "To thy seed will I give all this land; in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." The first part of the prophecy was fulfilled in Solomon; the second, most perfectly, in Jesus Christ.

Later, Abraham here separated from his nephew Lot, to avoid disputes that arose on account of the inadequate pasturage for their combined flocks. Lot looked down over the lowland round the Dead Sea and choose that to his future loss. This seems to give the north end of the Dead Sea plain the best right to being the site of Sodom and Gomorrah. His grandson Jacob comes here, fleeing northward from the wrath of his brother Esau, whom he had wheedled out of his birthright. He sleeps perhaps on this very spot, and from his stony pillow sees the ladder standing on earth but touching heaven, on which angels ascend and descend and the Lord leaning upon the ladder's top renews the promise made to Abraham: "The land in which thou sleepest will I give to thee and to thy seed; and in thee shall all the tribes of the earth be blessed." And Jacob, awakened, exclaims: "How terrible is this place! The Lord is in it and I knew it not. This is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven." Gen., ch. xxviii. "And he called the city Bethel, which before was Luz." *Ibid.* "And the stone pillow under his head he set up for a pillar pouring oil upon the top of it;" thus consecrating it to God, and it becomes a church. Our company all join in the beautiful hymn:

*Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!*

and thank Sarah Fuller Adams for the words. Yes! we too are wanderers far from our loved home. There is no lack of stones for pillows, but with H. Bonar we say:

*Who would not sleep on such a bed,
With stony pillow for his head,
If he might dream with thee
Whose glad dreaming is no seeming,
Nor whose sleeping ends in weeping,
And whose waking is no breaking
Of the bright reality.*

Such is faith! Such is still more truly heaven!

Here "died Debbora, Rachel's nurse, and was buried at the foot of Bethel, and the name of the place was called the Oak of Weeping." Gen. xxxv. 8.

We make our camp in a large stone enclosure, it is used at present for a sheep-cote, but probably it was formerly a water tank, such as we see at Birket el Mamilla, north of Jerusalem. Our wish as we fall asleep is: "With Jacob's pillow give me Jacob's dream." But we use none the less our feather bolster. We look at the great stars wheeling above; the same that lighted the sleep of Abraham and Jacob.

The traveler sleeps sound; and how wonderful the waking in a new place every day-dawn.

*"The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on creation day."*

Somewhere east of here, on the road towards Jericho, down yonder, perhaps, in Wady Nawaimeh, occurred the tragic end of the forty-two children who mocked the Prophet Eliseus saying: "Go up thou bald-head." 4 Kings ii. 23.

The Syrian bear is still to be met with, but he has retired to the less-inhabited jungles of the Lebanon mountains. It was once very numerous in Palestine and the she-bear is the fiercer of the sexes. Here Samuel was wont to come on his circuit to decree justice "at Bethel, Gilgal and Mizpah."

Jereboam's impiety made the House of God the House of Vanity, Beth-aven, by the erection of the Golden Calf, and here the fickle Israelites kissed their idol. Jereboam made "the lowest of the people priests," and even the zealous Jehu did not abolish idolatry on this spot. Surely Bethel has seen its chastisement! Look at these squalid hovels! In Bethel there was a church dedicated to St. Joseph in the time of the Crusaders. Alas! how often are the Beth-els of life made to Beth-avens, houses of nothingness—houses of idols!

Southeast of Bethel is et Tell, the heap; which Major Wilson and others have considered as the site of Ai which Josue took from the Amorites. The Scripture tells how he stationed his men in ambush between Ai and Bethel, to the west and north of Ai in the wadies, and getting the inhabitants decoyed into the fields burnt the city and made it "a heap forever." Prophetic word, and literally fulfilled, even if we do not consider et Tell as the spot. Thompson relates that there is a Wady el Aye (the continuation of the Wady Beitîn) so called by the natives today.

In a little over an hour we reach el Bîreh. This is commonly supposed



BETHEL

to be the Scripture Beeroth, but Father Heidet endeavors to establish its claim to be Mizpah. At any rate this place seems to have been of more importance in crusading times than in ancient ones. There are the ruins of a fine Crusaders' church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; since tradition points this out as the spot where the Holy Family found they had lost the Child Jesus on returning from the Paschal celebration in Jerusalem. Even in early ages there was a church commemorative of this event, but it had been destroyed before the Crusaders' time, who built on the spot of the older church. We are reminded of the Bible story by a curious incident. A woman had just got out of the ramshackle stage coach from Jerusalem, looking for her boy who had run away from the Temple school. She finds him here, and we see her administer a chastisement. It is the history of the Child Jesus wrong way about. When we recognize that we have lost grace and God, that very knowledge is indeed a momentous event, but how much holier the place and time when we find Him,

At el Bireh we are in the very midst of the routes so fatal to the Philistines and the Amorites. East of us is the pass of Michmas down which the Philistines tumbled with Saul's army after them. Michmas still bears the ancient name. It is in the Wady Suweinnet, and the valley is narrow, deep and precipitous, It is easy to understand how Jonathan and his armor-bearer had to climb these banks on hands and knees to surprise the Philistines.

Up this pass also came the proud hosts of Senacherib, so confident in their numbers, but which were of such little avail against God's designs. What imagery and motion in Isaias' description (Is. x. 28) :

He is come to Aiath!
He is passed through Migron!
At Mickmas he layeth up his baggage!
They are gone over the pass!
They have taken up their lodging at Geba!
Ramah trembleth!
Gibeah of Saul is fled!
Shriek, O daughter of Gallim!
Hearken O Laish!
O thou poor Anathoth!
Madmenah is a fugitive!
The inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee;
This very day shall he halt at Nob;
He shaketh his hand at the Mount of the Daughter of Zion,
At the hill of Jerusalem!"

This serves to identify several localities hereabout. We read in 4 Kings, ch. xix, how Jerusalem was delivered.

Southwest of us again is another famed battle ground, the valley of Ajalon, of the Gazelles. The Amorites terrified by the victories of Josue over Jericho and Hai massed together their forces, no fewer than five kings joining their armies. They surrounded Gabaon whose inhabitants had gone over to the Israelites, having schemed themselves into the grace of Josue by an artful story, Josue ix. But Josue came to the relief of Gabaon, attacking the Amorites, and slew them with a great slaughter in the way of Beth Horan (now Beit ûr).

"The Lord cast down upon them great stones from heaven as far as Azeca, and many more were killed with hailstones than by the swords of the children of Israel." That such hail-storms are of periodical occurrence in Palestine, does not detract from its being providential, therefore the holy writer says that the Lord cast down the stones. Nor was this enough; but Josue must prolong the day to complete the slaughter. Then was witnessed that wonder: Josue standing there,—perhaps on yonder elevation,—knows that this is a supreme moment in which to deliver the Israelites from further incursions of their constant enemies, and he must perfect the defeat. With uplifted hands he speaks those memorable words: "Sun stand thou still upon Gabaon and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon." Josue x. 12. I have here preferred the Protestant reading, because the Amorites had been already driven westward of Gabaon and the day being considerably spent the sun would not apparently *move* "toward" Gabaon but might well *stand*

over it. The moon must have been old and well down in the valley of Ajalon in front of them.

A little to the west of el Bîreh, which is Moslem, is the modern village of Ramallah. It is a large village and inhabited exclusively by Christians, to the number of 5,000, of whom the great majority belong to the Greek Orthodox rite; then come the Latins with two schools, that for girls being under the Sisters of St. Joseph. The English and the American Quakers have also established here a mission and schools; especially noticeable is the Eli and Sybil Jones Mission, in sweet, Quakerly composure among trees and vines. In the house of the Latin patriarchate, the parish priest dispenses hospitality to pilgrims. There is also the Bellevue hotel, kept by folk from the Lebanon mountains, who speak English but only open the house on the arrival of guests.

From Ramallah we have a magnificent view; to the south Neby Samwîl still is prominent; and, half hidden, to the right, is Koubeibeh. To the east the hills of Moab peeping through a wady; to the west the upper and lower Beth Horan, Beit ûr el Fôka, and Beit ûr el Tahta. These Beth Horans were first built by Beria's daughter, according to 1 Chronicles vii. 24, where it says of Ephraim: "His granddaughter was Sara, who built Beth Horan the nether and the upper," and 2 Chronicles viii. 5, tells how Solomon made them walled cities with gates and bars. They must have been strategic points. In the far distance the Mediterranean and to the south, a little east, the summits of Jerusalem and of Olivet.

Here at el Bîreh we are on the dividing ridge; the wadies to the east draining through the pass of Michmas and Wady Souweinet into the Wady Kelt and the Jordan valley; those on the west, down the Beth Horans and Wady Beit Hanina to the plain of Philistia and the Mediterranean.

Each of these localities named has a peculiar story to relate. Neby Samwîl is according to Robinson most probably Mizpah, though good authorities place here rather the Ramah of Benjamin. Its great antiquity is shown by its walls which are partly hewn in the living rock; and its magnificent situation, rising, terrace on terrace, justifies its selection as "Watch Tower."

Tradition places here both the birth and the burial place of the Prophet Samuel. Dean Stanley says: "Its towering eminence from which pilgrims first obtain their view of Jerusalem is no unfit likeness of the solitary grandeur of the Prophet Samuel living and dying in the very midst and centre of the future glory of his country." It is however off from the direct route to Jerusalem and except for the fine view is hardly worth the difficult ascent. The modern village, somewhat below the summit, is a

squalid affair, but the mosque and the ruins of the Crusaders church are most imposing from a distance and dominate the view from many points in Judea.

El Jib, supposed to be the ancient Gibeon of Saul, is also on a high and commanding hill. At the very inception of his reign Solomon went to Gibeon to sacrifice there for that was the great high place. A thousand burnt offerings did Solomon offer up on that altar, and God said to him: "Ask what I shall give thee!" And Solomon answered, "I am but a little child and thy servant is in the midst of thy people, a chosen people, a great people that cannot be numbered nor counted. Give therefore thy servant the understanding heart to judge thy people; and the speech pleased the Lord." 3 Kings, iii. 7. The understanding heart! yes! that is the requisite. Not merely the intelligent mind, that, never being able to grasp faith, rejects it; but heart also must be taken into account. "A religion that is small enough for our reason is too small for our needs. Too small for our heart," says Arthur Balfour.

El Jib is marked by the usual ruined castle and the miserable huts of today's Mohammedan population, built of stones of former greatness and strength.

Nothing more sickening in all history is known than the triple tragedy that occurred here in Gibeon of Saul, which is located by some at Tell el Fûl. The sinful, unnatural lust of the Gibeonites: the horrible means that the Levite took to awaken indignation in the tribes: the almost entire extinction of the tribe of Benjamin:—on these we will not dwell; are they not recorded in Judges xix? and the closing scene which looks like the blood feuds that used to be apparently unforgetable, and lasting from generation to generation. When the two sons of Saul and Respha and the three sons of Saul's daughter Merob, foster children probably of Michel, are many years afterward given up to the fury of the Gibeonites "to be hanged on the hill of the Lord," (2 Kings, xxi.) how touching the devotion and constancy of Respha who watches the bodies "from the early harvest, till water fell from heaven;" namely, from May until the early rain in November, that the beasts and the birds might not devour the bodies. These birds,—the vulture and the smaller crow, more particularly the gray one,—are still plentiful in Palestine and still on the lookout for carrion of sheep or man.

The outrage is heightened because it was specially forbidden in Deut. xxi. 23, "His body shall not remain upon the tree, and it shall be buried the same day." What a weird subject for a picture! This watch of Respha over her dead! It would belong in the Wiertz gallery in Brus-

sels. Surely Christianity has brought the world from such cruelties as these, and taught her a tender compassion and a more loving pity. But only slowly:—there is nothing more tragically heartrending in literature than Tennyson's account of the arraignment before an English Court of a mother for "stealing" the bird-left remains of her boy from the scaffold. It brings a shudder and a sob everytime we read her defense:

*Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left;
I took them all from the gibbet; and you, will you call it a theft?
My baby! the bones that had sucked me, the bones that had laughed and
had cried;
Theirs? Oh no! They are mine, not theirs; they had moved in my
side.*

Respha's piety is an inspiration to King David. Remembering that *Noblesse oblige* he sends the bones of Saul and Jonathan from Gilead, where the men of Jabes Gilead had buried them after stealing the body of Saul from the wall of the city where the Gibeonites had exposed it, and burning the flesh. And the ashes of the giant king and his descendants were given honorable sepulture. 2 Kings, ch. xxi. The burial was in the sepulchre of Kish, father of Saul at Zelah, a town in the tribe of Benjamin. All this emphasizes the reverence that even in those days of blood was given to the human body. To lack burial was the greatest of misfortunes. Is this not a proof of belief in the resurrection of the body? The burning of the bodies is mentioned as something quite extraordinary; necessitated, doubtless, by circumstances. We deplore cremation as a return to paganism. Its essential evil springs from the fact that in cremation man becomes *active* in destroying that which in life was loved and the temple of the Holy Spirit.

Further to the northeast of Gibeon is Michmas in another strong position with the pass of Michmas between it and Gibeon. It was here that Jonathan, son of Saul, accompanied by his armorbearer performed the wonderful feat of daring and prowess, scaling the cliff and killing twenty of the Philistines single handed. 1 Kings, ch. xiv.

There were so many Gibeahs, and Ramahs and Mizpahs in the Bible that the localities hereabout must remain quite problematical and uncertain. The Beth Horans spoken of in Scripture as the "upper" and the "nether" still retain these distinguishing titles in the Arabic Beit ûr el Fôka and Beit ûr et Tahta. Fifty years ago they were almost deserted, but the upper one has of late years been somewhat rebuilt.

We have had quite a tour on foot of this double village;—el Bîreh

the ancient and Mohammedan; Ramallah the modern and Christian. El Bireh is a dilapidated village of a thousand inhabitants. True to its name it has an abundance of water, for el Bireh means "the wells." As the Christians had the first choice after the Crusades, the Mohammedans laugh at them for having left the well-watered locality, but the Christians reply that their fathers were blacksmiths, and that this spot was well wooded and charcoal more essential than water. This recalls the predicament that the Hebrews find themselves in (1 Kings xiii. 19): "Now there was no smith in the land of Israel for the Philistines had taken this precaution lest the Hebrews should make swords and spears: so to sharpen his plow and his spade and his axe Israel went down to the Philistines."

On the highest portions of el Bireh are the remains of a Christian church similar to St. Anne's in Jerusalem. The hills here are largely given to vineyards, trained leap-frog fashion, that is, without any support; their thick stem maintaining itself upright for a couple of feet and then bending over and sprawling along the ground. As they all bend in one direction, they look from a distance when covered with leaves like waves of a green sea.

As the Church of Christ is so often and aptly compared to a vineyard, let us rest here and consider it. The words of Isaiah, ch. v. 2 come to our mind: "My beloved had a vineyard on a hill"—for drainage; "in a fruitful place,"—the text says in a place of oil; see there are the oil bearers, the olive trees. "And he fenced it in and picked the stones out of it;"—both operations would be performed together for the stones make the wall: "and planted it with his choicest vines,"—the text says, "with the vines of Sorek," which is a valley (Judges xvi. 4), noted for its grapes; "and built a tower in the midst thereof and hewed out a wine-press,"—the tower is necessary as a lookout, in this land once so overrun by wild birds and beasts of destruction and now so harassed by Bedouins. We see these stone watchtowers everywhere through the land. And how perfect is the description of the making of the wine-press; not, he *built* it, nor had a cooper make a round tub with strong hoops, but he *hewed it out*; the wine-press is simply cut out of the rock of the hill where the grapes are crushed and the juice of which is collected in another smaller excavation at a lower level. The pressing was done by the feet. "I have trod the wine-press alone," says the Man of Sorrows. "The suburbs of Hesebon are desolate, they shall not tread out wine in the press." "The voice of the treaders I have taken away." "Why then is thy apparel red and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?" Is., ch. lxiii.

And what a telling image of the uselessness of God's grace in the un-



AJALON



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heeding soul! "I looked that my vineyard should bring forth grapes, and behold wild fruit," and the touching word that should go to the heart of every sinner, "what more could I have done for my vineyard?" And then the inevitable vengeance: "I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be waste. It shall not be pruned, and it shall not be digged; briers and thorns shall spring up, and the clouds shall not rain upon it." All spoken doubtless of the Jewish nation; but eternally true, likewise, of every soul not yielding fruits of justice. Hebron comes next to Ramallah in excellence of this fruit. It is indeed much larger and the spies sent into the Promised Land under Josue might have gotten the large bunch there that they carried on a pole. At es Salt, east of the Jordan, a very sweet, seedless variety is grown for raisins, styled *Benat esh Shems*, daughters of the sun! Stored sunshine! *Dibs* is still another way of preserving the grape. It is a thick syrup made by boiling the juice. *Arak* is made from the refuse grapes, but in a Mohammedan country the brandy industry does not assume great dimensions. Osee speaks of the degradation of them "that love the husks of the grapes." Osee iii. 1.

But Jerusalem is still ten miles from us and we resume our mounts for the last stage of our pilgrimage. About half an hour's ride brings us to Ataroth; another forty minutes to Kalandieh on our right, both dilapidated villages, then er Râm, the Ramah of Benjamin. From here a route leads off to the left to Djeba, a Mussulman village, probably Gebah of the tribe of Benjamin (Is. x. 29), but not to be confounded with Gibeon of Saul, which is supposed to have been where modern Tell el Fûl is now. On the right at Adarsa, the old Roman road strikes off to the coast and Caesarea by way of Beth Horan and Lydda.

We are soon at the nearest point to Neby Samwil on its hill west of us a noble lookout, indeed, and after passing Beit Hannina and Beit Iksa, also to our right, we come to Tell el Fûl, the hill of the bean, on our left. To the west is Wady ed Dôm, of the thorn bushes, and still further down, Wady Sorek. Very soon we reach Shafat, a modern Mohammedan village, which some consider as Sapha, which Josephus interprets as Scopus; although most geographers place Scopus a little further on.

Twenty minutes from Tell el Fûl brings us to Scopus, and the glory of Jerusalem, seen only in glimpses before, bursts upon us. We kneel down, saluting the principal goal of our wanderings and say the prayer necessary for obtaining the plenary indulgence of this spot. We meet here some pilgrims, journeying northward, and here they also kneel and salute the holy city for the last time. The spirit of the Babylonian captives is in their hearts and they turn, as doubtless those turned, and we hear them chant-

ing, albeit with a lesser sorrow than the Hebrews: "May my right hand be forgotten, O Jerusalem, if I forget thee! May my tongue cleave to my mouth if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." So the prayer of the comer mingles with that of the departing. And how the memory of a visit to the Holy Land clings to one's soul like the thought of home and finds expression on one's tongue ever after. We however who view it for the first time, what different canticles are ours. We can scarcely contain our joy. "Praise the Lord O Jerusalem, Praise thy God O Zion!" Ps. xlviii, Zion the joy of the whole earth! Beautiful for situation! Arise! O Jerusalem and stand on high! Look about thee and behold the children gathered together from the rising to the setting sun, by the word of the Holy One! Baruch v. 5.

Or we recall the prayer of Richard the Lion-hearted from this spot: "Ah, Lord God, may I never see the Holy City if I cannot rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies." The nearest approach to which prayer for us would be: "I am not worthy to enter this Jerusalem except I carry away a livelier love and faith and a more perfect imitation of the Saviour." Or we break forth into the poetry of the Crusaders from this very hill:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the blessed goal was won.

On Siloe's brook and Zion's bank as gleamed the setting sun,

Uplighted in his mellowed glow, far o'er Judea's plain

Slow winding towards the holy walls appeared a bannered train.

"Forgot were want, disease and death by that impassioned throng;

The weary leaped, the sad rejoiced, the wounded knight grew strong.

One glance of Holy Calvary out-guerdoned every pang

And loud from thrice ten thousand tongues the glad Hosannas rang.

"But yet—and at that galling thought each brow was bent in gloom—

The cursed badge of Mahomet swayed o'er the Saviour's tomb.

Then from unnumbered sheaths at once the gleaming blades upstreamed,

Vowed scabbardless, till waved the Cross above the Tomb redeemed.

"But suddenly a holy awe the vengeful clamor stilled,

As sinks the storm before His breath whose word its rising willed;

For conscience whispered; that same soil where they so proudly stood

The Son of Man had trod, abased, and washed with tears and blood.

*"Then dropped the squire his master's shield, the serf dropped down his bow;
 And, side by side, both priest and peer bent reverently and low;
 While sunk at once each pennoned spear, plumed helm and flashing
 glaive;—
 Like some wide waste of reeds bowed down by Nilus' swollen wave."*

We look around us! Ain Karim nestles on the hillside away to the right. Gladly would we proceed hither for the second joyous mystery, treading in Mary's steps, but Jerusalem is a magnet that draws, Jerusalem is a mistress who will not be said "nay." Yonder, south of Jerusalem, are the pools of Solomon still furnishing Jerusalem with part of its water supply. See how the city walls encircle them! "Jerusalem that is builded as a city, that is self-contained." Alas! these walls are not now a protection to the people of God; they do not shut out the unclean. Oh, that some Isaiah might say, "Arise! put on thy strength O Zion! Put on the garments of thy glory, O Jerusalem! Shake thyself from the dust! Loose the bonds from off thy neck! Is., ch. lii.

We remember that here the high-priest Jaddus, accompanied by priests and Levites in all the circumstance of pontific vestments and oriental dress, met Alexander the Great and he, conqueror though he was, recognized in Jaddus the venerable old man whom he had seen in a dream, prostrated himself, adores the God of the Jews, offers sacrifice to Him in Jerusalem and remits the annual tribute for every seventh year. The seventh year saw the remitting of all debts among the Jews. Might not our modern financiers find a lesson here? In the fiftieth year even real estate reverted to the original family.

From where we stand we can gain a knowledge of the topography of the city. From without, it presents the appearance of a walled city once strong against ancient missiles, but absolutely worthless against modern gunpowder. The city has however outgrown its walls and today nearly all the modern buildings are outside the enclosure. As we will come to all these places again we will only mention a few of the principal landmarks in view. Near the centre is the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre; the large domed building in the east is the Mosque of Omar; and beyond it Mount Olivet, with its mosques and churches. To the right, on Mount Zion, the most prominent group of buildings was till lately the tomb of David, but now is surpassed by the new church of the Benedictines, the *Dormition* of Our Lady. To the left is the Church of St. Anne, the church of St. Saviour and the Protestant church of the Redeemer.

From Scopus we descend by an easy incline to the city. We pass the American Colony, a community of about one hundred souls. Mr. Spafford, a lawyer of Chicago, and ten others commenced a movement to live (as they thought) more in accordance with the law of Christ. Being unacquainted with the Catholic Church and being dissatisfied with the Protestant sects, he thought to find a remedy in originating another sect. Their motives no one can question, but their good sense is no more apparent than was the Brook Farm project in our own United States, and, as is inevitable where the balance wheel of obedience is lacking, they fell into the most egregious errors. To live in community a life of celibacy and obedience to rule, requires not only the good intentions but also the sanction of the Church that Christ sent to command. So the religious idea was given up for business and they have a most excellent store, managed by Fr. Vester & Co., near the Jaffa gate, where is found not only everything in pilgrims' supplies and souvenirs, but the best collection of photographs of the Holy Land. Every courtesy is shown to strangers, and I spent many a pleasant hour in their establishment. In the colony are also Swedes, one of whom a Mr. Walles writes: "The worst of our enemies is the American Consul, formerly a minister of the gospel." This shows that liberty of conscience, which is claimed by the Protestant sects for themselves is not always accorded to others.

The Mohammedan mosque of this part of the suburbs raises its minaret close by, and soon we pass the fine group of buildings belonging to the Episcopalian Bishop. Then the church and new large monastery of the Dominicans, which we will visit later; lastly, before coming to the city walls, the shining white stone hospice of the Germans, lately erected. We are now at the Damascus gate, but will rather make a partial circuit of the walls westward and passing even the New Gate, where is the magnificent hospice of the French Assumptionists, and the convent of Marie Reparatrice, enter by the Jaffa gate, through which so many thousands of pilgrims from Europe have entered. As we follow the wall we recite the Psalm cxxi:

"I rejoiced in the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord.

"Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem which is built as a city, which is compact together.

"For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord; the testimony of Israel to praise the name of the Lord.

"We will go into His Tabernacle, we will adore where His feet have stood.

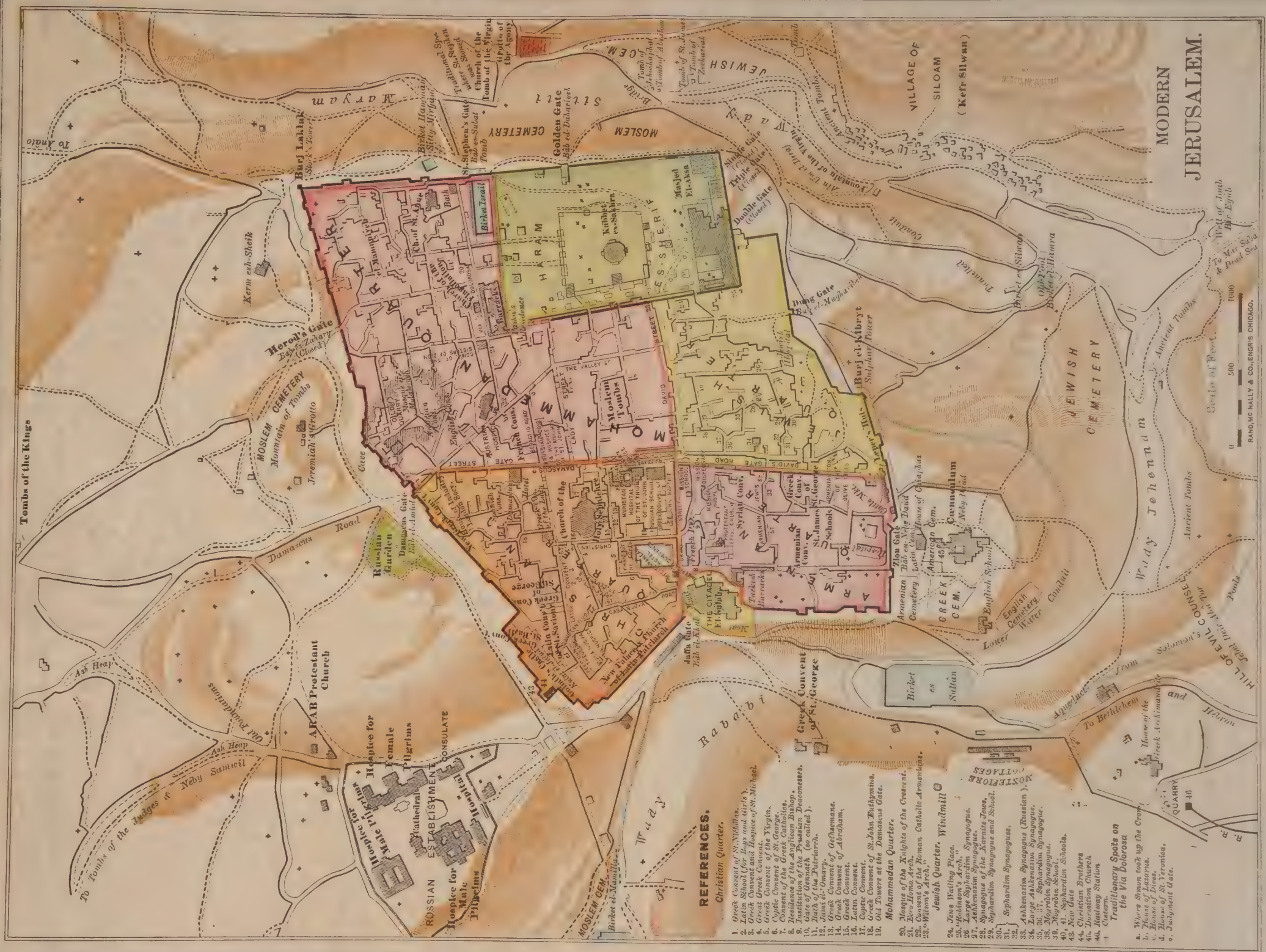
"This is my rest for ever and ever. Here will I dwell because I have chosen it."

But here we are at the gate and there is our landmark the tower of David. Fain would we go at once and prostrate ourselves at the Holy Sepulchre, but the wheels and the hoofs must not enter the city, so we are obliged to see to the bestowing of our baggage in one of the hospices. There is no city in the world that provides for the pilgrim as Jerusalem does. We have mentioned the New German and the French hospices, palace-like in size and appointments, but the Austrians have a fine and older one on the Via Dolorosa, and the Germans have also their old one to the west of the city. There are numerous Russian and Protestant hospices also, and no lack now of modern hotels for the tourist. But we prefer our old friends, the Franciscans at Casa Nuova. This is handily situated about midway between the Jaffa gate and the new gate, named after Abdul Hamid. (The Lord preserve us!)

Hospitality, the virtue of the Orient is a counsel of perfection at Casa Nuova. A pilgrim may remain here for fourteen days without being asked for pay, and then may give little or much as his wish or purse dictates. Nor does their kindness end here. A father, usually the Superior, will be in the dining room, eating nothing himself but entertaining all by his amusing and instructive talk. There is always some father too, ready to tramp over the city to show the holy places and even will conduct parties through the length and breadth of Palestine when required.

We rejoice as we see the shield of the Franciscans—the cross with two arms, one clothed and one naked. The hands show the *stigmata* which St. Francis received in his retreat at La Vernia in Italy not very far from Vallombrosa, from whose *Paradisino* Milton wrote his great poem.

These arms may be said to represent Christ; God, symbolized under the naked one; Man, in the clothed one,—as He clothed himself in human flesh. Father Luigi welcomes us and assigns us rooms labelling them: "The St. Louis Pilgrimage."



MODERN JERUSALEM.

REFERENCES.

- 1. Greek Convent of St. Nicholas.
- 2. Greek Convent and Hospice of St. Michael.
- 3. Greek Convent of the Virgin.
- 4. Greek Convent of St. George.
- 5. Greek Convent of St. George.
- 6. Greek Convent of St. George.
- 7. Greek Convent of St. George.
- 8. Residence of the Russian Consulate.
- 9. Institution of the Russian Consulate.
- 10. Gate of the Temple Mount.
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NOTES.

- 1. Where shown took up the Cross.
- 2. House of Lazarus.
- 3. House of St. Simeon.
- 4. House of St. Simeon.
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ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Every pilgrim's first wish is to kneel at the Holy Sepulchre. We do not waste time in toilet nor refreshment, but, having bestowed our baggage at the Casa Nuova, hasten through the tortuous and narrow, steep and stone-flagged alleys into Christian street, off which we soon turn to the left through a descending passage-way and again to our left, and find ourselves in the square in front of the Sepulchre church.

This whole neighborhood hereabout is occupied by convents and hospices and chapels of the different branches of Oriental Christianity, all of which appear however, like old barracks, without architectural design or isolated individuality.

To our right, the large Greek monastery of Abraham, the chapel of St. John belonging to the Armenians, the chapel of St. Michael of the Copts, and, to the left, or west of the *parvis* the chapels of St. James, St. John and the Forty Martyrs, all belonging to the Greeks; in the near vicinity also is the small Greek monastery of Gethsemane, the Abyssinian monastery, the monastery of the Copts and the hospice of the Russian Palestine Society.

The square is thronged, for tomorrow is Palm Sunday. No booths are allowed to be erected, so the pavement is made use of to display the articles of devotion,—crosses of many materials, beads of every description, candles, pictures, statues and above all, palm branches, in natural form or plaited into religious or fantastic shapes, to be carried tomorrow in procession to the choir's hosannas.

We mark the double arch of the facade of the basilica unlike anything else in church architecture. The arches are of the very lowest Gothic, almost round. The one to the left only is open, the one to the right as also both *tympana* being filled in with stone, while the corresponding arches above the portals are of the same size, but lessened by dwindling columns and arches till the window opening is quite small. The whole church is roofed by many small domes and dominated by the large one directly over the Sepulchre, which is the conspicuous object in views of the church, bearing aloft the crescent of Mohammedanism! It is the largest dome in the city after that of Omar's Mosque.

With difficulty we make our way through these venders, wishing that

there were someone to scourge them out, although we are consoled by noticing that they are not allowed inside the temple. A guard of Turkish soldiers is constantly at the door to prevent quarrels between the jarring Christian sects. Alas for imperfect, fragmentary Christianity! The Musliman must even lock the basilica at night and open it in the morning, for Christians!

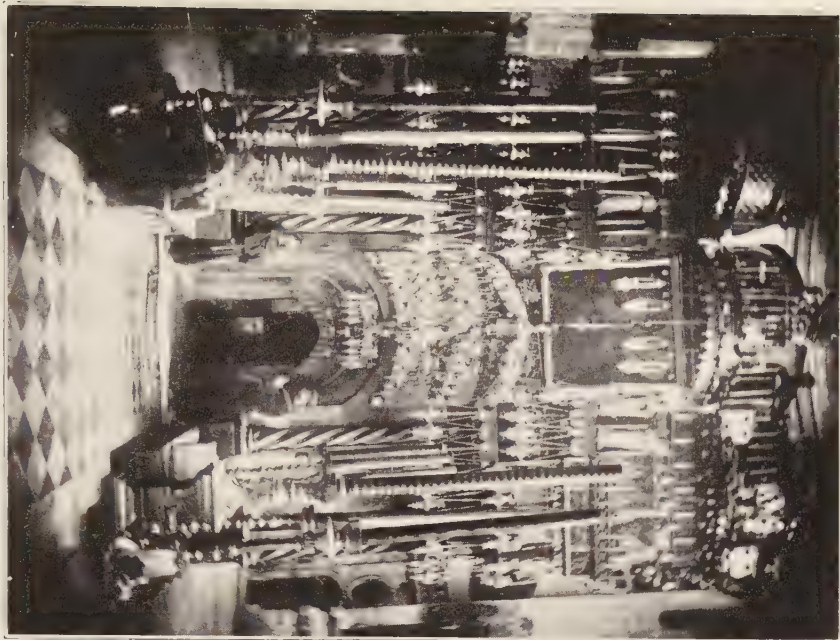
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is unique in the world. Elsewhere a congregation is a family or a tribe, or at largest, a kingdom; but here it is an empire, composed of many nations, speaking forty different languages and gathered from the whole round universe; *yet every people of Christendom feels it is their own.*

Its geography is rendered perplexing, not only by the different rites, each possessing its own chapel, but because some of the spots belong to different sects at different hours of the day. But we may have a rough comprehension of the situation by saying that the large central and eastern portion and the altar of the Erection of the Cross on Calvary—the lion's share in fact,—belongs to the Greek Church. The north end that stretches out like an extended transept and contains several chapels and altars, as also the altar of the Nailing to the Cross on Calvary and the chapel of the *Stabat Mater*, belongs to the Latins.

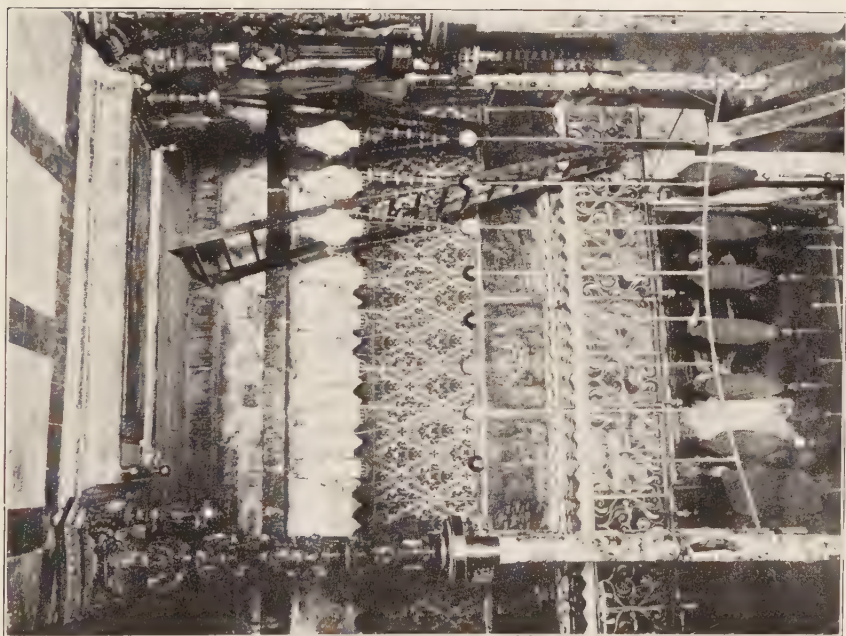
Right behind the central chapel covering the Tomb is the altar of the Copts, and in the extreme end of the basilica, the altar of the Syrians; underneath this the chapel of the Ethiopians; while near the southwest wall the Armenians have their chapel.

The Holy Sepulchre, itself enclosed by a little stone church of Russian architecture and dome inside the vast basilica, is common property of the four, although the Franciscans are the continual guardians of it. But the differing rites have their appointed hours to venerate the sacred Tomb, and jealously guarded privileges of burning just so many lamps before the hallowed spot. To enter this basilica for the first time is to be ushered into the cave of Aladdin, into an enchanted region. Domes open above you, grottoes around you; some dark into which you peer tremblingly; but for the most part blazing with light, gorgeous with jewels of great worth, and fine-cut, spider-web-like festoons of tapestries.

The first thing that attracts our attention as we enter the door from the street is the Stone of Anointing; it occupies a good sized vestibule, and is continually surrounded by devout pilgrims, who cover it with kisses, or who measure pieces of cloth upon it for their shrouds. This stone is a rectangular block of native reddish stone of the country, about eight feet long by four wide. It is supposed to be a part of the rock on



THE SEPTUAGINE



STONE OF ANOINTING

Calvary where Joseph of Arimathea and Nichodemus laid the Saviour's body for the initial embalming. The authenticity of the stone is certainly not great, but it is an unwarrantable assertion to charge forgery or deception. A great many of these sites, especially the different stations and chapels are grouped together, not pretending to geographical accuracy, but as moral units in the great drama that they may not be lost to memory and devotion.

Turning to the left is a round iron cage which marks the spot where the holy women stood during the anointing.

We go north and find ourselves at the entrance to the Tomb. It is, as we said before, a complete small chapel inside the church. Its entrance door is flanked by huge candlesticks, like pillars, supporting nine candles all aflame, and the entire façade, so to speak, is hung with lamps. It is a much coveted privilege to pay for the oil that shall supply one for a year. So burn the hearts of the true with love of sacrifice! We must not enter without a reverent prayer. It is like the reception of a sacrament—it requires a preparation of one's self.

Two Franciscan fathers stand, one on each side of the entrance, motionless, like statues. The enclosure is divided into two compartments, the first called the chapel of the Angel, that angel who rolled back the stone, who saw the rising Saviour, who sat by the grave clothes, who consoled the women: "He is risen, He is not here." It is empty except for a pedestal in the middle of the room, supporting a portion of the "stone that was very great" that had been rolled up to close the entrance and was sealed by the Jewish authorities. A larger portion we will see in the Armenian church near the Jaffa gate. In this chapel burn fifteen lamps; five to the right belonging to the Greeks; four to the Armenians to the left; the five centre ones belonging to the Latins, and the remaining one, to the Copts.

With what throbbing hearts we approach the Holy Sepulchre! The term of our pilgrimage is reached, for the motto on our banner reads: "His Tomb shall be glorious." And though there are thoughts almost too sweet to feel and live at Bethlehem and at Nazareth and at Galilee's lake, there is nothing that can equal the spirit of exaltation that Calvary and the Tomb excite. It is only after repeated visits that we can think of describing these spots.

Many will be simply confounded in mind, as I myself was, to find the Sepulchre and Calvary under one roof! So different are our imaginations from the reality! And yet we ought to have been prepared to find them in close proximity by the words of the Evangelist: "Now in the place

where He was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden there was a tomb." And again: "the Sepulchre was nigh at hand." John, ch. xix. 41-43.

A very small, low opening leads to the inner chamber, which is that of the Tomb. It is quite a difficulty to enter when vested for Mass, but no priest would be content without saying the Mass of the Resurrection on the low altar over the Tomb. "Behold the place where they laid Him." In almost an ecstasy we keep repeating these words.

The chamber is about seven feet square, and against the north wall is the Tomb, encased, as is the whole room, in white marble, behind and below which is the original stone out of which the Sepulchre was cut. The Tomb itself, is, therefore, like a stone coffin and is covered by a slab of marble to serve as the altar for the sacrifice of Mass, but which has been repeatedly removed and the presence of the virgin rock authenticated. As an altar it is most inconvenient, being only two feet high. Thus it was left formerly but now they raise it up with a heightened top.

"Look to the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are dug out." Is., ch. li. 2. The sepulchre of our Lord is indeed the rock, the quarry from whence the Church is erected. "If Christ be not risen your hope is vain." Bishop Arculf A. D. 700 says: "Within on the north side, is the tomb of our Lord hewn out of the same rock, seven feet in length, and rising three palms above the door. This tomb is broad enough to hold one man lying on his back and has a raised division in the stone to separate the legs. Internally the rock remains in its original state and still exhibits the marks of the workmen's tools; its colors not uniform but appear to be a mixture of white and red. The stone that was laid at the entrance to the monument is now broken in two, the lesser portion standing as a square altar before the entrance, while the greater forms another square altar in the east part of the church."

Forty-three lamps burn here at the Sepulchre, the thirteen centre ones belong to the Latins, the Greeks have thirteen to right and left; the Armenians also thirteen and the Copts four. "Behold the place where they laid Him," is ever the refrain of our thoughts, so happy, and still so chastened.

The north wall is divided into three panels; the centre one holding a bas-relief of the Resurrection and is the property of the Greeks; the one to the right belongs to the Armenians, and that on the left to the Catholics, both contain paintings of the Resurrection. These are not works of high art, and would really be better away, for here nothing is necessary to remind one of the Resurrection: "He is not here, behold, where they laid Him."

We are only permitted to remain a few moments for throngs are waiting to be admitted, and only three or four are allowed in at once. The Greek priest in attendance motions us to depart, and going backward,—which is the etiquette observed so as not to turn one's back to the Tomb,—and with reluctance we make our exit with the sentence singing itself in our soul: "He is risen! He is not here!"

With what divers sentiments differing natures will approach the Tomb. Feeling is here more powerful than mind. It is difficult to write or even to think consecutively; easy to feel; but even feeling cannot keep its level, and, as at a funeral, one will relate some insignificant or comic incident of the dead and then fall to weeping again, so here we note the peculiarities of architecture or of visitors in the interims of spiritual appreciation of the spot. The ecstasy would otherwise be too extreme and over-powering; the distraction is nature's remedy.

Matilde Serao * records her impressions: "In that inner chamber, where wrapped in a winding sheet, the body of our Lord was laid to rest, and where His mother and the holy women bathed it with their tears and wiped it with their hair, the light pours in through the perforated roof rendering everything extremely vivid, so that the pious gathering is seen very distinctly and you can even distinguish the nationality of each pilgrim as he passes through the low arched doorway, to fall prostrate before the august Tomb.

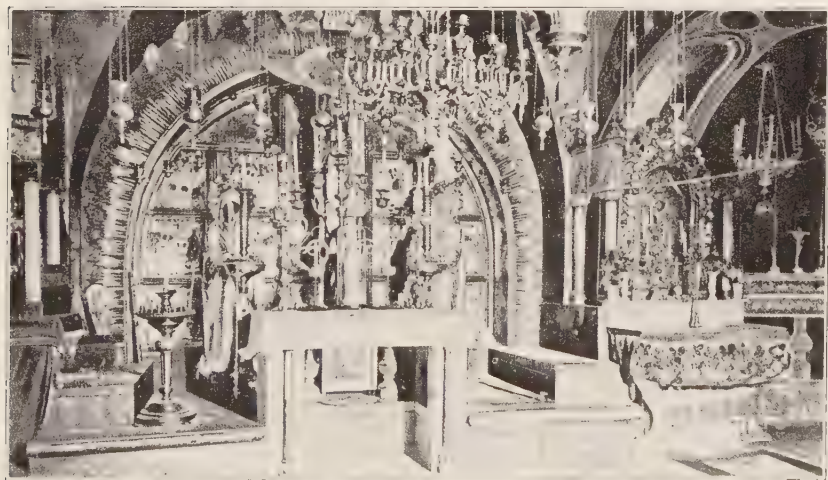
"The worshiper enters the Tomb bent nearly double, but once within he straightens himself, and, apparently dazed by the overwhelming light, gropes his way towards the object of his veneration. Then, as his body falls in a heap before the Sepulchre, he seems to forget even how to pray, and, wrapped in a sort of contemplative trance, lacks both words and ideas wherewith to express the intensity of his emotion. Pray? The pilgrim who has come from so far, has overcome so many obstacles and difficulties in his endeavor to fulfill his ardent desire to realize this momentary contact with his Divine Master, has not even the strength to pray. His mind seems unhinged with excess of joy, and he cannot even control his thoughts. His head rests motionless on the sacred slab as his lips feebly press it, and he is lost in a sort of ecstasy.

"You may see yet another pilgrim approach the holy stone and, falling on his knees before it, burst into uncontrollable sobs, as if his heart was breaking. He beats his head and breast against it, he bathes it with his scalding tears, he even tries to embrace it with his arms, and presses him-

**"In the Country of Jesus,"* by Matilda Serao; translated from the Italian by Richard Davey, 1906.



ANGEL CHAPEL



ALTAR ON CALVARY

self against it with the intensity of religious enthusiasm, as if it were his last anchor of hope: in his desperation he seeks to become one with it, and even to expire upon it of love, sorrow and repentance. The silence is broken only by the sound of uncontrollable, convulsive, heartrending sobbing, such as I have never heard before nor since.

"You may easily distinguish the Russian pilgrim by his poverty and humility, by the curious way he makes the sign of the cross, widely and slowly, and, above all, by the force with which he casts his big, heavy form prone upon the ground. His cloak is torn and his patched trousers discolored; his bent head discloses his fair, curling hair, and his eyes are veiled by silent tears that trickle down his cheeks to the pavement. His hands tremble as he grasps his old fur cap.

"You may readily distinguish the poor Maltese priest by his dark complexion, the strongly marked furrows on his brow, his tired looks, his tattered garments, and the long continuance of his prostration. He has begged his way from his island home, has traveled third class, and said Mass daily in every town and village along the mainland coast.

"You may recognize the poor Polish woman by her eyes, bright with an inward happiness, who has been on the tramp for three long months, traversing Syria on foot, living on the charity received at convents and shelters and from passers-by, kissing everyone's hand, and speaking no other language but her own. For all her sickness and fatigue, she lives on, burning with an intense longing to see, to touch the Tomb; and when at last she beholds it, she is so overwhelmed that she faints for joy.

"Again, you will know the poor Greek peasant by his sunburnt hands which have tilled the ground so long that they have absorbed its color. How those poor hands tremble as they touch the white stone, thought of in mystic dreams and reached with so much difficulty!

"Thus all these believers, these Christians of every nation, come from so far with such exalted, unwavering faith, each bringing that special character of adoration which is peculiar to its own land, soul, race and temperament. In all of them you discover, as they approach the Sepulchre, the same strange expression of overpowering emotion. Each seems to think, that, having worshiped before the Tomb of Christ, he may return to die in peace in his distant home, the wish of his life fulfilled. He has reached the acme of his earthly desire. There have been cases where pilgrims have actually died of excitement within sight of the Sepulchre.

"Here adoration is perpetual. Every hour of the day foreign pilgrims are constantly joined by the Christians who live at Jerusalem itself and its environs, and those who come from the more distant parts of Syria. Here

is a woman of Jerusalem, enveloped in her long white cloak which falls over her forehead. Her veil, which is often quite transparent, discloses her dark, irregular features and her magnificent dull black eyes; she kisses the stone with dignified reverence. Then comes the peasant from Bethany, draped in a long linen tunic and ample black and white cloak, with a handkerchief wound twice around his head like a Bedouin. Before the Tomb he signs himself hurriedly, and beats his forehead against the marble in an outburst of devotion.

"The beautiful Bethlehemite woman, from the happy land where Jesus was born, dressed in a blue woolen gown embroidered in red and wearing a white kerchief worked in yellow, blue or red, folded in a point over forehead and shoulders, bends with stately grace her noble head with its regular features, brilliant complexion and fine eyes.

"Next comes the little peasant woman from Ain-Karîm, St. John of the Mountain, the land of the Forerunner, a small thin charming little woman, dressed in dark blue with tiny bare feet and hands. Drawing her white, silk-like linen cloak over her brows to hide the three rows of gold and silver coins which encircle her hair, with her baby in her arms half-hidden in the folds of her shawl, she bends forward and both mother and child kiss the Sepulchre.

"The *beghina* of the Russian colony settled in Jerusalem now enters. She is dressed in black and wears a large white handkerchief like a cap on her head. You can easily detect that she is a schismatic nun by the exaggerated manner in which she makes the sign of the cross, and by her profound prostration.

"Then follows a crowd of Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Europeans—in turbans, fez, caps, hats—rich, poor, even beggars, the latter sometimes so horrible and misshapen as to inspire both pity and disgust. They bend over the Sepulchre, genuflect and depart.

"And now come members of the various religious orders; brown-cloaked Franciscans, white-robed Dominicans, Greek priests in high black hats, Armenian priests with great, black silk hoods under which glitter their flashing eyes and waving black beards, the Latin missionaries, nuns of St. Joseph, European women who live in Jerusalem and lead a sort of monastic life, dressed in dark habits, throng in to venerate the Tomb of their Lord."

But the climax of her thought comes when she passes the night—as many still do—locked in this Basilica, and sees another keeping this solemn vigil:

"To him this stone is the last refuge, where he shall find shelter and love. Then the trembling, fevered lips kiss the marble, and in the dead of

night repeat again and again the everlasting question that rises during the hours of greatest exultation or of profoundest depression, to the lips of the suffering believer, the question a son asks his father, the question a soul asks its God; but louder, more fervent, more insistent: 'Now that we are alone together in the night, O Lord, and that Thou seest all I think and feel—since I come here desiring to remain in Thy presence one night before Thy Sepulchre—tell me, oh! tell me, what is the Truth and which the Way?'

"And here in the clear light of the forty-nine lamps which burn perpetually above the holy Tomb, a new-born peace falls upon the restless conscience, soothing its vain terrors. In this holy place, all the falsehood, meanness, poverty, cupidity, false pride and hypocrisy of the soul crumble to pieces like some dense wall that has kept out the light of heaven."

And another—a non-Catholic: "It may not be authenticated that this is the spot of the Crucifixion, but as I knelt among the throng, that, prostrate on the rock, kissed it amid tears, I could see the three crosses of that first Good Friday, see the mother of Jesus and Mary Magdalen; and I believed it all—and was the better for believing."

Here comes Scepticism;—but it cannot live on its knees, and love says *Credo!*

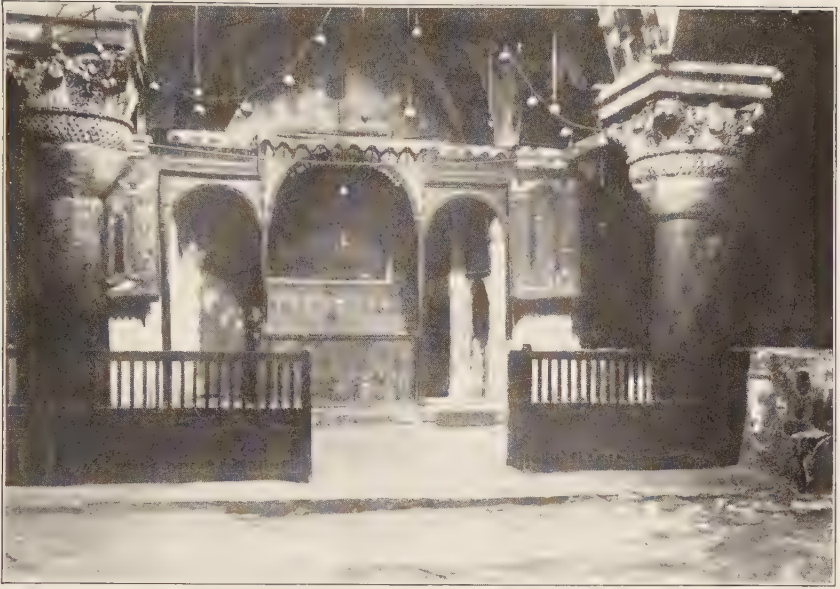
Here comes Doubt; that wishes to believe, but has a dark spot of wavering which can only be driven out by the light of love. And the mind follows the seeing heart and believes.

Here comes Despair; and Jesus says: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and hope springs afresh from the love stronger than death.

Here comes Hatred; and in the presence of the greatest love that the world has ever seen, how can it live? and hate dies in the resurrection of love.

Here comes Sin; and Jesus from His cross cries, "I am come to call, not the just, but the sinner," and the sinner is forgiven, "because she loves much." All therefore hinges on love.

"By coming into the world," says Father Spillane S. J., "the Saviour blessed infancy. His entombment renders death a holy thing and its place a sanctuary." That God took upon Himself a body has sanctified the body and made cremation abhorrent to the Christian. No nation that believed in God and in the immortality of the earthly part of man ever practiced cremation. What care the Egyptians took of their dead is still visible along the Nile in thousands of rock cut hieroglyphic-adorned tombs. Abraham bought the double cave of Mambré at a great price for a family burial place to which from far were brought his relations' bodies. Pagan poetry may



CHAPEL OF ST. HELENA

seek to hallow the tomb with rhapsodies; but it's only a genius with torch reversed standing at its portal. Jesus alone descends into the tomb—and rises.

Leaving the Holy Sepulchre we next visit the large chapel of the Greeks. It is most richly gilded and hung with the tawdry finery of the Russians. A globe placed in a marble vase marks what is called by them the center of the earth—*Umbilicus terrae*. This which might be called the nave of the structure is surmounted by a dome second only to the central one. This chapel is always thronged with Greek priests and people keeping up almost continually their chant and their day-long ritual.

In a verbal description, or even with a diagram, it is a most difficult matter to make a reader understand the relative situation of the many different chapels and altars that are within this wonderful church. Nor is it necessary. The juxtaposition of these monuments serves a moral rather than a topographical purpose. That is, they are memorials, aids to memory and to spiritual vision, of the great truths assembled here. The incidents of the Crucifixion are thus localized and made visual. In the same manner and for the same reason does Holy Church in her liturgy group together around the day of the Nativity of Christ the saints who morally and spiritually

stand appropriately near. The first martyr, Stephen; the Apostle John, who rested on the divine-human bosom; the "flowerets" crimsoned with their own blood, that gave their life at its threshold that the Babe might escape; the shepherds of the plains and the Magi of the far East.

So in this basilica there is the Station of the Virgin, and of the Holy Women; there is the chapel of Longinus to remind us of the soldiers, dice-throwing; there is the place of the pillar of scourging; there is the station of Mary Magdalen to remind us that woman saw Him first in His risen glory; there is the chapel of the Angel; then, underground, there is the large chapel of St. Helena to emphasize the great part she took in the recovery of the holy places and objects, and in the west end of the basilica, the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who would naturally wish to be buried near Him whom they laid out in death, and the former of whom, at least, would have proprietary rights in the place, but would shrink from being laid in that new tomb—reverence would refuse to bury any other there.

The chapel of Adam is also here and the tombs of Melchisedech off from the vestibule of the anointing stone, that also of Godfrey of Bouillon and of Baldwin and of the penitent thief off from St. Helena's chapel. The lowermost chapel, that of the Finding of the Cross, to which one descends from the already subterranean chapels, supplies a geographical suggestion inasmuch as it indicates that the cross was found at the bottom of a deep cistern or well, which would be the most natural place for the hiding of such things either by those who loved them or those who hated them, and which would be the providence of God in preserving them for our edification.

In the same way we do not attach topographical certainty to the sites of the different incidents of Calvary even when we believe in the authenticity of Calvary itself, (as we will later relate) but our devotion fixes itself on this spot for the place where John stood, that for the place where the mother of Jesus stood and became St. John's mother and, through him, ours; this for the spot where the cross was laid upon the ground and Jesus nailed to it, that for the spot where the crosses were erected. It is pictorial and memorial rather than historical. It is surprising that the Protestant mind is not artistic enough to see the reason for this. Poets and artists, you will notice, when they treat of things Catholic see them instinctively from the Catholic viewpoint, but the generality of Protestants attribute our veneration of these spots to superstition or to wilful imposture. They insist that we are obliged to take these places on faith; so Geikie says: "Faith evaporates when it finds so many demands made on it." There is no demand made on

our faith whatsoever. The Church does not insist that we should accept any of these localities. And if the custodians in their glowing faith overestimate the authenticity of each detail, we need not be scandalized, although I think it would be better for them to emphasize rather the memorial character. We are convinced that most of them are authentic from historical and common-sense reasons and we appreciate them as helps to devotion on moral and sentimental grounds.

How shall we approach the much disputed point of the authenticity of Calvary and the Tomb? One should remember that the burden of proof (or here of disproof) lies with the opponents. They must prove them false. These sites have been in possession for 1,500 years with undisputed title till last century's sceptics called them in question.

To bring the matter shortly and intelligently to the ordinary reader we ask ourselves the double question:

I. Are we here on the site that Constantine and Helena considered Calvary and the Sepulchre?

II. Were they correct in their judgment?

We think both must be answered in the affirmative, and we summarize the evidence as follows with acknowledgements to Rev. T. A'K. Reilly O. P. in the *Ecclesiastical Review* Vols. xxxvi and xxxvii.

I. From Constantine's time the testimony of writers and pilgrims is unanimous and continuous. Eusebius the Father of Church History was Bishop of Caesarea, Palestine; he was born about 260 and died 340. He was consequently, on the spot, almost, and knew the condition of Jerusalem for the half century before the discovery by Helena, and for fifteen years after the glad event. He knew the traditions that pointed to this spot—he relates that Adrian had earth heaped round Golgotha, had a grove planted on it and statues of Jupiter and Venus to obliterate the veneration for Jesus and Mary. Exactly these obstructions were encountered by the excavators of Constantine. He too is witness to the numerous pilgrims who visited the spot in the second, third and fourth centuries. He is evidently satisfied with the site on which Constantine built the double church of the *Anastasis* and of the *Martyrion*—the latter commemorating the Death, the former the Rising, for the two sites were not under one roof as now, but the Sepulchre—the *Anastasis*—was in a round church like the baptistries of old, separate from the temple. The *Martyrion* was a long basilica extending eastward from the Tomb, and with Calvary cut down on three sides, but left outside in a corner formed by the church's apse. These churches were destroyed by Chosroes in 614 and through many

restorations and demolishings resulted in the present basilica which is substantially that of the Crusaders.

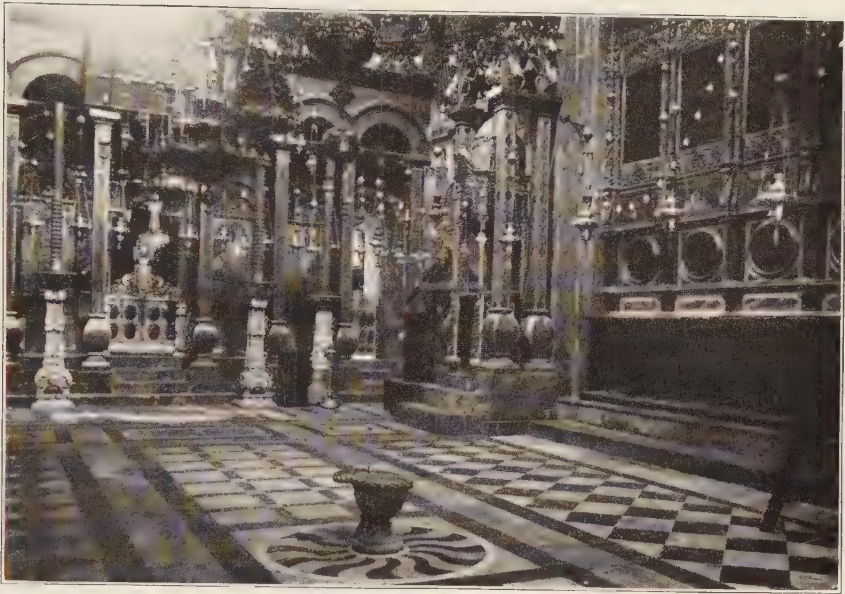
Macarius was still nearer at hand. He was Bishop of Jerusalem and was the Empress Helena's right hand in her work of discovery.

The Pilgrim of Bordeaux, A. D. 333 writes: "For one going to the Neapolis Gate (Damascus) on the left hand is a little mound—Golgotha; thence about a stone's throw is the crypt where His body was placed and rose the third day. There now by order of Constantine a basilica is building." This was before the dedication of the church.

In this same fourth century St. Cyril of Jerusalem preaches at Golgotha that "the wood of the cross like Christ's faith has been carried to every land." A century later Eucherius speaks of Calvary as a knoll of scanty size north of Zion. So common had pilgrimages become in their time that St. Jerome and St. Gregory of Nyssa deplore the abuses of these gatherings. Theodosius (530) describes it as "in the City of Jerusalem 200 paces from Mt. Zion," and another writer, whose words have been preserved for us by St. Bede: "The Sepulchre of our Lord is in the middle of the Temple, towards the north of the city and near the gate of David." This is evidently the present Jaffa gate, near the tower of David, for what is now called the gate of David is to the south. And lately the mosaic chart of Madeba, discovered in 1897 and which dates from the fourth or fifth century, confirms these testimonies.

Though the basilica of Constantine was destroyed by fire in 614 only two years elapsed before it was replaced by four small chapels, one over each principal spot, viz., *Anastasis*, the *Martyrion*, one to the Virgin Mother, and one commemorating the Apparition to Mary Magdalen. These chapels stood until 1010, and by 1048 were replaced by the new buildings recognizable to the present day in the later building of the Crusaders.

II. The second consideration is, might not Helena have made a mistake? Well, surely she was not infallible. But does it not stand to reason that she should be less liable to error than the modern sceptics who come sixteen hundred years later? She had the best of archæologists and ample money for excavations of investigation. She had Bishop Macarius for adviser who would know the local traditions; she was no fool; she was well aware that Christ was crucified *outside* the city wall of His day, and yet, with the third wall in existence and practically where it is today, she locates the holy spot where we find it now. Would she have flown in the face of apparent probabilities if she did not possess certainty by tradition? And these traditions were by no means wanting. Although Jerusalem was



GREEK CHAPEL

destroyed under Titus, good authorities agree that it was not wholly obliterated, and that there was nothing to prevent Christians returning a few years afterwards. The Jews were indeed excluded, but it does not appear that the same animosity followed the Christians. The Romans, doubtless, wished to stamp out Christianity, but it was more especially Jewish converts, and those who agitated for Jewish independence particularly the followers of Bar-cochba.

The very means that the Romans used for preventing the Christians from venerating the holy sites, viz., placing there the statues of the pagan gods—Jupiter on Mount Calvary, Venus over the Sepulchre—really helped to keep in memory the very localities.

We have the testimony that the succession of Bishops of Jerusalem was continuous beginning with St. James the Apostle, and continuing till we find Macarius there at the time of Constantine. A continuity of chief pastors argues a continuity of a flock.

It was customary to mark and remember and venerate the burial places of their great men—the tombs of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob were at Hebron in the cave of Machpelah. They are considered authentic today. St. Peter speaks of the tomb of David being with them “unto this day.”

Acts ii. 29. Would the place of the Sepulchre alone be lost sight of? In a land where history is a tale handed down from father to son, is 230 years an impassable gulf for tradition to bridge? Why, three long lives would accomplish it. In the face of mummies 4000 years old, proven authentic to the satisfaction of the learned, two centuries is negligible in its shortness.

We do not deny that there are difficulties for the modern and sceptical mind to accept these sites as authentic. To summarize the objections is to mention the topographical difficulty of the position of the second wall, and secondly, the sentimental difficulty of the situation now not corresponding with western foregone imaginings. It seems ridiculous that sentiment should have anything whatsoever to do with the doubt that modern archæologists have raised, yet I am convinced that it was sentiment that first started it.

The picturesque objection may be put as follows: the pilgrim to Calvary and the Sepulchre receives a shock and a disappointment in finding them so much different from his thought; finding them both in such near proximity, under one roof in fact, and in reaching them through narrow crowded streets, in the very heart of Jerusalem, and with no apparent Mount Calvary. We have been accustomed from infancy to picture Calvary, to our imagination, if not "A green hill far away outside a city's walls," at any rate, if stony and barren, a prominent elevation, and outside the city; for "Christ suffered *without* the gate." How then can this be the site of Calvary? This basilica in the thronged city?

The importance of the journey to Calvary makes us imagine it was a long distance off,—like the travels of children; the greatness of the Crucifixion makes us imagine Calvary as a mountain; that Joseph of Arimathea had a garden and in it a tomb makes us imagine that the Sepulchre and Calvary must have been separated by a considerable distance; it is these mental pictures, possessing *our minds* from infancy, that make it difficult to realize that here *is Calvary*, less than a mile from Pilate's hall and under one roof with the traditional Calvary. To adapt our minds is difficult.

We readily condone General Gordon for going out to the Grotto of Jeremiah and saying his prayers there in quiet and solitude and I have been told in Jerusalem that he never meant more than this by saying: "This is my idea of Calvary." But is there a shadow of likelihood in our imaginations being a true guide? The sacred narrative says distinctly of Calvary, "It was nigh to the city," and the impatience of the Jews would not have suffered them to go far. Calvary is never spoken of as a large mountain, early writers speak of it as a "knoll" or "little hill." In regard to the

proximity of Joseph of Arimathea's tomb we may well consider that where real-estate is limited things very diverse may be in close proximity; there is about 150 feet between the present Sepulchre and Calvary, this would have given room, either for a valley between the knoll and the garden tomb as some think, or for the tomb to have been in the declivity of Golgotha itself. Indeed a place that today would answer our mental picture would be self-condemned. Considering the changes that grading and building can make in the site of a city, we should not expect to find those localities now at all similar to what they were on the day of the Crucifixion.

Second, the topographical difficulty: We know from Holy Scripture that Calvary was outside the wall at the time of our Lord's crucifixion. If traditional Calvary was not outside the walls of Christ's day it is not genuine.

There were especially three walls to Jerusalem, the first built by Solomon which certainly left the traditional Calvary outside; the third built by Agrippa, as surely included it, and followed practically the lines of the present wall; but it was the second wall built by Nehemias which existed at the time of the Crucifixion. We know from Josephus that that second wall started at the gate Gennath, which all agree was about at the present Jaffa gate, and that it terminated at the tower of Antonia in the north-west corner of the Temple area; we know that it took in the Amygdalon or Pool of Hezekiah. Looking at our map a straight line between these two points would leave the present basilica outside the walls. The historian however tells us that this wall was made to enlarge the city on the north. Had this wall run north from the Jaffa gate any considerable distance before turning east it would surely include the present Calvary, but all are agreed that it did not immediately turn north but made an entrant angle before turning north.

Did it turn north before coming to the present site of Calvary, or only afterwards?

The first is the supposition of the sceptics, the second the assertion of the upholders of the present Calvary. If the sceptics were correct, there would be more probability of them being able to show traces of this wall because it would be further from the heart of the city and not so liable to obliteration. The traces of this wall have not been found, while Dr. Schick, himself a Protestant, and others have found traces of what they consider the second wall, which would insure the exclusion of Calvary, and verify the traditional spot.

Having mentioned Archæologist Schick, I will say that there was a rumor in the magazines of America, that before he died he repudiated his

opinion. I called on his daughter and after she had showed us the really magnificent fac-similes of the Temple in its different stages—the Tabernacle of the Wandering, the Temple of Solomon, the Herodian Temple, the Justinian Church, the Mohammedan Mosque,—I had a private talk and she assured me that her father to the end firmly held that his conclusions were correct. She added that what started the rumor was that he re-examined the evidences and was confirmed in his declarations.

Another consideration is important. Were there no sceptics in the day of St. Helena? Why were her pretensions not ridiculed? Why were there no counter traditions of the pious? Had St. Helena been intent on palming off a plausible locality, or of selecting a spot that would seem to correspond with "the place of the skull," she had the same temptation as modernists to choosing Gordon's Calvary. Still one more *argumentum ad hominem!* the very disputes over the possession of these sites, that so grieves the devout pilgrim, is proof to the philosopher of their genuineness. Only the valuable is quarreled over.

But, the unbelievers persist, why would any city surveyors make the wall run so crookedly. It seems to me that the fact of Calvary, the loathed place of execution and of sepulchres, would in itself have been argument enough to exclude it. Indeed this has so struck some doubters that they propose that the mountain was brought into the city by miracle!

How unbelievers squirm rather than accept Catholic Tradition!

Nor are we deserted by all Protestants. It is a joy to be able to give the following from Protestant pens: "There is a curious tendency in what is known as 'the Protestant mind' to discredit traditional sites merely because they are traditional. It is part of a general revolt against authority. In the absence of any proof to the contrary, an early and continuous tradition is evidence that should not lightly be put aside. There is no reason why a tradition of the site of the Tomb and of the Crucifixion should not have been preserved and it was probably upon some such tradition that Bishop Macarius relied, when at the command of Constantine, he made a search for the sites, and decided that Golgotha lay beneath the Temples of Aphrodite, where Helena then made excavations and discovered a rock-hewn tomb and assumed this to be the Holy Sepulchre, though subsequent discovery of three crosses appeared to confirm the attribution." *

And again, C. A. Dana in his *Easter Journeyings* says: "We turn with pleasure from such scepticism as Mr. Laurence Oliphant and others to the opposing utterance of Mr. Wm. C. Prime. He is a Protestant, under-

*(Review in London Athæneum of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre. Palestine Exploration Fund, setting forth the view of Sir Charles Wilson.)

stands the question thoroughly and is familiar with the views of all the scholars who have written on the subject; yet he believes in the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre.

Mr. Prime bases his argument mainly on the fact that all the authorities were unanimous in the fourth century; that no one then doubted it, and that tradition since then has been unbroken; why should we now doubt it? And without one grain of positive proof to the contrary, only the spirit of not believing. And of the pilgrims that worship here, Dana says: "The canker of doubt and the infection of irreverence had never touched these honest and faithful souls. How much more enviable they appeared there in their devout prostration than the sceptic who contemns and the scoffer who jeers, at their unquestioning belief." And so we leave archæology for devotion and again wander round the Holy Place.

No church in the world has an air so completely of magic and enchantment as the Holy Sepulchre. It appears a series of caves lined with silver, gold and precious stones, hung with pendant jewels, with lamps swinging on spider-web chains; lights here gleaming bright; there twinkling in the dark and distant recesses; stairways leading down to cryptic mystery—a distant lamp beckoning you on.

Here a throng of pilgrims chanting their litanies; there in the long corridors, the steps re-echoing of heavy wooden shoes and hard Russian boots, or the periodic tap of the Cawass's staff; there passages silent and dark. In one a lone star to guide you to a distant chapel, or the still fainter gleam of a flickering oil lamp which you follow and find yourself in a tomb! All is magical.

CHAPTER IX.

TOUR OF THE WALLS.

“Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces.” Ps. xlviii. 12.

There are two methods of gaining a knowledge of the topography of Jerusalem—a city where such knowledge is of paramount interest—a walk round the walls, and a view from a height. We will combine both in this our first day of sightseeing.

What a story these walls, if vocal could tell! A story of triumph of early possession and building; a story of sorrow in decay and desecration, but of sorrow wiped later from the eyes in their rebuilding. Of the first we have slight account, but much of the decay and of the repairing. “All the ways of Zion mourn because none come to her feasts; all her gates are broken down. Her priests sigh; her virgins grieve; the Lord has become as an enemy; He has cast down Israel headlong. He has overthrown the walls; He hath destroyed the towers, and the bulwarks have mourned. The ancients of the Daughter of Zion sit upon the ground; they have sprinkled their heads with dust, they hold their peace.” Lam., ch. i.

Yes, here is the city of the silent all around us. Terrible grief, and yet not hopeless grief. “For behold the days are coming, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built up again from the tower of Hananeel even to the corner gate. And the measuring line shall go out farther in his sight upon the hill Gared: and it shall compass Goatha, and the whole valley of dead bodies, and of ashes, and all the country of death, even to the brook Cedron, and to the corner of the horse gate towards the east, the Holy of the Lord: it shall not be plucked up, and it shall not be destroyed any more forever.” Jer., ch. xxxi.

Some are scandalized by the promise of never-ending continuance made to the Jewish people, thinking it unfulfilled except we limit the meaning of the word “forever,” so often used in Sacred Writ. “To thy seed forever.” But St. Jerome well observes that these promises were not meant to apply to nationality but rather to those who are the chosen and faithful, to all who by obedience to God are the spiritual descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. So this “forever” is fulfilled in the perpetuity of the Catholic Church.

These sites mentioned above will show us the extension eastward and southward of the wall of Jeremiah's time, and as the Romans when their city was surrounded by the army of Hannibal sold land at a high figure, so Jeremiah, even while in prison, buys the field of Hananeel in Anathoth in the tribe of Benjamin. A two-fold deed and witness were employed in this purchase, and the hopeful investment shows confidence in the prediction: "For thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land, for I will bring back their captivity, saith the Lord." Jer., ch. xxxii.

The rebuilding of the walls by Nehemias reads like a work of art. The way had been paved by Esdras the priest and scribe and the Persian court; but it is the Governor Nehemias who obtains the positive, definite orders. His sorrow that cannot escape the eye of the King Artaxerxes—"Seeing that the city of the sepulchres of my fathers is desolate"—the kindness of the Persian Governor, then at Susa, not only giving permission but "a letter to Asaph, the keeper of the King's forests and to the Governors;" and the alacrity with which the Hebrews commenced the work—all is extremely graphic.

The tour of the walls made by Nehemias on his donkey at night, to inspect their condition is highly interesting. "I went out by night by the gate of the valley [Jaffa gate] and I viewed the wall of Jerusalem which was broken down and the gates thereof, which were consumed with fire. And I passed to the gate of the fountain and to the King's Aqueduct, and there was no place for the beast on which I rode to pass, [the wall was so near the brink], I went up by the Torrent [Kedron] and viewed the wall, and going back I came to the gate of the valley." Neh., ch. ii. Then the invitation and command: "Come let us build up the walls of Jerusalem and let us no longer be a reproach." The jealousy, too, of Sanballat, the Horonite, and Tobias, the Ammonite and Gossem, the Arabian, with their scoffs and the Prophet's calm rejoinder: "Ye have no part, nor right, nor remembrance in Jerusalem," and to the others: "Come let us rise up and build." And build they did even in the face of the indifference of the Thecutes whose "great men did not put their necks to the work of the Lord." Can priests who have builded a church find a parallel? But uniting patriotism and self-interest, there were other willing hands and each one built a piece of the wall "over against his own home."

Sanballat's jeering turns to open obstruction of the work, and the wall had to be guarded in the night and in the day, "every man worked armed; with one hand he did the work, and the other held a sword." And the trumpet was ready on the wall to call the alarm. Then one party would

watch and the other would work, "And let one-half of us hold up our spears till the stars appear: our God will fight for us."

For twelve years did Nehemias face the difficulties, refusing even his salary as overseer for the people were impoverished and the rich always complaining of the expenses: "Remember it, Oh God! to my good." "*Min Allah!*" says the Arab even to this day—when underpaid.

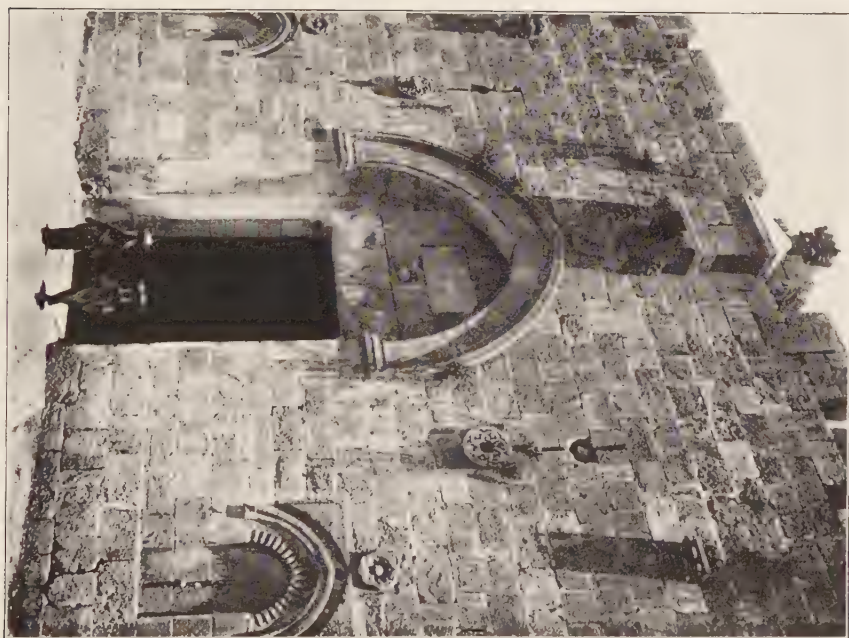
Sanballat and Nuret seeing that the wall is built seek by slander to destroy Nehemias, giving out that he wishes to revolt against the government, and trying to entice him away from the city that it may be left unguarded and destroyed. They do this first under pretext of making an agreement with him, then under cover of religion to have a meeting in the Temple with closed doors. All in vain! The wall is complete, "the nations round about were afraid and were cast down, for they perceived that the work was the work of God." Neh., ch. vi. and *passim*. The names and parts of the wall that each family built are preserved and the subscription list, and there are some princely offerings: "Twenty thousand drams of gold and two thousand two hundred pounds of silver."

And then the dedication, with prayer and the reading of the law from the "water gate," and the festivities, lasting seven days with their booths made of green boughs, with eating and drinking and sacred song, for since the days of Josue the children of Israel had not had such a festival, and the joy was very great. They must humble themselves, also, fasting and praying, "but in the morning joy returns," "And I appointed two great choirs to give praise. And they went on the right hand upon the wall toward the dung gate." This would be on the eastern declivity of Mt. Zion. And they went over against them by the "stairs of the City of David" (remains of which have lately been found on the Franciscan property), and to the water gate eastward," (this would be on the promontory Ophel).

"And the second choir went on the opposite side and after them one-half of the people upon the wall and upon the tower of the furnaces, even to the broad wall and above the gate of Ephraim, and above the first gate and the tower of Hananeel and the tower of Emath and even to the flock gate." That is on the opposite side of the Tyropean and stretching back and up westward and northward. "And they sacrificed on that day great sacrifices, and they rejoiced, for God had made them joyful." And on that day they read in the Book of Moses in the hearing of the people that "the Ammonites and the Moabites should not come into the house of God forever, because they met not the children of Israel with bread and water, and they hired Balaam against us to curse; but our God turned the curse into blessing."



TOWER OF DAVID



ZION OR DAVID GATE

They promise the tithes and the first fruits, bind themselves not to buy nor sell on the Sabbath, and to make no marriage with the Gentiles.

Our excursion finds its natural starting point at the Jaffa gate, as convenient to this are the tourist hotels and the Franciscan Casa Nuova, where we are lodged, and also because it holds its situation through all the changes of the different walls.

The present walls were built by Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century. An inscription over the Jaffa gate records the date of the order to rebuild them—1542. The materials were largely the remains of older walls which had been destroyed by repeated sieges, especially by the Crusaders.

At no point can you witness the life of modern Palestine to better effect than outside the Jaffa gate. In the narrow, tortuous, up and down streets it was all one could do to keep his feet and avoid dirt and the camels' mouths or loads, but here the street opens out into a "Place," and is a moving panorama truly Oriental. There is the inward stream of produce from the outlying districts—building stone strapped on the sides of the camels; haystacks on others' backs; little donkeys hidden in grass or grain or with long-legged men astride, their feet dangling to the earth; rattling arabiehs, whose wheels must stop at the gate; carriages containing veiled women; water carriers crying their wares: "Drink, O ye thirsty! Allah sends you water." The voice of the bread venders, "O bread! How they did knead thee in the night," or the green grocers, "Foods for Gods, O ye radishes!" "Comfort for the afflicted, O pickles!" "God made you easy to sell, O oranges!" and I ask the price of the three he offers. He wanted a piastre, but when I offered a half piastre he concludes the bargain immediately with pious face upturned saying: "The recompense, O Lord, is with Thee." There are the peasants with their loads of vegetables, of fruits, of milk, of firewood—everybody carries something.

There is the outward stream; pilgrims turning to the right, northward for Nazareth or to the left for Bethlehem. There is the agriculturist going to work with his wooden plow over his shoulder and his ill-matched team; there is the flashing span of the nabob; or the three-spanner of the tourist's baggage; there is the assembly of Arabian horses for the tenting tour of Palestine; there is a *Mukâri* in charge of each and praising his own to the expectant tourists.

There is also what might be called the permanent show. The market with cauliflowers as large as the head of a barrel; golden piles of oranges from Jaffa's gardens; stands with heaps of coins of the money-changer; whom avoid! booths with large shallow tins with pools of molten candy—



VALLEY OF HINNOM

pools shrinking from their margin as purchasing proceeds,—white, red and brown, of cloying sweetness; sacks full of grain being measured out—not always with Scripture fullness—the itinerant merchant with mats and silks and damasks over his shoulder; the vender of religious prints, mostly gaudy, for the Greek devotee, rich in colors and gold, or the olive wood crosses and pearl rosaries from Bethlehem for the Latin pilgrim.

It is first stunning, then absorbing, as one gets accustomed to the noise and movement. We recall that in Scripture the “gate” stands for two things—stability and protection with power, as in the passages “She is broken who was the gate of the people.” Ezek., ch. xxvi; “I saw my help in the gate.” Job, ch. xxxi. “Call thy walls salvation and thy gates praise.” Is. lx. 18. “The gates of Hell shall not prevail.” Matt. xvi. 18.

But in an oriental city the gate is not only a protection, it is the market place, the fair grounds, the law courts, the place for scandal as well as for instruction. It is for the men what the water fountain is for the women. We thus understand the passages: “Mordechai sat in the gate.” “They that sat in the gate spake against me.” “Her husband is known in the gate.” We understand too its sanctity. “Take heed to your souls and carry no burdens on the Sabbath day and bring them not in by the gates of Jerusalem. If ye obey my word and bring in no burden by the gates of

your city on the Sabbath day, there shall enter in by those gates kings and princes. And from all the places round about, from the plains and from the mountains and from the south shall they bring riches and sacrifices and frankincense forever." Jer. xvii. 21. Preserve your senses from the impress of the world and you shall have spiritual riches! We remember too how the word Bab,—the gate,—was taken by Said Mohammed Ali founder of Babism in Persia, he who sought to purify Mohammedanism. He posed as the gate through which men must enter into a higher knowledge of religion, even as Christ proclaims that "those who enter not by the door are thieves and robbers."

But we will never get round the walls if we remain here at Bab il Khalil, the gate of the friend, (namely David) and we see the tower of David to our left. We go southward taking the road towards Bethlehem. The walls are on our left, rising to a height varying from thirty to forty feet, rising often from the remains of a moat below. As in ancient times so in the present, Jerusalem is a walled city. With deep ravines to the south and east it is well adapted to fortifying. And her walls and towers were ever the symbol of strength in the noble recital of Sacred Writ: "Our God is a tower of strength;" "The city of the great king; set your hearts upon her strength!" "Abundance is in her towers."

Rising prominent above the general height of the walls not far from the Jaffa gate is seen the tower of David, which is thought to be the Hippicus of Josephus, and a part of the citadel. Ferguson, however, identifies it with Phasaelus to which it corresponds better in size, placing Hippicus at Kulat el Jalûd in the northwest corner of the city, which Thompson considers as Psephinus, but the ancient towers were higher than anything we see here today. Strephon speaks of the towers from which the watchmen survey the district and discover the advent of foes.

This tower of David is the only one of the towers in existence today, although three were ordered to be left by Titus. This tower gives us one of the titles of the Blessed Virgin in her litany. In the Canticle the neck of the Beloved is spoken of as like the tower of David, "built with bulwarks, hung with a thousand bucklers, all the armor of brave men." Many passages of Holy Writ occur to us. "Watchman, what of the night?" "I will watch, fixing my foot upon the tower." "He slumbers not nor sleeps who watches Israel." Therefore may we rest secure in the watchful providence of God.

As we proceed, the valley of Gihon deepens, and takes, further down, the name of the valley of Hinnom or rather of Ben Hinnom, the children of groaning, which name is perpetuated in the word Gehenna or Hell. The



THE GOLDEN GATE

Arabs call it the Wady er Rabâbi. Its depths were doubtless more terrifying in olden times when it was taken as the figure of the place of punishment, for the valley is much filled up, but we can imagine even now how one would feel to be here alone at night with these many graveyards around us. The valley was of service, however, for it was easily formed into a pool, which is probably the one mentioned by Isaiah as the lower pool of Gihon. Its present name—Birket el Sultân—is from Sultan Suleiman who rebuilt and enlarged it; it is made in great measure in the living rock with a dam across the lower part of the valley, which is now used as the highway to the present railway station.

This pool is of immense size, being nearly 600 feet long from north to south and about 250 in width, with a depth at the northern end of perhaps twenty feet and at the southern of about forty. It is sadly dilapidated now and mostly unused. Some families were living in huts formed from the fallen stones. Indeed it is too low-lying ever to have been used by a city without force pumps, but was probably used in watering the gardens in the valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat which unite below the hill of Zion a little below this point.

It is probable that the King's dale, with the extensive gardens was

below us here and this would account for the irrigating facilities being ample, since the gardens were for the great Solomon.

Indeed it would be no bad idea to rebuild the broken walls of this reservoir, for in this vicinity are still the most extensive garden plats we have yet seen. That the ancients knew nothing of water seeking its level in closed aqueducts, or else were not able to build them closed, is illustrated by the fact that the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools circles round three sides of this reservoir keeping to the high ground, west, high enough up the valley, then crossing over and skirting the upper edge of Mount Zion round which it winds and ends in the Temple area. This will furnish proof also of how much the present Jerusalem is higher than the ancient city, since it was, undoubtedly, lower than this water way. To keep by the city walls we have left the Bethlehem road slanting upward to the top of Mount Zion by a hillside trail.

After running south about one-fourth mile from the Jaffa gate the city walls turn almost at a right angle east, cutting off the southern portion of Mount Zion, and on this promontory we find the group of buildings called the Tomb of David. Under the principal dome is the Cœnaculum where the Last Supper was held. Most prominent on Mount Zion is the church and monastery built by the German Benedictines on land given to them by the German Emperor and dedicated in 1910 in the presence of the Emperor's son and a vast concourse of German pilgrims. Here is also the fine Boys' School built by Bishop Gobat; also the Protestant English and German burial places, as well as those of the Latins and Armenians and Greeks. All this portion was inside the first wall but is outside the present one. We will call on the Benedictines for a short rest and a long view.

This Church of the "Dormitio" or Sleep of our Lady, is easily the finest architecturally in all Jerusalem. It gets its name from the pious belief (not yet defined as dogma) that she was assumed into Heaven by her Son and her body not allowed to return to dust, since that body had ministered flesh and blood for the Incarnation.

"Whatever is fitting, is true," in the actions of God. This is common sense for Christians, and therefore we hold many truths that are not articles of faith. Confided to the care of the Beloved Disciple by our Lord from the Cross the Blessed Virgin may have accompanied him to Ephesus of which place he was bishop, but she would naturally long to die where her Son had expired and would return to Jerusalem.

Tradition makes the Angel of the birth-annunciation appear to her again and announce her death. She could not be buried inside the city, so we find her grave near the Garden of Gethsemâne. For her the tomb was

no sarcophagus; that virginal flesh that gave human form to the Deity—"Sole mortal thing of worth immortal"—"must not be permitted to see corruption."

This church is circular and is built somewhat after the model of Charlemagne's at Aix la Chapelle, and is of the exquisite stone from near Bethlehem; white, glowing into pink, with sometimes reddish veinings.

As it stands on the reputed dwelling of St. John the Evangelist, where the Death Angel called Our Lady away from earth, it is called the Sleep of Mary; but being within a few yards of the supposed site of the "Upper Room"—the Cœnaculum, scene of the Last Supper, and of the descent of the Holy Spirit—to which spot we have been unable to gain any title, the Benedictines' church has altars to these two prime events in the establishment of Christianity, with the privilege of the Mass of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Holy Ghost on them respectively. We came here later for the purpose of celebrating these masses.

As the Franciscan Order is preeminently for the poor, and the Dominican Order for preaching, the Benedictine Order is noted for its learning. It was they especially who kept the torch of literature burning in the Middle Ages. They were great men for the mountain and the forest. We see St. Benedict himself among the wild scenery of Subiaco and on the mountain height of Casino. We see St. Meinrad, with his companions, the two ravens, in the woods of Einsiedeln. We see the black robes of the Benedictines with the adapted rule at Inisfallen in Ireland, and at Whitby and Westminster in England, at Lerins in the Sea, and in the reformed form at Vallombrosa, in Italy. How many popes too has St. Benedict given to the Church beginning with St. Gregory the Great! It is the Benedictines from Beuron in Bavaria who are our hosts today in Jerusalem on this Mount Zion. And bountifully they entertain; not only with the excellent cordial that their monasteries make, but with the riches of their library and museum. Although just commenced they have a wonderful assemblage of ancient pottery and cinerary urns. This will be of great interest to the Bible student when put in order.

But we came for the view from the tower of the monastery. One of the fathers accompanies us, and we mount stage after stage till quite fatigued before we are at the summit, and then what a recompense! Jerusalem lies below us! To those accustomed to gabled roofs the view is like fairy land, it is so different. A whole city covered with domes! small, like inverted saucers; or medium, like bowls; or large, like the Pantheon of Rome!

We first look westward toward our America. The valley of Gihon lies below with the Birket es Sultân, and beyond it the railway station, the Eng-

lish hospital, Montefiore's Jewish colony, and several modern buildings; beyond, the hill country of Judea in which nestles Ain Karîm. To the south, close-crouched below us, the group of buildings is the Tomb of David. In the valley, the junction of Hinnom with Jehosaphat and the King's Dale with the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloe eastward, and away off on its little hill, Bethlehem. Eastward the village of Siluan with its lepers, and its memories of Solomon's apostasy through love of women. But the great panorama of the city is north and northeast. Moriah is the magnet that draws the eye with the well-known Dome of the Rock, the Mosque of Omar. To the south of it is the Aksa Mosque, and east of them both the Kedron valley, and towering beyond it, Mount Olivet with its many churches and the Russian tower which is seen from such far distances, even from the Dead Sea. Due north and outside the city, is the fine new convent and church of the Dominicans, and to the right the Jewish colonies, and still more to the west of north, the vast cathedral of the Russians and their principal hospices. Near the center of the city is the Holy Sepulchre.

If you trace Zion street from the Zion gate below us, up through its continuation, Damascus street, to the gate of the same name, and then follow with your eye David street from the Jaffa gate to the Harem area, you will see the city divided into four unequal portions. Far the largest part—nearly the east half—is the Mohammedan quarters, leaving only a small squalid portion for the Jews in the southeast corner, but they have the consolation of creeping close to the old temple, and the "wailing wall," their Friday refuge. The southwest quarter is the Armenians', and the northwest the Christians'.

We descend from our high aerial lookout and, promising to come again in our rambles, continue our tour of the walls.

About twenty rods from the southwest corner of the city walls we come to the Zion gate. It is a simple Gothic arch, with a Gothic niche flanking it on each side, intended doubtless for statues, indicating that this part of the walls was built by Christians. This is the gate most used by the Armenians, giving egress not only to Mount Zion but to Bethlehem and the Valley of Jehosaphat.

As we look south from this gate we are reminded of the prophecy of Micheas: "Zion shall be plowed as a field." This southern end is the only portion that has ever been cultivated, and it still yields its harvests, interspersed with graves. Life and death in close companionship: sowing for time in the earth; sowing for eternity in the rock! Thus do extremes meet but not mingle!

We proceed with our circuit of the walls, angling somewhat to the



BAB SITTI MIRIAM

north of east, and come to the valley of the Tyropœon or cheesemongers valley, which the wall crosses. There has always been a gate opening on this ravine, called differently at different times; by Nehemias, the fountain gate; Bab Silwan—as leading to that village on the opposite hill;—gate of the Tannery, in Moslem times, evidently from the use made of the spring in the epoch after the Crusaders; now it goes by the name of Bab el Mughâribeh or dung gate; also, at one time it was called gate of the Moors.

The valley of the cheesemongers, now so filled up as to almost escape notice, was so deep that two viaducts were necessary to facilitate communication between the Temple and the Zion portion of the city. From the discoverers of the ruins found under the fifty feet of accumulated rubbish, they now go by the names respectively of Robinson's Arch for the lower, and Wilson's Arch for the upper causeway. This *fill* is undoubtedly the Mello spoken of by historians, as built by Solomon to connect the City of David with the Temple.

We have now reached the southern end of the Harem enclosure; this was Mount Moriah, with its first temple built by Solomon and the second by Nehemias. The city walls have necessarily been increasing in height with the descent of the valleys around them; but here we rise again to higher ground caused by the projecting spur of Moriah, that takes the name

of Ophel, and runs down in an attenuated peninsula near to the Pool of Siloam. The south end of the Harem area wall shows a height of sixty feet and goes down more than forty feet below the present surface. In this portion there was an ancient double gate, and still further to the east an ancient triple one, but now both are closed up.

We are now on Moriah. What a wondrous succession of silhouettes comes up before our mind's eye of which these walls form the frame. The silhouettes are reversed; for here the occurrences and the personages are bright in history and in imagination against a dark background of the distant and unknown. Moriah is indeed the eternal altar of sacrifice. We first see Melchisedech, King and Priest, and founder of Salem, the city of peace, the man "without father and without mother"—as the priest should be detached from family—offering his sacrifice of bread and wine, so distinctive of the endless offering of the sacrifice of the new law in its unbloody elements; secondly the bloody prototype of Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, the touching picture of Abraham with his son Isaac. We see them ascend this hill, their attendants waiting yonder in the repose of the valley. For them the contentment of littleness; for Abraham and Isaac the climb to greatness. We hear Isaac's heartrending words: "Father, behold here is the wood and the fire, but where is the victim for the sacrifice?" We hear the sob in Abraham's voice as he replies: "God will provide the victim, my son." We see the wooden pyre, the upraised knife, the angel-prevented blow;—and to pierce to the anti-type of these is to see the cross of Calvary.

The mind leaps 1000 years—years of battle for the undisputed right to offer sacrifice on this hill. Even after the Ark has long possessed Zion and David's builders have succeeded with trowel in one hand and bow in the other, in building his home of cedar and cypress from the Lebanon hills of his friend Hiram of Tyre, Moriah is in the hands of Araunah. We see him,—the Jebusite,—(2 Kings xxiv. 24) standing on the hill top levelled off for a threshing floor, standing with the ephah of grain lifted above his head, then poured out that the wind from the utmost sea may separate the chaff from the wheat. There is an addition to this picture. David comes to offer sacrifice; in true Oriental manner, Araunah offers to give him not only space for the altar but oxen for the holocaust, oxen which stood hard by, they the threshers "treading out the corn," yoked to the rude *mowrej* or wain. But as Abraham with the cave of Mambre, so David insists on paying the price—fifty shekels of silver,—saying: "I will not offer to the Lord my God what has cost me naught." It is only in old age that

David obtains possession of that portion of Jerusalem which is to see Solomon's Temple rise in its splendor.

Lieven de Hamme remarks orthographically that Melchisedech's city, Salem, was on Zion, the Jebusite's threshing floor on Moriah, the other side of the valley of the Tyropœon, now filled up, and that the union of Jebus and Salem formed Jebusalem or Jerusalem, as we now spell it.

But the panorama does not end with David. The city is the altar where peoples are the victims. The great Temple of Solomon rises in all its glory and the splendor of his palaces dazzles kings and queens. Senacherib's army is sacrificed by the destroying angel; but Nebuchadnezzar destroys the city, drags the nation into the captivity of Babylon, 600 B. C. Alexander turns peacefully away 330 B. C.; Jerusalem itself becomes deicide and the three crosses appear against the blackest of skies, the sin of mankind; and Rome's eagles tear out its vitals under Titus. The Crusaders capture Jerusalem in 1099 A. D. and hold it nearly a hundred years, when the crescent supersedes the cross, both emblems having been baptized in blood.

At the southeast corner of the Harem enclosure the walls drop away again very steep to the torrent Kedron, and the masonry is 70 feet high, leaving vast vaults on the inside of these massive walls which have been utilized for store houses and stables. Indeed they go by the name of Solomon's Stables, and were doubtless used by the Crusaders as such; but probably not by Solomon. The walls are cyclopean; and huddled under them and all down the slope of this rubbish that forms the embankment below, are hundreds of Moslem graves. The sanctity of these prevents any exploration of this part of the walls underground.

About 1050 feet from the southeast angle of the city wall is the Golden Gate, the Eternal Gate of the Moslems. It is a double Roman arch supported by Corinthian pillars; the two gateways are now closed up with masonry on account of the prophecy among the Turks that the Franks will enter by this opening and retake the city.

A more beautiful rendering of this story is that Issa, Son of Miriam, will here enter and it must remain closed till the King enter by it. "*Erit clausa principi.*"

Each of these two gates has a special name in Arabic. The southernmost, Gate of Mercy; the other, Gate of Repentance; two ideas always to be remembered together, for repentance is ever the forerunner of mercy; yea, there would be mercy in Hell if there were only repentance there.

Here did He enter once in the days of His flesh, on that Palm Sunday morning when they cried "Hosanna to the Son of David," and cut down

branches from the trees, carrying them in procession and spread their garments to his feet's approach—Here must He enter in glory.

We will view this gate later from the inside, so will now pass by. All below us is the valley of Jehosaphat, into which we will make many excursions later; at present we take merely a birdseye view of it, as it lies with its tombs clustered round the rock-cut monuments of St. James, of Zachariah, of Jehosaphat, and the monument of shame to Absalom. How different these tombs, among which we are picking our way, from our quiet, shady, grassy burial places,

*Where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God.*

Here not a tree or shrub, hardly a blade of grass; only in neglected spots, clumps of prickly pear white with wind-blown dust. The monuments are usually either a simple slab laid prone, or a little stone structure of varying size like a play house or a dog kennel, many of them domed, often white-washed over, which gave our Lord the simile for hypocrites, "whited sepulchres, outside beautiful, but inside filled with dead men's bones." They are sometimes of stone, sometimes of cement and even sometimes of baked mud, whitewashed.

Later on in my stay in Jerusalem I found myself out here one night in the starlight. Never before was I so thrilled. The words of Goethe came to my mind:

*And silent before us,
Veiled the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent rest o'er us;
Graves under us silent.*

So stand we in this life between two silences, the silence of the tomb, with its untroubled rest for the body, and the Salem of peace for the spirit in the heavenly Jerusalem.

And I recalled the lamentation of that greatest of mourners, Jeremiah, as he wandered round these walls and gave to the winds his tremendous sorrow! "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! The queen of nations is a widow; weeping she weepeth in the night and her tears are on her cheeks."

But with anguish over friends is mingled wrath for the enemies. The gaunt, restless figure is before us, as, lion-mouthed, he pours out his im-



DAMASCUS GATE

petuous inspirations, the terror of Babylon! "Babylon shall be reduced to heaps, the dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment and a hissing because there is no inhabitant." Jer. li. 37. How could he ever sit as Michael Angelo makes him in the Sistine Chapel, head bowed into his hands? Is that before he has put his hand to action, or is it after he realizes the uselessness of it all?

This eastward looking slope is an eagerly chosen spot; with faces turned toward the coming morning, *Mane expectat!* would be a suitable epitaph. By the way, very seldom do you find epitaphs on tombs in Palestine, but each sepulchre speaks of some one who once trod these paths and rejoiced in this sunshine. Where shall we lie? "The home of my eternity" awaits each one. But is that not better than if we were fettered to earth for eternity? Who would choose the fate of the fabled Wandering Jew? And this land has given us "the rod and the staff for the valley of the shadow," even Jesus Christ, who has sweetened the grave for all believers. Our aspiration rather is: "Woe is me, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar! Who will give me wings like the dove, that I may fly away and be at peace."

In the Christian cemetery one day they were interring a child. I gathered a large handful of the oriental poppy and making of the *Palma Christi* a sheath surrounding the flowers, I laid them in the little stranger's grave,

receiving a look of thanks from the parents, who doubtless did not recognize the language of flowers: "*sleep in the hand of Christ,*" but who felt the joy of the communion of saints.

Jerusalem, yea Palestine, is one huge burial ground; burial ground of centuries; burial ground of nations; burial ground of hopes and ambitions; burial ground for thousands who expect the last judgment in the valley of Jehosaphat. How can one be jovial in Jerusalem? There is a pall over the heart like a coffin lid—crushing. In fact no one laughs in Jerusalem.

But we will never get around the walls if we moralize. The next object of interest is St. Stephen's gate, so called at the present time, but this is evidently a misnomer, as we shall see that vastly more probably the place of St. Stephen's stoning was outside of the Damascus gate; we will therefore drop this name, and cultivate the fashion for the modern Arab one of Bab Sitti Miriam,—gate of the Lady Mary. This gate in medieval times was called the Jehosaphat gate, and was the principal avenue of traffic toward that valley and the Mount of Olives. The Bab Sitti Miriam is a single Gothic arch. Out from it is a continual stream of pilgrims, merchants, sightseers, men, women and animals in endless procession. We rest on a rock and watch them. How picturesque that procession of camels, with their small, cruel eyes, and their ever-moving mouth, with that foolish hanging of the discontented under lip, the long neck and the ungainly body. What a shuffling in their walk, otherwise so stately! Their big, clammy feet so well adapted to the desert sand. Some are gayly caparisoned with rich oriental clothing, with saddle perched in air and on it the driver, but more often loaded with lumber, stone, hay or grain, with the driver walking at the side, sombre as they, but warning the passers: "*Shimalek! Yeminak!*" "to your left! to your right!"

Then approaches a huddle of sheep and a flock of goats driven into the city to be milked, carrying their own produce to market. Some of them doubtless for the Easter sacrifices. Then a water carrier with his donkey-skin pitcher slung over his shoulder, retailing drinks at a copper or two per drink, for which you must furnish the vessel or drink from the greasy outlet of the sewed-up neck.

There are pilgrims, most often Russian, for over against us is their new church, on the slope of Olivet, the most attractive, outwardly, of all the churches of Jerusalem, the Sepulchre excepted, and now the "Dormitio," but pilgrims also from every inhabited land, as on the day of Pentecost—Medes and Persians, Greeks and Arabians, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia. Today it is rather Armenians, Copts, Greeks, all the different

Oriental rites, the Frank and the Briton, the Scandinavian, the Teuton and the American. The rich merchant from Damascus or the poor peasant from Hebron; the artificer from the shops of Bethlehem or the beggar from the leper village of Siluan. Greek priests in their inverted hats, that is with the rim on top; women muffled to the eyes in the *izar* which they vainly endeavor to keep the wind out of as it puffs them up like a balloon.

And the bustle, the movement, the barbaric colors of the Orient; the glowing sunshine of this land reflected by the white roads and the white-washed buildings, also from the flowing white *burnouses* of the runners; the uncouth accents of the Arab; the din and confusion of different tongues even as Babel, in its variety, make a panorama never to be obliterated from the mind and eye.

This gate, Bab Sitti Miriam, probably so called from the tomb of the Blessed Virgin in the wady below, or from her birthplace a little north and inside the walls, at the church of St Ann, had also the name of Bab el Asbat,—the gate of the Tribes, “for thither the Tribes of the Lord went up.” Ps. cxxii. 4

Some authorities think that here was the “Sheep gate,” and it seems natural that the droves of animals used in the sacrifices would not be allowed entrance at the Golden gate. Besides, the proximity of the large reservoir, now called Birket Sitti Miriam, north of the gate, by some thought, probably erroneously, to be Bethesda, would be appropriate for the watering of the animals and for washing them.

Threading our way through Mussulman tombs, heaps of rubbish and a wilderness of prickly cactus, we come to the extreme northeast corner of the walls called the Stork Tower; it is only in recent maps that we find this name given to it, and its fittingness seems doubtful. The stork is often mentioned in Scripture: “as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.” Ps. civ. 11. But more often where trees are scarce the nest is made in a ledge of rock or on the tops of walls and pillars. Its filial disposition, among a people noted for domestic virtue, may account for the veneration in which the bird is held; but they have also a utilitarian reputation as scavengers and rid the fields of vermin, as well as of offal.

This tower is a fine square pile rising considerably above the walls, but being quite modern need not delay us. Over against us are the hills, Scopus, Nob and northern Olivet, from which the city has so often been besieged; and further in the distance, about five miles, is Anata-Anathoth, home of the priests and birthplace of Jeremiah.

We pass on westward to Herod's gate which is closed. Much of the

wall in this section is made of the living rock; the strata being inclined at an angle of about twenty degrees, dipping eastward. Under all this portion is the Cotton Grotto; which we will visit later.

We proceed to the Damascus gate, the chief avenue from the city northward to Damascus and Nazareth, and the gate at which probably the Holy Family would issue on that memorable day when they lost the blessed Child. The Damascus gate is the finest of all the gates now in use. It presents a fine appearance from the outside, flanked, as it is, by towers not very high but massive, and with both towers and walls ascending in a multitude of little turrets. The gate is one single Gothic arch of stone, the *tympanum* above filled in with stone, and the door being two valved. Catherwood thinks that this gate conclusively proves that the pointed arch had its origin in Syria. It was built or at least restored, so the inscription testifies, by Suleiman, but the excavations of Capt. Warren show that under this there is the ancient wall. His excavations, unfortunately, were stopped by the authorities.

Across the street outside is the new palatial hospice of the Germans and from here we proceed with little of interest to delay us till we reach the French hospice of the Assumptionist Fathers, and opposite to it the convent of the Sœurs Reparatrices. Here is the New gate in the whiteness of its stone and the blackness of its name—Bab Abdul Hamid. After passing this gate we are soon in the road to Jaffa and turning to the left through the street of modern hotels, stores and photograph galleries we soon reach the Jaffa Gate, our place of beginning.

We are glad to find rest in our Casa Nuova, fatigued by the distance and thinking long thoughts.

CHAPTER X

THE HAREM ENCLOSURE

Father Albert notified us at dinner that he would accompany us to the Mosque of Omar tomorrow. This being the most sacred of all the Mohammedan sanctuaries, except Mecca, requires an official guard and guide in uniform.

The Mosque stands on the site of Solomon's Temple. A suitable preparation therefore for this afternoon is a visit to Madam Schick and the models, each in a room for itself, of the different developments of the Temple. There is a gathering of about twenty persons at her house; each one pays a franc. With a running commentary in very fair English, she manipulates the models made by her father, building up and tearing down the light board and papier-maché walls, towers and additions, giving us, not four views only, but as many as a score of the Temple at different epochs. The illustrations are from her photographs, which are taken from the southeast.

True to appointment we make an early start. We are preceded by the cawass, gorgeous in red and black velvet with his staff of office, with which he strikes the pavement as we proceed, keeping step. We go down the street of the bazaars, then through Tarik Bab es Silsile, Street of the Gate of the Chain. There are six other gates to the enclosure. We must remember that *harêm* means "forbidden," an enclosure or sacred place; often used for the residence of the Turkish women, since there men visitors are excluded. Indeed in every Turkish house there are two parts, the *harêmlik* for the women, and the *salâmlık* for the men. But Harem esh Sherif does not mean the residence of the Turkish women, which is called the Seraglio in Jerusalem and is outside the northwest corner of the Temple enclosure. *Harêm* here means "forbidden" to all but the faithful, which was originally enforced, but now strangers are allowed inside the sacred precinct. In the same sense the Moslem will say: "*Nebîd harêm*," wine is forbidden; or "*Harêm Allah*," sacred to God.

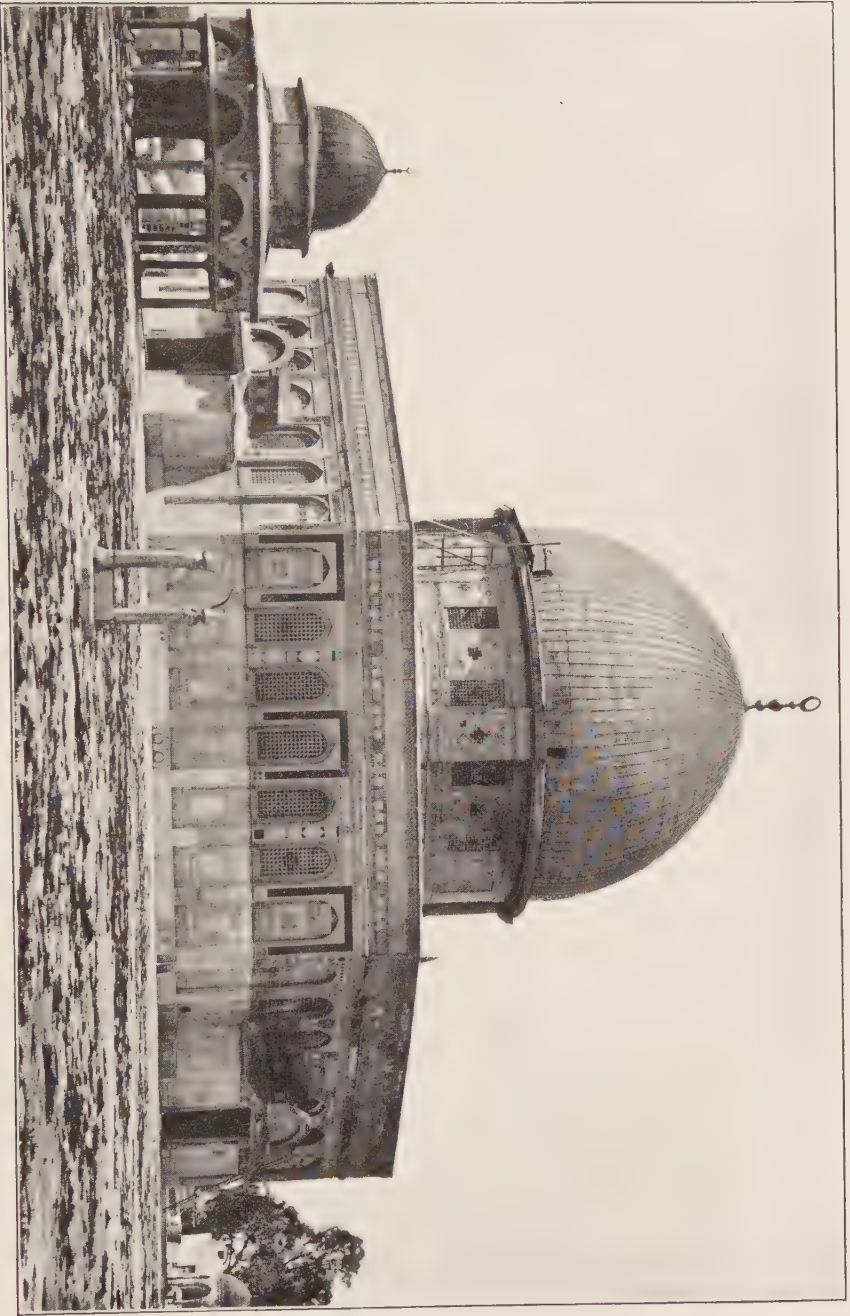
Claremont-Ganneau found in 1871 a tablet with the inscription: "No stranger is to enter within the balustrade round the Temple and enclosure. Whoever is caught will be responsible for his own death, which will ensue."

The great Silsile gate at the foot of David street, and thus almost in

the center of the western side of the enclosure, admits you by two or three steps upwards to the sacred precincts, which offer in their wide open expanse of thirty-five acres, with a circumference nearly equal to a mile, a delightful relief after toiling through narrow and filthy streets. Lying about 2,420 feet above the Mediterranean, this spot is comparatively cool, even in summer. The surface was once a rough hill sloping or swelling irregularly, but a vast, level platform has been formed, originally under Solomon, by cutting away the rock in some places, raising huge arched vaults at others, and elsewhere by filling up the hollows with rubbish and stones.

Near the northwest corner the natural rock appears on the surface, or is only slightly covered, but it was originally much higher. The whole hill, however, has been cut away at this part, except a mass at the northwest angle of the wall, rising with a perpendicular face, north and south, forty feet above the platform. On this, it seems certain, the Roman Fort Antonia was built; for Josephus speaks of it as standing at this corner on a rock fifty cubits high. This platform is, moreover, separated from the northeastern hill by a deep trench, fifty yards broad, now occupied in part by what was considered by some the Pool of Bethesda, and this also agrees with what the Jewish historian says of Antonia. The northeast corner has been "made" by filling up a steep slope with earth and stones, but the chief triumph of architecture was seen on the south, where the wall rose from the valley to a height almost equal to that of the tallest of our church spires, while above this, in the days of Herod's Temple, rose the royal porch, a triple cloister, higher and longer than York cathedral, when seen from the valley outside; the whole, when fresh, glittering with a marble-like whiteness. The vast space thus obtained within was utilized in many ways.

Level as is the surface thus obtained by almost incredible labor, it covers wonders unsuspected, for the ground is perfectly honeycombed with cisterns hewn in the rock; the largest being south of the central height. All appear to have been connected together by rock-cut channels, though their size was so great in some cases that, as a whole, they could probably store more than 10,000,000 gallons of water; one cistern, known as the "Great Sea," holding no less than 2,000,000 gallons. The supply for this vast system of reservoirs seems to have been obtained from springs, wells, rain and aqueducts at a distance. It is, indeed, a question whether any natural springs existed in or near Jerusalem, except the Fountain of the Virgin in the Kedron valley. The Mosque here has the advantage of space and elevation. Think how enhanced would be the effect of many of the great



MOSQUE OF OMAR

world buildings were they not huddled in among others; were they, instead, in the middle of a forty acre area and that elevated in the center; this mosque, therefore, shows to the very best advantage and is the most perfect of its kind of architecture in the world.

Nearly in the center of the great space is a raised platform of 550 feet from north to south, and 450 feet from east to west, about 16 feet high, reached by broad steps, and on this stands the so-called Dome of the Rock, or Mosque of Omar, built over the naked top of Mount Moriah, whence Mohammed is fabled to have ascended to heaven. Dated inscriptions from the Koran represent that it was built between the years A. D. 688 and A. D. 693, under the reign of Caliph Abd-el-Melek.

Let us sit on this stone for a prospect. The whole precinct is paved with stone, or shall we say roofed, remembering the underground constructions of stables and cisterns, and it looks like some solid city plaza, gleaming white in the sunlight, except where a lone cypress tree casts its dark shadow on the pavement.

The view is heterogeneous, but withal possesses a certain consistency difficult to explain, for it has not the unity of, for instance, the Taj Mahal, India's gem, nor of Salisbury cathedral.

The Dome of the Rock is indeed of good lines, but it rises from a body whose straight-lined roofs, and low eight-sided walls are only partially redeemed from squattiness, by the elevated position. This raised platform about 550 feet from north to south and about 450 feet from east to west, is surrounded by a multitude of chapels, fountains, arcades, gateways and pulpits.

The fountain is the necessary adjunct to the praying place. The many ablutions prescribed in Islam are a prelude to the prayer. They are sanitary as well as devotional. After the washing come the different prostrations. Watch that devotee and be ashamed of the flippancy of many at prayer or at church in Christian lands! First he falls on his knees; then bends to earth touching it with his forehead. After remaining a few minutes, he raises his body, kneeling back on his heels, with hands placed open on his thighs, then raises them to his ears, thumbs inwards, as if listening to the voice of God. This posture always reminds me of the words: "Thou hast perfected ears for me," Ps. lx. 6.

The prayer is not the "O Lord thou knowest" of the minister, nor is it the gushing of the Christian heart communing with God. These may have part also, but it is commonly reciting or reading sentences from the Koran, or the repetition of the ninety-nine names of God. These are counted on prayer beads, of pearl or ivory for the wealthy, or bone, stone

or berries for the poor. The strings I noticed mostly had thirty-three beads. I suppose, therefore, they divide the whole into three parts as we do the Rosary. They call it *Reckah*, a "round of the beads" as the Irish say.

One must not judge the Mohammedans guilty of profanity because the name of Allah is so often on their lips. Not even in western taking of God's name in vain is there always malice; it is a habit, albeit a reprehensible one, when done without reverence and uselessly; but the Mohammedan is enjoined by the Koran "to celebrate Allah abundantly." And their customary devotion is to call on Him with the ninety-nine names of Deity. There is something certainly to command our admiration in the continual thought of God and in attributing everything to Him, if only they would not permit it to run into fatalism, which unfortunately they do—just as we go practically to the other extreme and exclude God's action from everyday occurrences. "Paddle your own canoe," takes Divinity out of life; but "What will be, will be" prevents progress. As they pass a bead through their hands they invoke one of the names:

Ya Ar-Rahman! Oh Merciful One!

Ar-Raheem! The Compassionate!

Al-Malik! The King!

Ya Rakib! Oh Watchful One!

Ya Karim! Oh Generous!

Ya Hassib! Oh Reckoner!

Ya Kuds! Oh Holy One!

Ya Haffiz! Oh Preserver!

Ya Latif! Oh Mild One!

Ya Aziz! Oh Strong One!

Ya Hakim! Oh Physician!

It is a wonderful litany! It is not only at the prescribed times that Allah is on the Moslem's lips but all through the day:

"Before the East is red

A hundred prayers of Allah has he said."

Before ascending the platform, we wander around the square. Here we are in the very thick of Mohammedan traditions, and superstitions. Facing the southern door of the Mosque is a quadruple-arched gateway to which is suspended, so fancy the Moslems, the balance on which on the day of judgment the good and bad deeds of men will be weighed. After the judgment they will be obliged to pass over the invisible bridge, sharp as the edge of a sword, leading from the Mosque el Aksa, in the south end of the enclosure, to the top of Mount Olivet over the Valley of Jehosaphat.

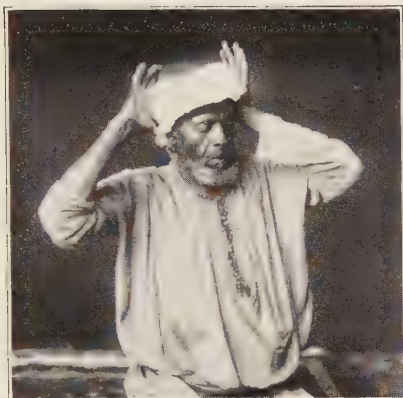
This bridge is narrow; but the good souls will have nothing to fear as their angels will bear them up; but woe to those unescorted by angel hand, they will be precipitated into the Kedron and into Gehenna! South of this gateway is a great circular basin to which steps lead down and in which is a circular vase from which the water spouts forth through eight apertures, coming from the Sealed Fountain south of Bethlehem. These arcaded gateways are very beautiful, as should be where their whole end is beauty—there are no gates.

We may laugh at the credulity of Moslems; but these traditions not merely the presentment in their manner of the very truths that all Christians recognize of the narrow way over which alone is salvation; of an inevitable weighing of our life in the scales of God; of a judgment; of a condemnation for the wicked, and of a salvation for the faithful, angel-watched? *Ya Hakim!*

We ascend about twenty steps toward the grand central dome, the Kubbet es Sakhras, Dome of the Rock. The name Mosque of Omar is given in honor of Caliph Omar, who in 636 took Jerusalem and cleared this platform and intended building the Mosque, which, however, was reserved for his successor, Abdul Melik, towards the end of the same century. In their hatred of everything that recalled Judaism, the Christians, after they came into power under Constantine, neglected the site of Solomon's Temple, nay, converted it into the public dumping ground for rubbish and filth. Helena made no attempt to build on it, and the effort of Julian to rebuild the Temple evoked the liveliest resentment in the hearts of Christians, gained him the title of Apostate and even, according to the popular belief, brought globes of fire from the earth to render the restoration impossible. At any rate the work was discontinued, and so it remained until the time of Caliph Omar, who, having cleared away the rubbish, made it a place of prayer. Before building the Kubbet es Sakhras, Abd el Melik made a small model which he erected east of the present mosque and which now is called the Dome of the Chain.

Of late the opinion seems growing, supported by Dr. Sepp of Munich and Architect Schick of Jerusalem, that the Mosque of Omar, in its essential features was originally of Christian origin, dating from the reign of Justinian about 530, and certainly it bears the impress of Byzantine as well as Moorish architecture.

It is built in octagonal form, each of the sides being sixty-seven feet long. At a height of about thirty feet it is drawn in and roofed over, with a roof of low pitch; from the center rises the immense circular dome, slightly gothic-pointed, to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, sup-



covered our shoes with slippers,—a sort of Protestant justification, covering up of one's sins. Let no one scoff at the Mohammedan for taking off his shoes when he enters his mosque. There is reason in this practice, for it obviates the noise and dirt that shoes bring in; there is, moreover, Scripture authority for it, yea, the command of God Himself to Moses from the burning bush: "Take off thy

shoes for the ground whereon thou treadest is holy!" Ex.iii.5.

There is sentiment, also, for it symbolizes the laying aside of the world and of self and of soil when we come into the presence of God; would that all would enter their holier temples so prepared.

ported on four immense square pillars and twelve columns thirty feet high, visible on the inside, the lower portion of which, like an *entersol*, is pierced with windows fitted in with

arabesque grill-work, with the dome proper, unpierced by openings, covered with copper and ending in the golden crescent of Islam.

But we must go inside the mosque. Four entrances lead into it from the cardinal points. The gate of Paradise, Bab el Jenneh, to the north; the gate of prayer, Bab el Kibleh, to the south; Bab el Gharb, the west gate; and gate of David to the east.

We enter the west gate, having



POSTURES AT PRAYER

Inside the mosque is 152 feet across. A screen divided by piers and columns of great beauty follows the lines of the eight sides, at a distance of thirteen feet from them, and, then, within this, at a further distance of thirty feet, is a second screen, round the sacred top of the mountain, relieved in the same way with pillars, which support aloft the beautiful dome, sixty-six feet wide at its base. Outside, the height of the wall is thirty-six feet and it is pierced below by four doors. For sixteen feet from the platform it is cased in different colored marbles, but at that height there is an exquisite series of round arches, seven on each face, two thirds of them pierced for windows, the rest with only blind panels. The upper part was at one time inlaid with mosaics of colored and gilt glass, but these are now gone. The whole wall above the marble casing, is covered with enameled tiles, showing elaborate designs in various colors; a row in blue and white on which are verses of the Koran in interlaced characters running round the top. The piers of the screens are cased in marble and their capitals gilded; the screens themselves which are of fine wrought iron being very elaborate, while the arches under the dome are ornamented with rich mosaics embroidered above by verses from the Koran, and an inscription stating when the mosque was built, the whole in letters of gold. The walls and dome glitter with the richest colors, in part those of mosaics, and the stained glass in the windows exceeds, for beauty, any I have seen elsewhere, while rich arabesques lead the vision up into the great dome from which hang suspended by silk cords, many lamps and from which floats a suspended baldachin of gold-wrought damask. Under the roof of the lower portion too, hang numberless lamps, whose soft radiance is reflected from swinging, golden spheres. It is indeed a place of enchantment. The light of the sun entering through windows of exquisite stained glass, unites with that from the many lamps to form a religious atmosphere that one can never forget. There could, indeed, I should suppose, be no building more perfectly lovely than the Mosque of Omar.

But we have not asked what is all this grandeur for? Is there the real presence of Jesus as in our church? No! Is here the tomb of a Prophet, King, General or Statesman? Again no! *This building is to cover a stone!*

Enclosed in an iron grating that equals the dome in size and shape is seen the "Rock" for which this is the "Dome." It is the original stone of the mountain top, part of the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite; it saw not only the winnowing of the chaff from the grain, but it saw the obedience of Abraham, it was the Mountain of Vision: "Go to the mountain that I shall show thee." "In the mountain God will see." Here

he winnowed hearts and lives. Here is the rock that saw the fire descend from heaven to consume David's sacrifice; the rock that felt the Ark of the Covenant; the rock that was support for Solomon's Temple in its glory, and also that temple in which our Lord appeared. No wonder that this spot is holy to all nations of earth. The blood of the altar of holocausts has flowed over it. We need not be dismayed by the numerous myths that Islamism has brought together here; there is enough of Scripture fact after the dense mist of superstitions has been dissipated, to warrant our veneration.

This rock is about sixty feet long by forty broad. It stands about four feet nine inches high, at the highest point; but is irregular. At the south-west corner is shown the footprint of Mohammed, and on the west the handprint of Gabriel, where the Angel held it down by main force, when it was following Mohammed, ascending to heaven on El Borak like the poet on Pegasus. To the Mohammedan it is "the Rock of Paradise; the source of the Rivers of Heaven; the place of prayer of all prophets; the foundation stone of the world."

Although the rock is inclosed in a double fence—one of wrought iron grill, and another inside of carved wood—there is a place at the south-western angle where one may pass his hand through and touch the stone itself and the footprint. To the south is the standard of the Prophet, rolled up about his lance. What a conquest that flag has made, that even today there are nearly a hundred and seventy-five millions in the errors of Islam!

We see also the so-called saddles of El Borak. Before the Gate of Paradise is a slab of jasper in which were nineteen golden nails, and the Mohammedan believes that at the end of each century one of the nails detaches itself and betakes itself to Allah's throne to solidify itself! The Devil, who is ever bent on mischief, one day was found taking out the nails so as to terminate the world; but was routed by Gabriel. There remain three and one half nails.

Twenty camel-loads of rosewater from Aleppo were needed by Saladin to purify these walls and columns after the Crusaders had used it as a church.

Underneath the Sakhras is a cave to which we descend by fifteen steps at the southeastern corner. Here we have the Rock itself for a ceiling and for walls the stone of the mountain. This crypt is about thirty feet in diameter and seven feet high. Below this again there is a well called by the Moslems "The Well of Souls," Bir el Arauah. Here they believe the souls of dead Mussulmans assemble twice a week to adore God.

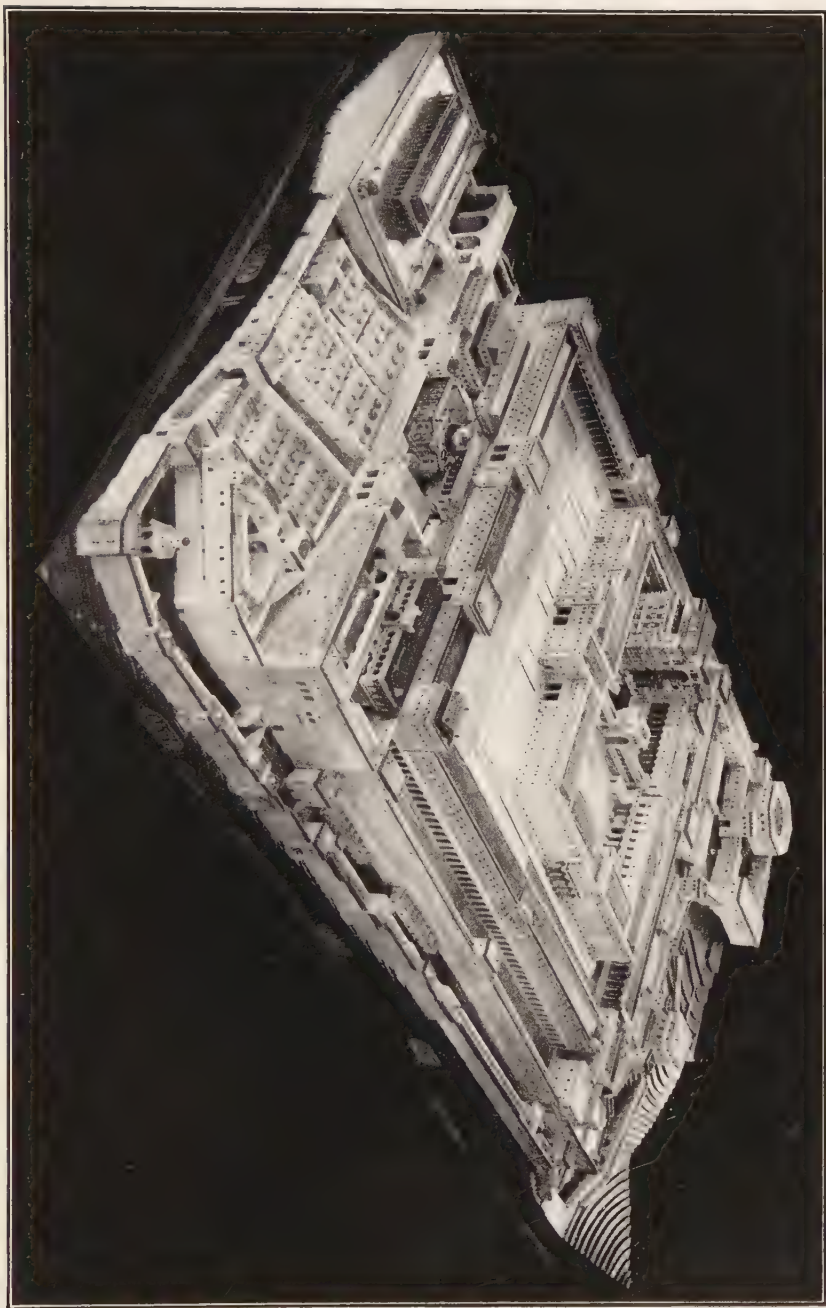
Brother Lieven well suggests that this would be a cistern for the use of the threshing place, either for water, or, if dry, for storing the threshed grain. Such granaries and water-tanks are still to be seen near the threshing areas in Palestine. Indeed, underground Jerusalem would make a history in itself; it is not known how much of this whole Mount Moriah is honeycombed with cisterns. The Mohammedans will not allow excavations to be made. In 1911 an Englishman, secreted, made excavations; for permitting which the governor of the city lost his job. The result of the "find" is not published.

In all these places so sacred, tourists should behave as pilgrims, not only in veneration of the places, but out of respect to the feelings of the Mussulmans. They are liable to resent any apparent irreverence. The party that followed us—a Clark party—were fired at six times by a fanatical pilgrim from Mecca who was praying here, and who thought they were making fun of his prostrations. Two ladies were wounded by the bullets, but fortunately not fatally.

Such is the mosque, at present occupying the site of Solomon's Temple. But our pilgrimage hither would be imperfect did we not mentally call up a picture of the House of God that Solomon erected here. David had indeed desired to build it, but was forbidden "because he was a man of blood."—1 Chron., ch. xxi. He was engaged in war, and he had provoked the Divine anger by his vanity in numbering his people. Here appeared the great angel, standing between the heavens and the earth, with drawn sword in hand outstretched over Jerusalem. The angel to whom Jehovah said: "It is enough," and the pestilence was stayed—pestilence chosen by pious David rather than famine or war as, "Better to fall by the hand of God than of man." But he would offer sacrifice, and on this Mount Moriah, not yet in the possession of the Hebrews, so he bargains for the property and the smoke of acceptable sacrifice atones for his sin. Then he resolves on the great Temple that shall surpass anything the world has seen; and although not accomplished by him, yet may we not forget David's share and cooperation in the work. He prayed, he fasted, he planned. He gathered together precious materials and gave his son specifications and injunctions for the building. He wrote psalms, too, for its service. It was distinctly a mark of God's favor that his son Solomon should be the chosen builder with cedar and cypress and fir from Lebanon, with stone from the adjacent quarries, and with gold from Ophir, 120 talents, each worth 18,000 dollars, and with pearls and murex dyes from the sea to build and adorn the Temple to the living God.

While it would be manifestly unjust to judge it by comparison with

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE



the modern sky-scraping buildings of today, and in size it would be dwarfed by them, and while it is its spiritual supremacy that places it among the wonders of earth's buildings, still materially it was great. We may realize that greatness in the price paid to Hiram—twenty cities in Galilee; in the quantity of food that Solomon furnished for the workmen, "20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 measures of barley, 20,000 baths of wine and 20,000 baths of oil." These were to be furnished Hiram's men yearly. Of the workmen of Israel he had 30,000 in companies of 10,000 working one month out of three; 70,000 to carry burdens and 80,000 to hew stones, besides the overseers, who were three thousand; and this continued for seven years.

The importance of this Temple may be read in the thousands of sheep and oxen sacrificed on its altars; in the tens of thousands of worshipers who came up here as to the center of Jehovah's worship; we may read it in the testimony of Sheba's Queen "the half was not told me." She came unbelieving; she went away convinced of Solomon's wisdom who could unravel her riddles. We can read it in the splendor of the gold and silver from Ophir, in the sheen of the marble, and the glitter of the brass, in the smell of the fragrant cedar wood and the setim. One may form some kind of a picture, but all imperfect from the illustration. Especially can we feel its supremeness in the exultations of prophet and of patriarch.

Here the Hebrew realized his highest joy, as he meditated on what God had done for Israel, or on the prophecies for the future.

"Now in soft murmurs, now in loud exclamations of rapture, now in tones of sadness, now in triumphant singing, his heart uttered all its moods. His highest conception of felicity was expressed in the thought: 'to dwell in the House of God forever.'"

And then the splendor of processions with priest and Levite; with the silver trumpet and the harp and the psaltery; with the religious dances, at which even David had not scorned to assist; with the curses of the law and the manifold blessings; with the Hallel resounding through the arches and arcades and re-echoed from wall and from Olivet. The sacrifices smoking on Jehovah's altars, the secret holiness of the Sanctuary, the Mercy Seat, the cloud that enveloped the Holy of Holies, the Shechinah of the veritable presence of God—all forms a mental picture that thrills us.

How large a part sacrifice plays in every religion, except poor, self-disinherited Protestantism! Even in the false and idolatrous systems of Assyria, Greece and Rome, sacrifice was ever present, predominant; and in the true worship of Jehovah among the Jews what a multitude of sacrifices from the first fruits of vine and tree, of field and fold, to the

smoking altars of incense and the reeking pyres of holocausts of slaughtered animals.

Shall Christianity have no sacrifice? You say it has the one sacrifice of all time, the death of Jesus. And you say right. But if the sacrifices of the Hebrews were necessary that by faith in the future sacrifice, the efficacy of that death, not yet accomplished, might be applied to the men of those days, how much more befitting and natural that *after* the event God would provide some means to bring the sacrifice of Jesus to each heart and life continually. If sacrifice is necessary to religion, shedding of blood is essential to the highest sacrifice. We may wonder at it; in sentimental moments we may condemn it as cruel, but we have the highest of sanctions in saying "without the shedding of blood, no remission of sin." Heb. ix. 22.

Away back in history's first page we see two brothers offering sacrifice; Cain offers only products of earth—he will not offer blood—and his sacrifice is rejected. We must offer something higher than earth's fruits; we must offer ourselves; and because self-murder is not allowed, man symbolizes it by offering the living victim of the flock, Abel's offering, which God accepts.

Let us take a glance at the Temple sacrifice. Never before nor since, not in paganism, not even in the elaborate worship of the Christian Mass was there ever beheld such splendor of outward ritual, and such depth of heartfelt awe and adoration as was witnessed in the Temple of Solomon.

Take the morning sacrifice. The priests and Levites were assembled before dawn—the trumpeter with lip on brass—all attentive to the glowing east, and as the day awoke, the echoes of all these hills were wakened: "Hills and valleys bless Jehovah!" And from all the houses of the city, now lying so silent, swelled the hymn of praise; every voice was raised as the strain ascended; every head and body and heart bended down as the grass bends at the passing breeze, when the psalm burst forth where the Shechinah of God's visible presence was manifested.

Why the need of all this exterior pomp? Why? Why not? After all, that was the God-appointed divine worship; its details planned under His bidding. The Jewish people required the visible and the physical perhaps more than we; but can we divest ourselves of the need of the external? We with eyes and ears, exterior gates of the invisible? And so there was something never to be forgotten in a sacrifice offered up with such pomp, and attended by the whole nation with a multitudinous heart that throbbed as one! And therefore we may fittingly extol the magnificence of the Mass that unites a people in worship; even while we sympathize with

those who find a certain unfitness in the frequency of low Mass, especially when offered simultaneously on many side-altars as in Italy and France, with tourists trooping through the church. *Quotidiana vilescent.*

*"Oh! if the Holy Sacrifice were made
Once in a lifetime on some mountain's head;
How would the nations haste from plain and shore
To praise and love, to wonder and adore!"*

But this thought must not be carried too far, for the daily sacrifice and sacrament are also the daily need.

And what a wide, embracing prayer is Solomon's! "That there shall never fail a man of his race to sit upon the throne of Israel as long as they walk in God's law."

"That whoever shall pray in this Temple hear Thou him from Thy dwelling place."

"If a man sin against his neighbor and come here to swear against him, turn Thou his wickedness and make it fall upon his own head."

"If thy people are overcome by their enemies and, being converted, do penance, hear Thou from Heaven, and bring them back into the land that Thou gavest to them, and their fathers."

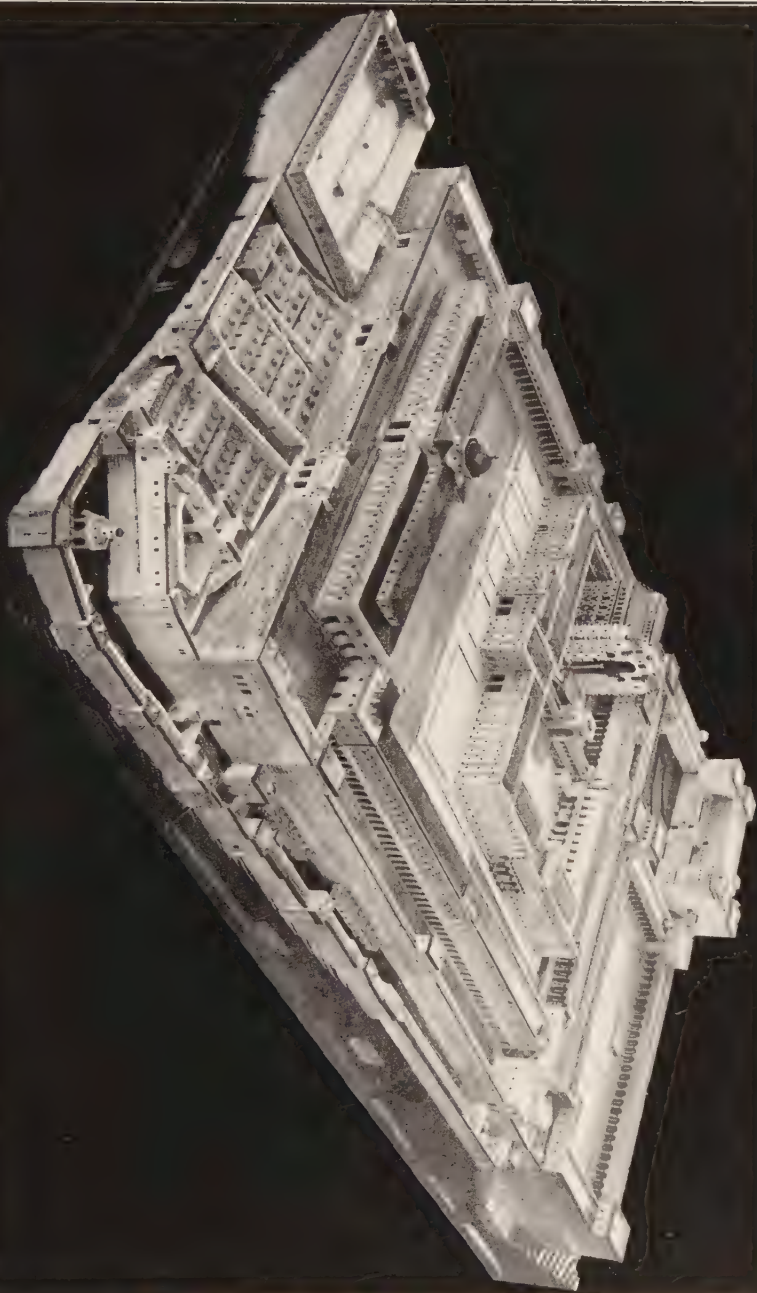
"If the heavens be shut up, and no rain fall by reason of the sins of this people and they shall pray to Thee in this place, hear Thou from Heaven and teach them the good way, and give rain to Thy land."

"If a famine arise, or a pestilence, or a blasting of a mildew, or locusts or caterpillars, or if their enemies waste the country and besiege the cities, then if any of the people of Israel knowing his own scourge, shall spread forth his hands in this place and pray, hear Thou from Thy high dwelling place, and forgive, that they may fear Thee and walk in Thy ways."

"If Thy people go out to war against thine enemies in the way that Thou shalt send them, hear Thou their prayers and avenge them; and if they sin against Thee and are led away captive, when they take it to heart and turning say: 'We have sinned; we have done wickedly; we have dealt unjustly'; and return to Thee with all their heart, then hear Thou their prayers and do judgment and forgive Thy people, although they have sinned, for Thou art God."

Even the Gentile is to gain blessings in this temple!

"If the stranger who is not of Thy people Israel, come from a far country and adore in this place, hear Thou from Heaven Thy firm dwelling, and do all that for which the stranger shall call upon Thee."



HEROD'S TEMPLE

Surely such prayers will take Heaven by storm; and so, "Solomon having made an end of his prayer fire came down from Heaven and consumed the holocausts and the victims, and the majesty of the Lord filled the Temple." 2 Chron. ch. vi *passim*.

Though David was gathered to his fathers and did not see the glory of the Temple, yet did his psalms resound through its halls and corridors.

A psalm for Asaph the chief singer: "How good is God to them that are of a right heart."

A psalm for the instrument of six chords: "His place is in peace, His abode is in Zion."

Unto the end, for the wine presses: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles! sing aloud to the God of Jacob, take the harp and bring hither the timbrel."

For the sons of Core: "Enter His gates with thanksgiving, His portals with praise."

Unto the end, a Canticle for the Sabbath: "They that are planted in the House of the Lord shall flourish like the palm tree."

Imperfect again would be our visit here did we not picture the second temple over which the Jews wept because it did not equal the Solomonian. That temple of Herod, albeit of lessened splendor, is of special interest to the Christian, for here came the long-promised One; came mother-borne and flanked by two young pigeons to be presented as a Babe; came parent-led at the age of twelve years to be the wonder of the Doctors; came in manhood, in zeal for His Father's house to drive out the traffickers; came in wisdom to teach, and in love to work miracles; came tempter-led to the pinnacle of this temple to hear the words: "If Thou be the Son of God cast Thyself down."; came mercy-impelled to rescue the woman taken in sin, from those who dared not throw the first stone—themselves sinful—to save her from the executioners but to also lift her from her sin; came to praise the widow's mite above the lavish giving of the rich and vainglorious; came in spirit prophetic to foretell this temple's downfall: "There shall not be left a stone upon a stone"; came Hosanna-heralded on that Palm Sunday with its last gleam of earthly radiance on His life. With what new interest we read these incidents in Luke and John!

Not distracting ourselves with the *interregnums* when Nebuchadnezzar's fire had licked up the beauty of Solomon's Temple, as of some virgin-martyr at the stake; when Titus' army had made Jerusalem a *heap*, and left not a stone upon a stone; when Christian dread of return to Judaism had neglected it to the cactus thickets—let us picture it as our Lord's eye would rest upon it.

The Herodian Temple followed in its main features the plan of Solomon's, surrounded by vast colonnades and porticos; the porch of Solomon to the east, the porch of Herod to the south and with the northern and western galleries, it was well sheltered from the world and expressed the segregation of the Jew from the Gentile. For these latter there were courts north and south, but labelled large on the posts was the injunction not to enter farther under pain of death.

The next is the court of the Jews enclosing the court of the women. It was here that Mary brought the Child Jesus on the day of her Purification. It was here that Holy Simeon took Him in his arms in rapture and in contentment sang his "*Nunc Dimittis*." Here rose that song: "Now Thou mayest dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation; salvation that Thou hast prepared in the sight of all peoples; a light to the revelations of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." But it is not all joy: "This Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign that shall be contradicted." And to Mary: "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce." Is Jesus for the ruin of many? Yes! verily, if they reject Him. A despised grace is more than lost, it turns to curse. O neglected opportunities!

Here, too, came Anna the daughter of Phanuel of the tribe of Aser—the faithful in wifhood, the holy in widowhood.

From this, steps ascended to the court of the priests surrounding the Altar of Holocausts open to the sky. It stood on the great rock which is in the present mosque. In this court was the basin of molten brass supported by twelve oxen of heroic size. Ascending still higher was the sanctuary flanked by two columns *Yakin* and *Booz*—Foundation and Power. They were merely ornamental and were doubtless copied from the entrances to Egyptian temples. Then rose the pylon with two square towers 106 feet high, forming a vestibule to the sanctuary, which consisted of the Holy Place 70 x 36 feet and 50 feet high, in which the Altar of Incense, at which Zachary was ministering in his turn, rolling heavenward the clouds of perfume in the midst of ten candelabra of seven branches and the loaves of propitiation, and here heaven announced to him that he would be the father of the great Precursor, Luke i, 5-42.

The inmost chamber was the Holy of Holies, 36 feet square. Before the Captivity it contained the Ark of the Covenant, which held the tablets of Sinai, the rod of Aaron that had bloomed, and a vessel of manna. In our Lord's time it was separated from the outer chamber by a hanging of richly embroidered silk. Some commentaries suppose that this was the "veil of the temple that was rent in two from the top to the bottom" at the

death of Christ, Mark xv. 38. Others surmise that the "veil" was the wall separating the Jews' from the Gentiles' court, and its rending symbolized the death of our Lord which should annihilate all intervening obstacles to the brotherhood of man. The "beautiful gate of the Temple" at which St. Peter cured the lame man (Acts iii, 1-2) was to the east of the court of Israel. The collection box into which the widow dropped her mite (Luke ch. xxi) and evoked praise that will ring down the ages louder than the gold of the rich, hung on the outside wall of the court of the priests.

East of the court of the Gentiles were shops whose proprietors in their eagerness to drive bargains forced themselves into the sacred precincts from whence they were driven by our Lord with a whip of cords. "My house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." John ii, 13.

In the successive stages of this Temple we may see the development of the true worship of God: the Ark of the Covenant *versus* the gods of Baal; the wandering Tabernacle becoming stationary in the Temple of Solomon; this Temple on Moriah *versus* that one on Gerizim; the Christian Temple of Justinian supplanting that of Herod; the Cross of the Crusaders driving out the Crescent. Why, oh, why is there a retrogression again to the Moslem? "*Nescio ego, Deus scit.*"

This temple has seen thus successively triumphant the three great religions of the world, Judaism, Christianity, Islamism.

It is not in irreverent curiosity, but to find, if it may be, Bible illustrations that we note the postures of the Mohammedans at prayer. Jeremiah xxxi, 19 says: "After thou didst convert me I struck my thigh." The Turk, kneeling back on his heels is seen to clap his hands against his thighs; it reminds one of Ezekiel xxi. 12, "Cry and howl, strike upon thy thighs."

Three postures especially are noticeable: (1) The standing position, during which salaams and bows are made, hand to forehead or to breast; (2) the kneeling—after throwing themselves back on their heels and putting their thumbs to their ears, extending the fingers, "*ures perfecisti mihi*" is the comical suggestion of this attitude to my mind); (3) the prostrate, in which, kneeling, they bend the body to the earth touching the ground with the forehead.

The Koran is often outspread on a cushion or stool in front. Instead of being self-conscious or ashamed they oftener appear abstracted (not *distracted*) in the crowd and probably do not merit the reproach of our Lord for those "who make long prayers in the market place that they may be seen of men."

The prescribed times of prayer are five: shortly before dawn; at noon; in the middle of the afternoon; at sunset and two hours after sunset. How



COLONNADE OF OMAR

perfectly these times show God as the All in All for the Mohammedan! Not for nothing does every mosque have its *kibleh*, that hollowed prayer niche, pointing to Mecca. Faith must have a direction in order that it may be focused and not be squandered,—looking nowhere while it looks everywhere. The Incarnation was the focusing of God, the blessed sacrament is the focusing of Jesus. Unhappy the religion that possesses no *kibleh*, that has no orientation!

We return to the refreshment of out of doors.

Again looking around us we notice that the elevated platform is ascended by several flights of stone steps; three in the west, two in the south, one in the east side, and two insignificant ones on the north. Some of these flights are spanned by gateways—really beautiful features—arcades of light and airy architecture, of two, three and four arches. There are several elegant praying places prominent among which are the Dome of the Ascension, the Dome of Gabriel, and the Dome of the Chain; especially beautiful is the Mimbar Burhan ed Din, in the southeastern corner, constructed in the fifteenth century entirely of marble—a most exquisite and perfect specimen of Saracenic architecture, with its little open dome over the preacher or priest's head, with its rich arabesques on stair and panel,

and its horseshoe arches resting on slender, clustered columns, and passing into the more perfect Gothic arch of the gateway adjacent.

From this Mimbar (pulpit) the Imam attached to the mosque, gives out the prayers and exhortations to the faithful; especially is it in use during Ramedan time, when a sermon is preached every Friday to the people fasting and seated on the stone pavement.

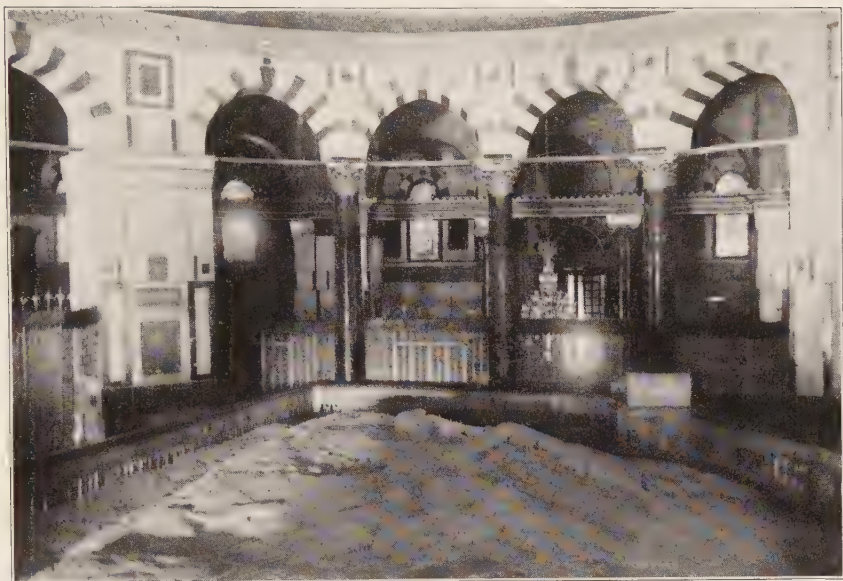
From all the splendor of the Dome of the Rock we rejoice to get again under the dome of heaven.

You could wander day after day through one part or another of the strange sights of the Temple enclosure and never tire. In one place is a Mohammedan pulpit with its straight stair, and a beautiful canopy resting on light pillars—a work of special loveliness. Minarets rise at different points around, enhancing the picturesque effect. Fountains, venerable oratories and tombs dot the surface. The massive Golden gate still stands towards the center of the eastern wall, though long since built up from a tradition that the Chrisians would one day re-enter it in triumph. Seen from the inside it is a massive structure, with a flat, low-domed roof, carved pilasters, and numerous small arches, slowly sinking into decay. It was always the chief entrance to the Temple from the east, but, apart from later tradition, would seem to have been kept closed from a very early period. In its present form, the gateway dates from the third or perhaps the sixth century after Christ, and till A. D. 810 there was a flight of steps from it down to the Kedron valley.

During the time of the Crusaders the gate was opened on Palm Sunday, to allow the Patriarch to ride in upon an ass, amidst a great procession, bearing palm branches, and strewing the ground before him with their clothes in imitation of the entry of Christ. But it will, I fear, be long before a representative of the true Messiah rides through it again.

Through this gate Heraclius bore the True Cross after Chosroes, the Persian, was forced to return it, as a condition of peace. The king laid aside his regal garments and crown before he felt worthy to carry such a load.

As we passed out of the mosque by the David, or Chain gate, we saw opposite us a domed structure, an open pavilion, the Kubbet es Silsileh, David's Place of Judgment; it is called Dome of the Chain from the fable that from here extends the chain to heaven, up which souls must climb. It was here that David judged the people, where in place of swearing them on the Bible, they were obliged to hold one end of a chain of which God held the other, and if they swore falsely, a link would detach itself and convict them of perjury.



THE HOLY ROCK

Scattered round the enclosures are the different domes: Kubbet el Miraj, Dome of the Ascension; Kubbet en Nebi, Dome of the Prophet; Kubbet el Arwah, Dome of the Spirits; Kubbet el Khidr, St. George's Dome, and the fountain Sebil Kait Bei. Off to our right is the Mosque el Aksa.

The Golden gate is directly in front of us. Not to ascend this would be to miss one of the opportunities of life. Some fine specimens of the Bugloss flower are growing from the cracks in the pavement, as we cross over to the double gate, which has been closed ever since the time of the Moslem victory over the Crusaders.

The walls here enlarge themselves to a very respectable-sized building, making a large chamber used as a mosque; it is in great part on a lower level than the Harem area and is lighted by a double dome. We ascend to the top of the walls by a flight of steps, and from this point of vantage enjoy a view eastward.

The valley of Jehosaphat is 150 feet below us; we see the tomb of the Virgin, el Jesmanieh, so-called by the Arabs from its being in the Garden of Gethsemane. It has a pretentious facade, with large arches, closed in however with stone, till reduced to the size of an ordinary door. Turning our gaze to the right we see the enclosed Garden of Gethsemane, the Memorial of Absalom, the rock-cut tombs, the stony Kedron's brook-

bed, the steep ascent of Olivet, its slope studded with churches or cluttered with gravestones, or tremulous with olive groves, and its top crowned with the church of the Ascension, and the Russian tower. Further, the eye reaches down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea with line beyond line of billowy hills, greyer beyond grey.

Ezekiel gives us a picture of this scene; he was of the priestly order and had doubtless stood here often. Though inspired, and his recital an allegory, the local description would be doubtless taken from eye experience:

"And he brought me again to the gate of the house: and behold, waters issued from under the threshold of the house toward the east; for the fore-front of the house looked to the east; but the waters came down to the right side* of the temple, to the south part of the altar.

"And he led me out by the way of the north gate; and he caused me to turn to the way without the outward gate, to the way that looked toward the east: and behold, there ran out waters on the right side.

"And when the man that had the line in his hand went out towards the east, he measured a thousand cubits: and he brought me through the water up to the ankles.

"And again he measured a thousand: and he brought me through the water up to the knees.

"And he measured a thousand: and he brought me through the water up to the loins.

"And he measured a thousand: and it was a torrent, which I could not pass over; for the waters were risen so as to make a deep torrent, which could not be passed over.

"And he said to me: Surely thou hast seen, O son of man. And he brought me out: and he caused me to turn to the bank of the torrent. And when I had turned myself, behold, on the bank of the torrent were very many trees on both sides.

"And he said to me: These waters that issue forth towards the hillocks of sand to the east, and go down to the plains of the desert, shall go into the sea, and shall go out, and the waters shall be healed.

"And every living creature that creepeth whithersoever the torrent shall come, shall live: and there shall be fishes in abundance after these waters shall come thither: and they shall be healed; and all things shall live to which the torrent shall come.

"And the fishers shall stand over these waters; from Engedi even to Engallim there shall be drying of nets: there shall be many sorts of fishes thereof, as the fishes of the great sea, a very great multitude." Ezek., ch. xlvii. This describes well the outlook down the Kedron where the stream



MOSQUE EL AKSA

would enlarge, down through the Valley of Fire,—Wady en Nar to Engedi, the Arabic Ain Jiddy, and Engallim, not yet identified, to the Dead Sea.

Thompson remarks: "To retain the measurements of the prophet, at the end of the first thousand cubits—directly below us—from where the waters ran out, 'the waters were to the ankles.' Farther down, near the Pool of Siloam, the stream, much enlarged, reappears: 'the waters were to the knees.' At the end of the third thousand cubits, below the well of Joab, where the water even now bursts out from many places, forming a lively mill stream, 'the waters were to the loins.' This, however, only occurs, in our day, during the long continued and heavy rains. I saw such an outflow once, and then many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem were gathered there in holiday costume, rejoicing at the rare event, which is believed to promise a prosperous year and abundant harvests. Farther down, still other tributaries swell the volume of the stream until it becomes a river, the 'waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over.'"

Probably as some have thought, there is herein a prophecy of future fertility for Judea; but, even if so, it would not militate against the spiritual interpretation; for in Scripture there are often two meanings, and both of them intended by God. We may well, therefore, see in Ezekiel's vision the

mystic river of redemption through the revelation of God's word, and especially through the blood of Christ—a river that broadens and deepens as the ages progress, bringing life to all that it reaches.

That vivifying stream must come from the Temple and the Altar; from the center of the true religion, wherever that may be,—at Jerusalem in the Old Testament, at Rome in the New—from the sacrifice of the Cross and its application to us in the sacrifice of the Mass, and in Holy Communion.

One cannot travel intelligently in Palestine without some knowledge of the dominant religion, which is Mohammedan. "Islam" is the name its adherents prefer, which means "submission to the will of God," an excellent rule in Christian heart and mouth, but here is merely another word for fatalism. Their great motto is: "There is but one God and Mohammed is His Prophet." To utter these words is to be a Mohammedan. As Christians believe in only one God, the difference will be found in the Mohammedan denial of the Trinity of Persons.

Islam, therefore, must be ranked with Unitarianism, theoretically; Unitarianism that ignores the essential tripleness of everything as Coventry Patmore so well shows in his *Religio poetæ*—everything existing by virtue of being a trinity; in other words, everything is Thesis, Antithesis and Synthesis.

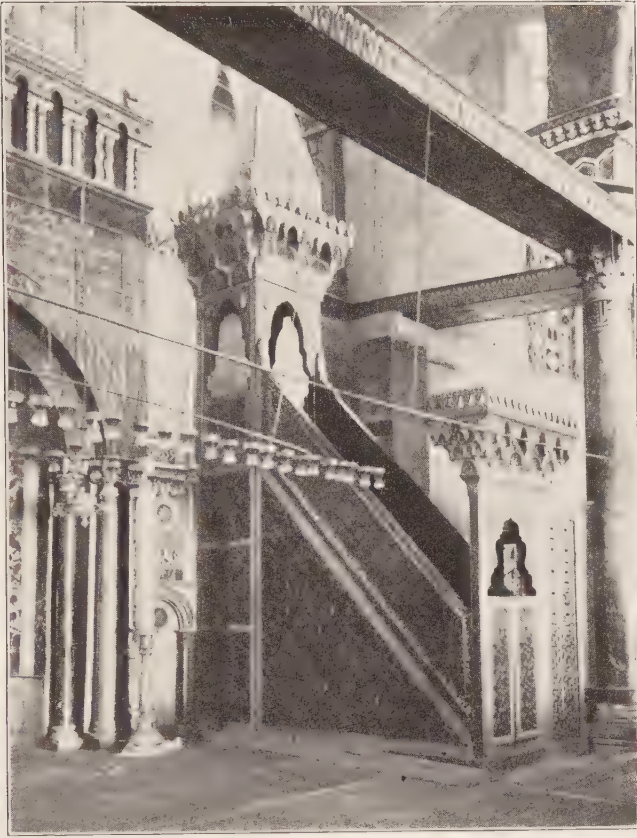
Trinitarianism is then the only rationally true idea of God,—a three-fold relationship, which we call persons, in a oneness of nature.

From conversation with Turks I am convinced that their minds cannot grasp the fact that the Trinity of Persons does not destroy the unity; and this inability of intellect is not supplemented by faith. "God is not so constituted that he could have a son," is inscribed on the wall of Omar's Mosque, and the idea of son seems to them fleshy and gross. Is it from the same lack of intellectuality and acceptance on faith that the Unitarian has excluded himself from Christianity?

Practically, Islam is fatalism with all the attendant evils of fatalism. In the modern scientific idea of *being* and *becoming*, fatalism is the *refusal to evolve*, and in this we see the reason for the unprogressiveness of Egypt, and Palestine and Turkey. "What will be, will be," leaves no use for effort. *Maleish!*

Though the Moslem places Mohammed as the last and greatest prophet, he also venerates Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and especially Jesus, "Issa," and also shows respect to Sitti Miriam, the Blessed Virgin. He is almost a Jew in his veneration of Old Testament heroes; he is almost a Catholic in love for Mary.

They have a multitude of inferior gods, good and bad, especially the



PULPIT OF AKSA MOSQUE

Jan or evil spirit, which it is a great part of their duty to propitiate in their own behalf. Hence the offering of rags on trees.

They venerate the tombs of their holy men; no object is oftener seen than the *Mukams* that dot the land everywhere—the whitewashed, square-walled, round-domed shrines.

We ask ourselves is there no good in this religion of Mohammed? I inquired of a Mohammedan if they would let me join them? He answered: "Don't do it. Islam is best for us, Christianity for you." May this not be true, in a sense? May there not be doctrines in Mohammed's creed that suit them? The abstention from wine is certainly beneficial to these warm climates, as also the forbidment of pork, and their ablutions are sanitary.

Mohammedans give us again a salutary example by their devotion to prayer—five times a day they are required by their religion to kneel in prayer, and nowhere are they ashamed of it, and apparently not self-conscious, on the street or on ship-deck as well as at home or in mosque, will they spread their prayer-rug and offer their orisons, repeating the ninety-nine names of God. Well may Whittier exclaim:

*"The Moslem's prayer has shamed
My Christian knee unbent."*

How heartfelt their prayer is, I cannot tell, but the fact is there that it is a part of their lives, more than can be said of most Christians, and God is brought into almost every occurrence of daily life. To make the horse go it is "*Yallah Allah!*" God help you to walk! The retort if a thing does not last, "*Ed daim Allah!*" God alone endures! "*Allah youbarik biamrek!*" God bless your life.

That they should hold their Koran, whose good is from the Bible, and whose rubbish is from itself, in far higher estimation than the ordinary Christian holds the Holy Scriptures is a matter for profound shame to followers of Christ and inheritors of the Jewish sacred literature.

To us who prove the divinity of Christianity by its miraculous spread, it is perplexing to think of the rapid growth of Islam, under Mohammed. But one must remember that not only did Mohammed enforce his gospel at the sword's point, but that Mohammedanism is very far from the intellectual and unworldly faith and practice of the followers of Christ. To the Moslem were promised pleasure as an end of life here below, and as the reward hereafter; it was more akin to the license, mental and practical, that Protestantism introduced.

After the Dome of the Rock the most conspicuous and important feature of the Harem enclosure is the Aksa mosque. It is in the south end of the Temple area and obtains its name, the farthest, as the terminus most distant from Mecca to which his fabled steed Borak carried Mohammed in that wonderful flight through the darkness of the night.

In front of the mosque, 200 paces from the Mosque of Omar is a fountain basin guarded by four cypresses. Many are of the opinion that here was the molten sea spoken of in 2 Chron., ch. iv. It was of brass "the brim crisped like a lily and it held three thousand measures, and he set it toward the south." The water is supposed to come from the sealed fountain, Ras el Ain, south of Bethlehem.

There is nothing more astonishing than the amount of water cisterns under Jerusalem and particularly under the Harem enclosure. Mount



SOLOMON'S STABLES

Moriah is like the earth, more water than land. Warren computes the capacity of these here at 5,000,000 gallons.

We are now where was built the Millo, that filling up of the Tyropœan valley. On the south the Temple plateau has been extended over the declivity, of the Tyropœan or cheesemongers' valley, forming the subterranean chambers known as the stables of Solomon. Nor is it unlikely that he would seek to utilize them for this purpose, although the masonry of the present ones was in large part doubtless erected in the time of the Crusaders; still we know that Solomon did fill in this valley and, probably by reason of the taxes that the work would entail, caused a revolt among his people, as we read in 3 Kings xi. 27. "Jereboam also lifted up his hand against the king, and this is the cause of his rebellion against him, that Solomon built Millo and filled up the breach of the City of David." Nothing like taxes to make government unpopular! *Deus meus es tu, quia bonorum meorum non indiges.*

And this was the inception of the secession of the ten tribes and it is done by command of the Prophet Abiah, who, finding Jereboam alone in the field, takes his own new garment and divides it into twelve pieces and says to Jereboam: "Take to thee ten pieces for this saith the Lord: I will

rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and give thee ten tribes." These formed later the kingdom of Israel.

The mosque faces north and is low and spreading but quite picturesque. The slender cypresses piercing the blue like spires, and it is entered by five portals with Gothic-arched gateways, corresponding with the five internal naves. The center nave rises higher than the flanking ones and shows a clerestory pierced with round-arched windows in basilica style, while a low dome covers the south end, which broadens out, not into transepts making a Latin cross, but a Tau, T, which some have thought was the form of the Saviour's cross.

The dome is surmounted by the omnipresent gilded crescent of Moslemism. The Gothic doors are probably of later date than the rest. This mosque is generally considered to have been built by Justinian on the site, or somewhat west of a more ancient basilica dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Father Barnabas thinks Justinian's church was at the southeast corner over what is called the "Cradle of Jesus," and that the present mosque occupies the site of Solomon's House of the Forest.

We enter, having again exchanged our shoes for slippers or at least covered up our profane shoe-leather with them. The mosque is about 280 feet north and south by 180 east and west. The nave is divided by six rows of pillars of various sizes, and of differing styles of architecture, material brought together doubtless from older buildings—with timber beams, as is common in Arabic architecture, sustaining the roof. It is quite labyrinthine, squalid and dingy, and but coarsely decorated, but with its numerous columns reminds one faintly of Cordova.

Of these columns there are two that no traveler fails to squeeze himself through between, for if he can do so he is said to be sure of paradise! As the constant passage of the visitors of centuries has considerably worn the stone, the entrance to heaven is becoming easier! Lately, however, this opening has been closed up, since a fat gentleman stuck there and actually died before they could get him out!

Near the south end is the *Mihrab*, the niche, pointing toward Mecca, whither every true Mussulman prayer turns, and nearby a beautiful pulpit or *Mimbar*, sculptured at Aleppo by order of the Sultan Nur-ed-Din in 1145, and a double chapel with a two-fold *Mihrab*, one dedicated to Moses and one to Issa, Jesus.

In the center, north near the door, is a slab surrounded by a balustrade. According to Mussulmen it contains the remains of Nadab and Abiu, but the Chronicle of Hovenden relates that once an inscription stated that "Here lie the miserable men who martyred Blessed Thomas of Canter-

bury." Did De Broc, Fitzurse and William De Tracy make pilgrimage here and obtain pardon for their crime? Heaven grant it! But what of the king and the recreant bishops of England?

It was round this mosque that the greatest carnage raged in the last struggle between the Christians and the Moslems at the taking of Jerusalem from the Crusaders.

Coming out from the mosque we are glad to be in the sunshine again, and we picture in fancy what Solomon's dwelling was like. Authorities are divided as to where the house of David stood, and the more gorgeous palace of Solomon. We are probably on what was called the City of David, occupying the southern portion of the promontory between the Tyropoean and Kedron valleys. The dwelling of Solomon may have been where we stand. In 3 Kings, ch. viii we read that after he had built the Temple of the Lord Solomon built his own house, the House of the Forest of Libanus, and he covered the whole vault with boards of cedar, and it was held up by forty-five pillars, carved cedar trees, with a porch of pillars of fifty cubits in length and thirty cubits in breadth. And the foundations were of costly stones of ten cubits. And the Tyrian artificer cast two pillars in brass, each pillar eighteen cubits high with two capitals of molten brass, with a height of five cubits and net-work and chain-work wreathed together with wonderful art, with pomegranates and with lilies. And one pillar he called *Yakin*, foundation, and the other *Booz*, strength. We revel in the richness of this house. And when St. Paul calls the Church "the pillar and the ground of truth," our minds go back to these pillars. Every man who does not inherit an ancestral home should build a house. It is an education.

We proceed toward the southwest angle of the Temple area for visiting the so-called stables of Solomon.

But first we must see the little mosque called by the Mohammedans "Cradle of Christ." It is wonderful what veneration these Turks have for our Lord. This chamber now used as a mosque was called in Catholic times the Cradle of Jesus from the tradition that Mary and the Holy Child remained here over night on the occasion of the Presentation. Here probably occurred that other presentation of the young virgin, so admirably represented in Titian's picture at Venice.

*"Not once she paused her breath to take,
Not once cast back a homeward look;
As longs the hart his thirst to slake,
When noontide rages, in the brook,—
So longed that child to live for God."*

This little mosque is a square room and was probably the crypt of St. Mary's Basilica. A Byzantine, horizontal niche represents the cradle, and is surmounted by a *dais* on marble columns; it seems probable that here would be a resting place for the women who came for their purification ceremony, forty days after the birth of a man child or sixty days after that of a girl baby.

The ancient Basilica of St. Mary built by Justinian, was the predecessor of the Mosque el Aksa, and probably in the extreme southeast angle of the Harem enclosure, whence the material was taken and re-used further west, where the present mosque stands, all that remains of St. Mary's Basilica being this crypt, called the Cradle of Jesus.

We now descend under the plateau of masonry to the so-called stables of Solomon; they are so immense that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred camels could be housed here. This excavation was without question a quarry in Solomon's time; and later, the Temple area spreading out over it, it was just suitable for stabling purposes, like the basement of a barn. The vaults are upheld by eighty-eight pillars of mason work. We wander amid this wilderness of columns and piers, and wonder which of the stones may have really come down from Solomon's time!

CHAPTER XI

THE CITY OF DAVID AND OF DAVID'S LORD

BETHLEHEM

Our stay in Jerusalem is diversified, not only by the short excursions that we take to points inside and outside of the city, but also by longer trips,—“ausflugs” the Germans call them,—flights to more distant localities, where we will often stay overnight in order to celebrate Mass. Such a one we take today.

“Let us go up to Bethlehem” we say with the shepherds. And although Bethlehem is “down south” yet it is 2,550 feet above the sea level and higher by a few feet than the Temple enclosure, and water is brought from the Pools of Solomon near Bethlehem for Jerusalem’s use.

We start as usual from the Jaffa Gate. Never can we make exit here without delaying to watch the Oriental life.

There is perhaps no one object that gives the local color of the Orient as forcibly as the camel. Picturesque in itself with its long, thin legs, its awkward gait that slews the animal forward one side at a time with each step, its mountainous back, its long neck stretched out into the future, and the foolish hanging of its nether lip, which, moving as if in prayer, is characteristic of a Moslem land, a caravan of these animals is the very essence of the East.

Such a caravan we watch to-day, about ten in number, carrying charcoal to Jerusalem. They came from near Hebron. To obtain fuel is an ever present problem; indeed to a Westerner it seems impossible that any should be obtained in this country almost without forests and without any coal mines, but the smallest bushes and weeds, yes even the dung of the animals is used for fuel. We notice how carefully the drivers lead their beasts. Isaias xxxvii. 29 doubtless uses the camel as a figure of the obstinate man when he makes Jehovah declare: “Because of thy rage against me I will put my hook in thy nose and my bridle in thy lips.” Other animals are not usually led by a halter, nor do they roar in their anger as the camel. But how careful the camel drivers are of them on slippery or dangerous places. A misstep would mean a broken limb, toiling as they are under heavy loads, and a beast worth perhaps one hundred and fifty dollars would only fetch five or six as butcher’s meat to the *fellahin*, if an accident were to happen. Wherefore the Moslem driver is continually crying to Allah and all the

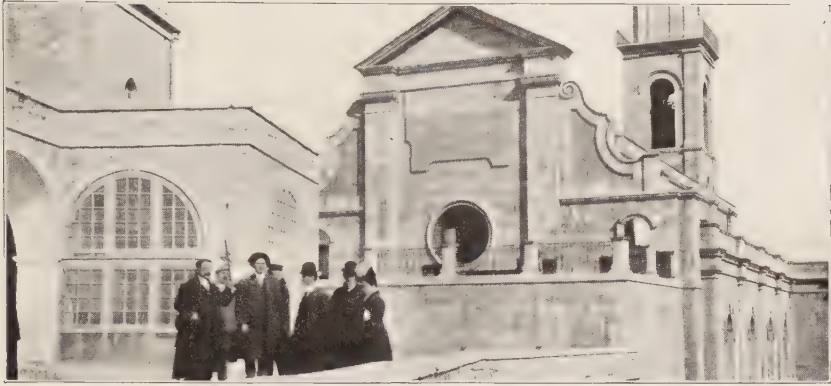
patron saints to assist. The cries of the Orient would make a chapter of themselves.

It is with feelings akin to what we might have felt were we going to the ordered "enrolling" that we take our patient donkeys and begin the journey to Bethlehem. No camels for us, although some are offered. Once outside the Jaffa Gate we turn immediately to the left, with the Israelite colony founded by Moses Montefiore to our right, we soon descend to Birket es Sultân, commonly called the lower Pool of Gihon, which we cross, the lower wall of the Pool serving as a viaduct to the railroad station and the English Ophthalmic Hospital, which are both to the left of the highway. The presence of this hospital accentuates the crying evil of this land—eye trouble. It is something terrible to see and all so unnecessary, as cleanliness and care would soon eradicate it—especially from the children of whom hardly any are without dirt and flies and sores.

Presently we begin to ascend, skirting the foot of the Mount of Evil Counsel, which is to our left, and on our right the Würtemberg Colony of industrious German farmers. This Mount of Evil Counsel is so called from the tradition that Caiphas had his residence here and that here was plotted the selling by Judas of our Lord, and that on this hill Judas hanged himself. We are now in the valley of the giants, called in Scripture, Rephaim. "And the Philistines coming spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim," and David consulted the Lord, "Shall I go up to the Philistines? And the Lord said go up, for I will surely deliver the Philistines into thy hands." And the enemy were cloven in two and David called the place "The Lord of Division,"—*Baal Pharasim*. Again the Philistines attack him; again he consults the Lord: "Shall I go up?" This time the advice is strategic; "Go not up, but round by way of the pear trees, and wait for the sound of the wind in the tree tops," and he smote the Philistines from Gabaa until thou comest to Gezar." 2 Kings, ch. v. The pear trees probably hid the approach as "Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane" in Macbeth's time.

Isaias probably speaks of this locality when he says: "The Lord shall stand up as in the Mountain of Division." "He shall be angry as in the valley of Gabaon, that He may perform His work, His strange work; that He may do His work, his work is strange to Him." Isaias, ch. xxviii.

St. Jerome understands this as meaning that the punishment of sinners is strange and unwelcome to God. And the continuation seems to be a promise not to be angry forever. "Doth the plowman plow all day? Will he not sometime scatter the seed? . . . And bread corn shall be broken small, but the thresher shall not thresh it forever."



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

We are now on a lovely smooth stretch of road, something so rare in Palestine that we must take advantage of it to canter our beasts. Their feet seem to be repeating the Arab proverb, "*Harakat, Barakat; Harakat, Barakat!*" Motion is blessing.

To our left is a newly established convent of the Poor Clares. Thus far we have nearly paralleled the railroad track, but now it leaves us turning westward and to our right we see Katamoun, the summer residence of the Greek Patriarch, with a little church dedicated to St. Simeon, that favored old man who, singing his "*Nunc Dimittis*," took the Child Jesus in his arms in the Temple and whose residence tradition places here. Safafa and Sherafat are also visible. The Greek convent of Mar Elias looms up fortress-like ahead of us. Before reaching it there is a well, called "Well of the Magi,"—by the Arabs *Bir Kadismou*—for here they again saw the star over Bethlehem, which they lost in turning to Jerusalem. We are out of the attraction of Jerusalem and into the influence of Bethlehem. There is a tradition that St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin rested here going to the enrolling.

The monastery of St. Elias is a good point to look around us. It stands 2,640 feet above the sea and both Bethlehem and Jerusalem are in sight, one to the south, the other to the north. The cities of the Birth and of the Death. So stand we ever while on this earth!

To the left of Bethlehem towers the strange outline of the Frank Mountain and Tantour in a commanding position on the right, with its fine monastery of the Brothers of St. John of God, and its chapel and hospital founded by the Knights of Malta in the last century.

Opposite Tantour is a patch of land called the Field of Dry Peas. Some have considered it as the spot where Esau sold his birthright to the wily Jacob, but a current legend attributes the name to the following incident: Our Lord passing along this road asked a peasant: "What are you sowing?" The man was sowing peas, but answered scoffingly that he was sowing stones. "Verily," said Jesus, "you shall then gather stones." At any rate the ground is covered with small round pebbles to this day.

This convent of Mar Elias was erected at an unknown date by a Bishop Elias, whose tomb used to be shown in the monastery church. There is also a tradition that the Prophet Elias rested here when fleeing from the wrath of Jezabel, and probably gave the name to the later saint. I am pleased to note that the Church now prays the office of these Old Testament saints, Elias, Samuel, and so forth, keeping us thus ever mindful that the two Testaments form one continued Church, whose one God is over the one Kingdom of all ages.

The next object of interest is Rachel's tomb. This is a site whose authenticity, singularly enough, is not disputed by any. The tomb is a square building about thirty feet on a side with an addition. It is said to contain a spring, but we were unable to enter, and is the burial place of Jacob's most beloved wife, who he tells Joseph after forty years of mourning "died when they came to Ephrata, that is Bethlehem." It is the first instance on record of a sepulchral monument. "Jacob erected a pillar over her sepulchre, the pillar of Rachel's monument till this day." Genesis, ch. xxxv. Admirable constancy of love even in an age of polygamy! This memorial that he erected is before his closing eyes as the best-remembered milestone in his memory. The Arabs still come to this tomb to pray for happy childbirth, remembering poor Rachel who died giving birth to Benjamin; "Call him Benoni, Son of my Sorrow," says Rachel; but Jacob called him "Benjamin, Son of my Age."

But now we approach to Bethlehem,

"Hill with the olives and the little town!"

How our hearts beat as we proceed.

*"So many hills arising green and gray
On earth's large round, and this one hill to say
I was His bearing place."—Edwin Arnold*

What a privilege! Mary feels the same! Why should I be chosen? Has the Christian soul not often experienced the same wonder? Has the lover not felt the same surprise and joy?

*"It may not be, it cannot be
That such a gem was made for me."*

We go back in thought to the year after the founding of Rome, seven hundred and fifty-three. A census had been ordered by the Emperor Augustus and must be executed by Herod. Each one must go into his own city to be enrolled. Necessarily Joseph must go to Bethlehem, being of the house and family of David. Was it necessary for Mary too? Probably not, in strict law, but every feeling and hope would prompt her also, if not the actual knowledge that the Messiah should be born in Bethlehem and "revealed from the Migdol Eder, the Tower of the Flock," between this and Jerusalem; not a shepherd's tower for common flocks, I fancy, but for the flocks brought to the yearly sacrifices. So was He revealed in sacrifice! Did Mary come over this very road that we have traversed, or did they go southward from Galilee by the Jordan valley and then up to Bethlehem by way of the fields of Boaz? Probably the latter, but at any rate they would have joined our road somewhere between Jerusalem and here, and we can somewhat enter into her thoughts as she ascended this hill,—she with the yet unborn Redeemer in her bosom, "The root that shall spring out of Jesse." Would not the words be singing themselves in Mary's heart: "And thou Bethlehem, Ephrata! art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth the ruler who shall rule my kingdom, Israel." Micneas v. 2. "He, whose going forth is from the beginning even from the days of eternity." How well these last words denote Him God!

What a feeling of rest must have come over her as she approached this city! Bethlehem, house of meat! or in its older spelling, house of bread; Ephrata, place of fruit! the one following the other as the grapes and figs come after the wheat harvest, would recall the words of Elizabeth, "The fruit of thy womb," Who was to say to the world: "I am the Bread of Life." And how these fields would suggest the sad death of Rachel and the sweet days of Ruth and the shepherd boy David, all her ancestors and Joseph's! How the thoughts would crowd! even as the enrolling!

And although it was in the cold of winter there would be the evidence of approaching spring, even as in her heart there throbbed the promise of the New Testament. As the poet puts it:

*"Lo! as some venturer from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes;*

*So, to the end, in palace or in prison
 Fashions his fancy of the realm to be,
 Fallen from the heights or from the deeps arisen,
 Ringed of the rocks and sundered of the sea."*

So did Mary ponder on her destiny. What it all was to be perhaps she did not herself realize; we do not know how much of the future was revealed to her, how much of the humiliation of the Cross, how much of the glory of the Rising; but we can well believe that there was a deep peace, even amid the babel of the unbelieving crowd, and a serene contentment even in the gloom of the stable.

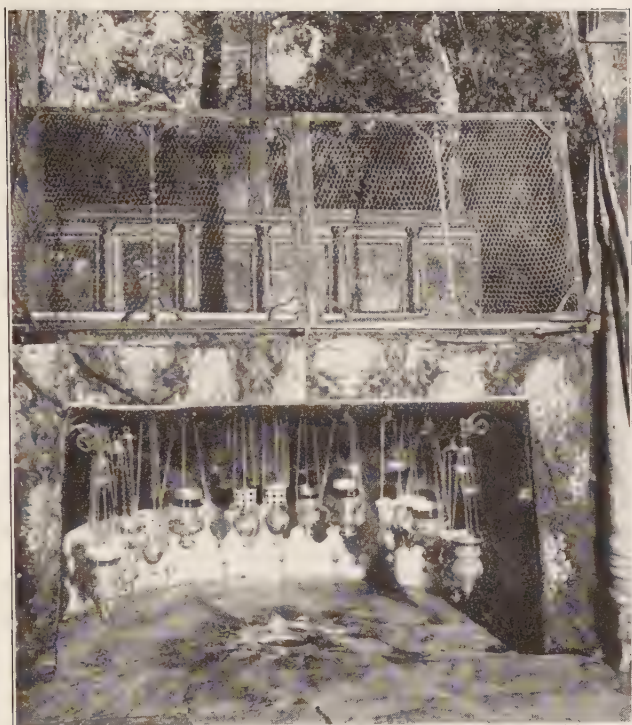
A little distance to our left is a well, wall-enclosed, belonging to the Franciscans. It is called "the well of David," and recalls a noble incident in the life of this king, as recorded in the second Book of Kings, ch. xxxiii. 23: "And David in the harvest time was at the cave of Adullam, and the camp of the Philistines was in the Valley of the Giants, Rephaim. And David was in a stronghold but there was a garrison of the Philistines at Bethlehem. And David longed and said: O that some man would give me a drink of the water of the well that is in Bethlehem by the gate! And three valiant men broke through the camp of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem and brought it to David, but he would not drink but poured it out to the Lord saying: "Shall I drink the blood of these men, who went at the peril of their lives?" 1 Chron., ch. xi.

Every one who has been in thirsty straits, knows what the longing is for the clear spring of his childhood, or the moss-covered bucket; but only one schooled in spirituality feels the beauty of David's renunciation or the wisdom of knowing when a pleasure is too dearly bought and when the highest must be given to God. Our utilitarian age cannot understand this sacrifice. John Ruskin understood it.*

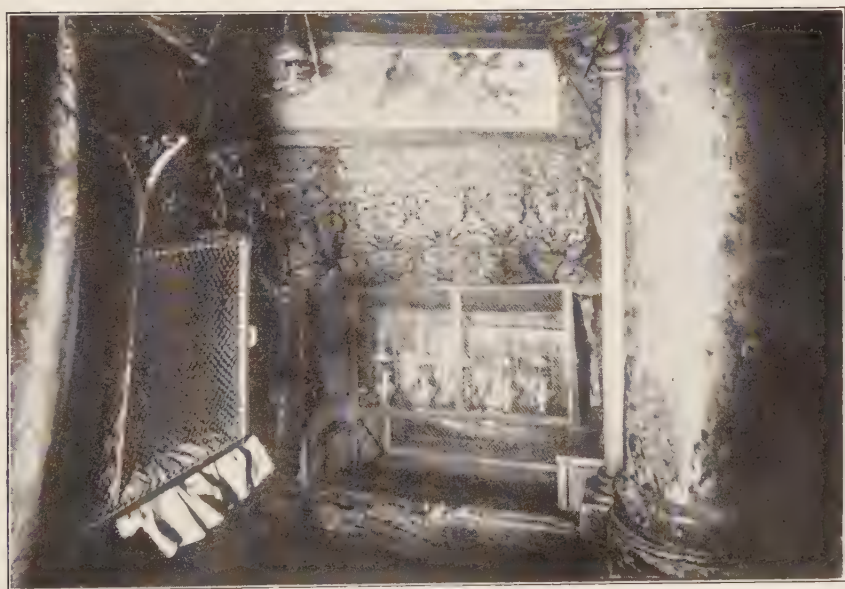
Where is this cave of Adullam? Thompson places it at Mughâret Kureitun, southeast of Bethlehem, as the only place that could furnish a sufficient stronghold for David's army. This is a good seven miles away, a long run for these valiant men, if David were still there, for he may have moved nearer to the enemy, and to Bethlehem.

Geikie corroborates the opinion that this is the Well of David: "It is by the way the only spring in Bethlehem, the town depending entirely on cisterns; this well proved to be 26 feet deep, but it was partly filled with stones, so that the original depth cannot be known; the water was fresh and good, like that of a spring, and it is likely that it flows from one,

*Read: *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 25.



SPOT OF THE NATIVITY



THE MANGER

though most of the water seems to find some escape through the rocks, situated at the only spot where a gate could have been built, namely, the north end of the town, which alone joins the country without an intervening valley, it seems fairly entitled to be regarded as that from which the precious draught was brought to the shepherd king."

With these memories thronging our mind we have climbed to where the city walls used to be, and although these have disappeared we enter by a large arched gateway still standing, under a tower-like building erected over it. We are met by a noisy troop of girls singing: "*O du selige! O du Froeliche!*" A pean of Bethlehem and of Christmas, with words very unintelligibly pronounced, and the tune poorly rendered. They follow us for a quarter mile, but we have not the heart to "rebuke them that they hold their peace." The girls are after backsheesh, of course, but we cannot refuse it; the importunity of beseeching eyes and uplifted hands is so hearty and they remind us so forcibly of how the people thronged the roads on the approach of the Saviour.

The city occupying the top of a ridge of chalk and limestone, 2,550 feet above sea-level, being higher than Jerusalem by 100 feet, about one-fourth of a mile across and perhaps a mile long from west to east, could never have been much larger than at present. The sides of the hill are built over, house rising above house with terraced garden, to which soil is painfully carried as it gets washed down in course of time. These terraces are beautiful, almost forming hanging gardens, like those which were the wonder of Babylon.

We find the city, like all the Orient, abounding in filth. There is no water supply, except cisterns of rainwater, and the aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon, which stop at the southern ascent. But Bethlehem has a peculiar charm. It is the home of idyls, of epics, of elegies. It saw the beginning of the earthly career of the "fairest among the sons of men,"—"sole mortal thing of worth immortal;" it gathered the shepherds together at the manger, the Jewish world saluting their Messiah. It witnessed the star-led Magi from the East, and in their person the whole procession of the Gentile world which was ever to come to Him with gifts—truly an "Epiphany," a "manifestation." It saw the hurried preparation for the sands of the desert and the exile of Egypt. It heard the screams of the Innocents, and the lamentations of the poor mothers—Rachel bewailing her children with a woe that would not be comforted. But if it has tragedy it possesses also the finest of idyls in the history of Ruth; the greatest of epics in the life and singing of David.

*"They speak to me of princely Tyre, that old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon's daughter of the North; but I will speak of Bethlehem!
They speak of Rome and Babylon; what can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp; but I will speak of Bethlehem!
They praise the hundred-gated Thebes, old Mizraim's diadem,
The city of the sand-girt Nile; but I will speak of Bethlehem!"*

The church of the Nativity is built where the southern end of the chalky ridge, on which Bethlehem is situate, bends to the east; the walls of the Franciscan convent unite with it and descending the hillside toward the plain below buttress up the structure with a fortified, imposing effect. From the very earliest times this locality has been venerated as the spot of our Lord's birth. St. Evaristus, Pope, who ascended the throne of Peter in the year 100, built an oratory here and Justin, himself born in Palestine, within thirty or forty years after the death of the last of the Apostles, speaks of the "cave very close to the village;" and the Emperor Adrian, so that even impiety might add its testimony to truth, tore it down and planted a grove to Venus and Adonis! This we have on the testimony of St. Jerome. The present basilica, or at least the major part of it, is probably the most ancient structure in the world still used as a church, having been begun by Constantine himself in the beginning of the fourth century. From that time to the present there is no break in the evidence; at no time was it out of the keeping of the Latin Church for any lengthened period, although fiercely contested,—Sultans, Emperors and Crusaders alike, establishing the right of Christians to this most sacred of spots.

Since 1620 the Franciscans have been recognized as the rightful guardians of this shrine. Still the basilica is in the hands of schismatic Greeks, and at the altar of the Nativity in the Grotto we are not allowed to say Mass. We have exclusive right, however, over the altar of the manger, besides which the Latins have their own parish church of St. Catherine, with a large congregation. But even in our day of large tolerance the fight goes on. The removal of the silver star from the pavement of the Greek altar helped to bring on the Crimean war, and Napoleon the Third forced the Sublime Porte to have it restored, and liberty be given to the Latins to pass through the church above and to pray at certain times before the altar of the Nativity, and always at the altar of the Manger. Again in 1863 an attempt was made by the Greeks to remove the star and inscription, which, being in Latin, is ever an offense to them, but after a few nails had been withdrawn the desecration was discovered and stopped.

Even as late as 1873, three hundred schismatics armed with swords, pistols and muskets burst into the grotto and broke or carried off everything of value. The Franciscans, five in number, endeavored to stop the desecration and robbery but they were so injured that they were obliged to desist.

Although everything seems peaceful today, there is no telling when hostilities may break out. These noble religious carry their lives in their hands; so do, in a limited degree, the pilgrims to this holy spot, and one must be very circumspect, for even an unintentional but fancied irreverence may precipitate trouble. To make the least change or repairs in any portion of the building, or even of the adornments, requires the presence of the consuls of the different nations interested.

Having been royally entertained in the Franciscan convent adjoining, and having arranged to accept their hospitality for the two following nights and days, let us examine the church of the Nativity.

The only entrance from the noisy square outside is through a door thirty-two by forty-six inches. Truly a needle's eye! and here we might remark that it was most probably of a small door like this called in the figurative language of the East "the needle's eye" that our Saviour spoke when he said "it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven." For remark, that he did not say it was impossible, he hinted at no miracle, but only great difficulty, and that they must go down on their knees, as I have seen camels kneel down with many a grunt, and the Mukaris unload their packs, at just such openings at court enclosures in Jerusalem, and the camels with bowed head and infinite effort push themselves through. It is the humility of bowed head and knee and detachment from the things of time that alone can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

There was a large portal but it has been walled up, and only this opening left, evidently for easier protection against invaders. The upper church, which at present is in the hands of schismatic Greeks, is a large structure in simple, unadorned Byzantine style, 170 feet from west to the eastern end, and about 130 wide, divided into a central nave which rises into a clerestory with five arched windows on each side, and two side aisles divided off by four rows of eleven massive monoliths of red limestone, variegated with white, giving them the appearance of marble. The roof is of timber, visible and without ceiling. The earlier roof is said to have been from the cedars of Lebanon, but the present one was constructed by the Franciscans in 1478 by Brother Thomacelli, and the timber prepared in Venice and brought on the backs of camels from Jaffa, Edward the IV of England giving the lead which forms the outer covering of the roof. The whole



COTTON BEATER



SHEPHERD

east end is walled off from the church and it alone is used for saying Mass by the Greeks and is gorgeously decorated, as all Greek shrines are—overloaded with icons and pictures of tinsel. The west end is almost a thoroughfare, as indeed it is necessary to pass through it to the grotto, but the bolder of the beggars and the more enterprising of the merchants and the money changers also intrude themselves, as when our Lord drove them out with the whip of cords from the Temple.

Over at the south side of the church is a baptismal font, cut from a solid block of stone, similar to the pillars, and has a touching inscription in Greek: "As a memorial before God for the peace and forgiveness of the sinner who presented it, of whom the Lord knows the name." Beautiful humility!

"Thinkest thou perchance that they remain unknown whom thou knowest not?"

By angel trumps in Heaven their praise is blown, divine their lot."

—Goethe.

The aisles have flat ceilings. There are remains of ancient frescoes on the walls, evidently from the time of the Crusaders, and fragments of mosaic paintings with here and there armorial bearings and mottoes. "When perfect," says Geikie, "those on the south side represented the seven immediate ancestors of Joseph. On the left, high up, there were once mosaics of ancient churches, but only those of Antioch and Sardis now remain in very primitive drawing, without perspective."

The mosaics were put up by Manuel Comnenus in 1160, but the great pillars and the structure as a whole, with its crosses and Corinthian capitals, admittedly date from the time of Constantine.

The Latin parish church adjoins the north transept of the basilica and is dedicated to St. Catherine of Alexandria; some say from the legend that it was on a pilgrimage to Palestine that our Lord espoused her with the ring, an occurrence forming the subject of Correggio's masterpiece. This church has a square bell tower in the southeast corner.

On the north side of the choir of the basilica, an arched doorway, half sunk in the stepped, crater-like opening, leads down to the grotto of the Nativity. There is likewise a corresponding one on the south side, but we use this one as being closer to the Franciscan convent. The stair turns as it descends and before we know we are in the blaze of the lights of the "midnight cave," illuminated by fifty-three lamps. Our first impulse is to throw ourselves on our knees and kiss the spot where the Saviour was born.

A silver star, sixteen pointed, marks the locality under the Greek altar.

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA, JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

HERE JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

is the inscription. In Nazareth we adore the union of God and humanity; in Bethlehem we realize that He is our Brother, that He came into the world as one of us in infantile weakness. It is the Manifestation, the Epiphany of God. Here we kneel in rapturous prayer, feeling that we are nearer than ever before to the Child Jesus. If the Nativity is God coming to us, Christianity is our coming to God. We say the prescribed prayer for the Holy Father, to which on this spot is vouchsafed a plenary indulgence. Fifteen lamps burn around the small apse that is the spot of our Saviour's birth, pendant under the projecting altar table; six belong to the Greeks who, here, as in Jerusalem, have the lion's share, five to the Armenians and four to the Latins or Catholics. A little to the right behind us and sunken below the level is the recessed chapel of the Manger. In this are two altars, one dedicated to the Crib, one to the Wise Men who here offered their gifts. The ceiling is supported by three columns of *verde antique*. The chapel is very cramped, being only about 6 ft square. The whole cave is irregular in shape and the native rock is visible in many places, but paved under foot and wainscoted in other parts with marble; the ceiling is artificial; the walls are hung round with tapestries, with loop-hole openings in them. A Turkish soldier, gun in hand, is ever on guard, and when he is relieved both he and the incoming one peer through these openings to see that every thing is *in statu quo ante*.

There are five pieces of boards venerated in St. Mary Major's at Rome since the 6th century, supposed to have formed the crib or manger. Although the stable is cut in the rock there may have been timber supports or a wooden rack; indeed two of the pieces indicate that they have been in the shape of an X. The mystic sees fitness in the fact that His first resting place, as His last, was on the wood of a cross.

As few remember that the popular names of many plants,—our Lady's slipper, our Lady's bedstraw, and so forth, comes to us from Palestine and love of Mary, so the child seeking safety from being tagged by the touch of wood, or the superstitious who rap on wood to prevent ill luck, never reflect that it is proclaiming salvation from the Rood.

The beautiful Christmas practice introduced by St. Francis of Assisi helps us to people this chapel with the Holy Family and with the gift-bringing Kings from the East. "She wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger." We think of the myriads of little hands that

for nearly 2,000 years have been stretched out toward this Babe of the tiny humanity. "Children understand nothing of the suffering of the Passion but they are sure to be interested in One who was a babe like themselves. "They found the Child with Mary, His Mother." Where we find the one we find the other. Imperfectly have those found Jesus who have not found Mary; erroneous, very often, their idea of the Incarnation.

In the northwest corner of the grotto of the Nativity is a well which piety claims to have sprung up to supply the earthly need of the "Well-spring from on high" and into which, fable relates, the Star of the Magi fell, never to be visible except to virgins. In the southwest corner stairs through a dark passage lead down to several other chapels. First we see the chapel of St. Joseph with an altar in the east end. A painting on copper by Bernard Butte, of Düsseldorf, of St. Joseph's dream reminds us of the warning he received "to take the Child and His mother and fly into Egypt."

Five steps below and further to the north is the chapel of the Holy Innocents. The altar is dedicated to these first fruits, first flowerets rather of martyrs, the first baptized with the baptism of blood. Under the altar is a crypt 18 x 8 feet, only opened on the 28th of December, where the bones of many of the slaughtered babes were said to have been buried. This *Martyrion* is spoken of in the beginning of the fifth century by pilgrims.

Next is seen the tomb of St. Eusebius of Cremona, disciple of St. Jerome and his successor as superior of the monastery. He died in 422. Twelve or fifteen feet further on in this subterranean passage, where it widens into an apartment of considerable size, are two tombs facing each other. That to the left, the joint resting place of the pious St. Paula and her daughter, Eustochium, who founded a convent in Bethlehem; the one to the right, the tomb of St. Jerome, the great doctor of the Church.

These tombs are well authenticated, St. Jerome having had his own excavated during his lifetime, wishing to be in death near to the spot which he so much loved in life. His ashes were, however, later transferred to the church of Mary Major in Rome, and the resting place of the others is unknown. The last chapel, and the most important, is that of St. Jerome. It is 19 x 13 feet and is lighted by a window high up that *gives* on the Franciscan cloister, in whose small garden is a tree, still called for St. Jerome. Here he prayed and labored. Here he gave to the Church the translation of the Bible called the Vulgate, from being rendered in the common language of the people of his day, namely, Latin.

These chapels were doubtless natural grottoes, for these hills are full of such, enlarged by artificial means. It was natural that holy souls would find it difficult to tear themselves away from this spot where the affections



PEARL WORKERS

of mankind are centered, so excavations were made to accommodate a longer stay, or to serve as a burial place for them when dead. Chief among these, as we have seen, were St. Jerome and St. Paula, who, after the death of her husband Toxius, gave her life and fortune to founding convents and hospices for the poor, and her mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Inheriting the blood of the Gracchi and Scipios of noble Rome, she considered herself still more ennobled by being a daughter of Christ. But as we noted in the clustered chapels of Calvary, it is rather the moral effect of bringing together into one group events co-ordinated—a poetical license allowed in all arts—that has given us this assemblage of altars and chapels round the birth-place of our Saviour. But it is not impossible that several of these events did actually happen here, the birth of our Lord near here at least is well authenticated, and the dwelling of St. Jerome is strictly historical; it is not at all impossible that the frightened mothers of Ephrata would have thought that the Divine Child might protect them and have hurried to the cave already known to the shepherds.

What a wonderful series of groupings these chapels thus show us. The Holy Family, the Shepherds, the Wise Men from the East, the slaughter of the Babes. Who were these Magi? Tradition has preserved their names. Namely: Melchior, Gaspar, Balthazzar; we know they came from

the East. The gifts they bring may indicate their homes as well as show us the disposition of their souls—gold, frankincense, myrrh. Gold from Ophir; frankincense from India; myrrh from Arabia Felix. Gold, their loyalty to Him as King; incense, their prayer to Him as God; myrrh, their acknowledgment of Him as Man, who is to redeem us by death.

Retracing our steps to the chapel of the Holy Innocents we mount from there the dark stairway to the church of St. Catherine and our lodgings at the Franciscan convent. What an immense debt we owe to these guardians of the Holy Land! But for them we would not have any part nor lot in Palestine, no sanctuaries to visit, no hosts to entertain the pilgrim. It is a very narrow remark, narrow and shallow, to say of the religious orders that "monasticism narrows." Yes! It narrows, but as the wedge is narrowed to a point—that it may cleave! Specialization narrows, but increases efficiency. Why have the Franciscans not done more for science and literature? More in archæology, in botany, in teaching the natives English? This is the graceless complaint of the starving man who on receiving a sack full of corn asked "why didn't you shell it?" And we may well expect that with increased means and leisure the Franciscans will do much more in all these departments. Father James takes us to see St. Jerome's orange tree, still fruitful, as Anna in old age.

Desiring to spend the evening in the fields of Boaz and the early part of the night where the Angels sang (not having the hardihood to stay till midnight as we would wish) we send our beasts on ahead to meet us in the plain while we proceed eastward, making the detour to the south to visit the milk grotto; this is about a quarter of a mile from the basilica that has claimed our attention hitherto, and is owned by the Greeks, but it is open and free to all and venerated even by Mussulmans. Tradition says that in this cave (for it, too, is a cave) the Holy Family rested before departing for Egypt, and that a drop of Mary's milk fell on the soft chalky stone of the grotto. It is a popular belief that a particle of this chalk will procure a plentiful supply of milk for young mothers; this, we must remark, is one of the traditions which although tolerated by the church is not sanctioned by her. Many profess that they have received signal help from this sacramental and the prayer of faith, for even the most ignorant Christian believes it, not a magic remedy, but an answer to prayer and the gift of God. There is no more medicinal efficacy in the chalk itself than in the pure water of Lourdes, whose marvels of healing are known over the world. We will not ridicule this as childish; we also are children sufficiently not to despise Santa Claus, and this allusion reminds me that St. Paula built here a beautiful church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, thus linking

Santa Claus with Bethlehem, as the German name Crist-kindlein shortened into Kriss Kringle does more plainly. We carry away a little ball of the chalk, as a memento and a curiosity, if not as a relic. After leaving the grotto of the milk, we see the English Girls' School to the south, but we proceed eastward about forty rods, reaching a site where it is said St. Joseph had a possession; others call it the house of Jesse, but that might well have been the case, as Joseph was of the House of David, Son of Jesse, and houses and lands came down by inheritance through many generations; but either it had passed out of St. Joseph's possession, or, as some conjecture, he was refused admission on account of the condition of Mary. No church remains at the present day, only a small semi-circular apse, cut in the rock, marks the site.

Our horses were sent round by a less perilous path than the one we have descended, and mounting them we proceed east by south for a short distance and pass through Beit Sahour, the House of the Shepherds; where it is believed the shepherds had their dwelling. It is a poor village inhabited by about 600 Greeks. Proceeding, we pass Bîr Miriam, Mary's Well; we are now in the Fields of Boaz. The crop is at present green, and just heading out, but we can picture Ruth, the Moabitess in yellow harvest-time,

*When sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.*

Here she gleaned grain—and a husband! The husband doubtless that God had chosen for her, but for whom she was not too retiring to do her own part in the affair. We read with delight the idyl of the Book of Ruth, how she and Noemi came up from the land of Moab to glean in the fields of Bethlehem. We hear Noemi's sad expression: "Call me not Noemi (that is, beautiful) but call me Mara (that is, bitter), for the Almighty hath filled me with bitterness. I went out full and the Lord hath brought me back empty." Orpha also had accompanied Noemi toward the land of her husband's people but she turns back toward the land of Moab. Noemi urges Ruth also to return, saying: "Behold thy kinswoman has returned to her people, and to her gods; go thou with her." But Ruth is faithful to her mother-in-law: "Whithersoever thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell, thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God." Beautiful words! the language perennially of wife to husband.

Devotion to people-in-law and to spouse both is considered essentially antagonistic, and commonly is so in practical life, but how gracefully Ruth

combines the two! To Noemi the words quoted above and to Boaz: "I am Ruth thy hand-maid."

Boaz is smitten, and directs Ruth not to glean in any fields but his, and he orders the reapers not to reap too thoroughly that the girl may find more plentiful gleaning. "And when thou art thirsty go to the vessels and drink of the waters thereof; at meal time come hither and eat of the bread and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. So she sat at the side of the reapers and she heaped to herself parched corn and ate and was filled." Ruth, *passim*. How graphic all this is of the life of the Arab peasants today. The large jars (*balleree* they are called) contain the water used by the workmen; being of porous material they keep the water wonderfully cool. The vinegar spoken of was sometimes our sour production and used as a relish, but more often it was the boiled juice of the grape, called *Dibs* by the Arabs today. There will be a little fire at the camp of their nooning over which they hold ears of wheat, withdrawing them when partly roasted, very tasty morsels; this is the "parched corn" spoken of.

But the course of true love never did run smooth. According to the Jewish law the nearest of kin to the dead husband must marry a widow who is without children, and there is one nearer than Boaz. It is only after he has refused that Boaz would be free to marry her. He calls together to the ordinary assembly place—the city gate—ten men, the ancients of the city, and this nearest of kin, and proposes his marriage with Ruth; but the kinsman answered, "I yield up my right of next of kin, do thou make use of my privilege, which I profess I do willingly forego." And the ancients said: "We are witnesses; may the Lord make this woman like Rachel and Leah, that she may be an example of virtue in Ephrata and have a famous name in Bethlehem." How famous they did not divine. Now this was the manner in Israel, that if at any time one yielded his right to another in order that the grant might be sure, the man put off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor; this was a testimony of cession of right. "And so Boaz married Ruth the widow of Mahalon son of Elimelech." Is it from far-away Ruth that we have still the custom of throwing an old shoe after new-married couples? The Jews of Barbary have still the custom for a newly married man to strike the bride on the nape of the neck with his slipper in token, perhaps, of his right of punishing if necessary. And this little romantic Ruth is the mother of Obed, who is the father of Jesse, who is the father of David, the great King and the ancestor of the still greater King Jesus of Bethlehem.

Half a mile further, situate in the midst of grain and of olive trees, there is an old wall of stone, and within the latter the ancient crypt of a



SHEPHERD'S FIELD

church built by St. Helena. There has been much confusion over this spot; one tradition placing here the Monastery of the Shepherds—*Deir er Rauat*, commemorative of the angel announcement of Christ's birth, but latterly, on the authority of M. Guermani, it is thought to be *Deir er Raout* or convent of Ruth, and the Monastery of the Shepherds is placed on an adjoining elevation called *Sidr el Ghanem*—fold of the sheep. North from here there is thought to have been the *Migdal Ader*, that "cloud covered tower of the flock" spoken of by Micheas, iv. 8. In fact, the remains are a part of a very considerable tower, four-square sixteen feet.

These olive trees among which we are standing were planted by the Franciscan fathers, but here again the grasping hand of the Greeks has possessed itself of the spot and held it since 1888.

It was here that St. Jerome founded a monastery and ordained the office of *Prime*. How fitting for this sunrise wold!

After a prayer we sit on the stones with the trunk of an olive tree forming a back for us and read "Now there were shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flocks; and behold an angel of the Lord stood by them and the brightness of God shone round about. And the angel said: Fear not; for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour; you shall find him wrapped in swaddling

clothes and laid in a manger." Here then came the multitude of the heavenly host, here over these plains and away over yonder rolling hills floated and swelled that angelic song, the first rendition of the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!* Glory to God, Peace to men of good will!

*"Peace beginning to be
Deep as the deep of the sea,
When the stars, their faces glass
In its blue tranquility.
Love that is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase
Till sorrow and death are dead
And anger and hate shall cease.
Peace on earth and good will!
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far off infinite bliss."*

So Edwin Arnold appreciates the better translation instead of the repetition of the same idea: "Peace on earth, good will to men," it is peace to those who can receive it, who are of good will, who are "faithful and still."

There is another site to the north of this that some wish to identify with the night camp of the shepherds, but the people of the place say it is the remains of an establishment for making wine, and the Greek and Latin traditions unite on this spot where we are, the latter styling it the "Agia Poimena" or holy pasturage. A convent, the ruins of which are still visible, stood here with its subterranean chapel to which twenty-one steps lead us. We see a portion of the ancient mosaic floor. We linger long in this suggestive spot; the sunlight fades and we are alone with the white night and the drifting stars.

After a prolonged and rapturous meditation we bestride our horses and return to Bethlehem, passing several hillside caves where we see the inhabitants housing their flocks. We mount the hill to the Franciscan monastery and before retiring pay another visit to the Grotto of the Nativity, the home of the third joyous mystery of our Rosary.

In these grottoes that we have visited we are again reminded of the custom of the Church to group related things together, and to fix on a day to commemorate certain mysteries and events—a focusing in time and place. There is nothing to tell us that our Lord was born on the 25th of December, and yet that day is fixed for all Christendom, and he is in great danger of not keeping Christmas at all who refuses to keep that day.



BELLONI ORPHANAGE—BETHLEHEM

The most of the events of our Lord's life are connected either with mountains or with caves. The public events of His life with the former:—the Transfiguration, the Sermon in the desert, the Charge to St. Peter, the Crucifixion, the Ascension; the hidden mysteries—the Incarnation, the Birth, the agonized wrestling with fear in Gethsemane,—with the latter. There is certainly a fittingness in this and those who wonder at finding some of these traditional sites in grottoes will not be violating any article of faith should they say that a cave is something that cannot be taken away very easily, and the early Christians would fix on the Grotto in Gethsemane instead of a tree or a building (that the axe would obliterate, or the flame), as the spot of the agony in the garden. We have a confirmation of this theory in the Grotto of the Shepherds, in the fields of the *Gloria in Excelsis*. Though the field was from the earliest date pointed out as the Shepherds' field, it was only the Crusaders who fixed upon the cave as a land mark.

Next morning after Mass,—that never to be forgotten Mass at the manger, (it is one of a quartette that is supreme in life, namely, on the spot of the Incarnation, the spot of the Manifestation, the spot of the Crucifixion, and the spot of the Resurrection)—we sally forth and linger in the square to watch the ever-moving and ever-interesting life of the Orient. Bethlehem is the market town for the neighborhood. The roofs of the houses are flat, the series of low domes making not too steep a hillcock to be part of the promenade, and these are the leisure places of all eastern cities. We see how necessary it was for the law of Moses to require a parapet round the roof: "When thou buildest a new house thou shalt make a battlement to the roof, lest any one should slip and fall." If

there were no battlement it was conclusive evidence of murder; if there was one, he had killed himself; and the owner of the building was acquitted. Deut. xxi.

Before us is a double panorama: the loungers on the roofs, and the busy in the street. There passes a procession of camels blocking up the narrow street but with accommodating cries from the driver of "*Yeminak! Shimalek!*" as you are best to avoid them by turning to the right or to the left; or merely a warning word, "*Ya Sid! Ya Sitt!*" (O sir! O lady!) There a shepherd passes through with his little flock of sheep and goats; there are two *saises* of some Oriental chief running before him in their flowing *abbas*. There is one of our own party who has obtained the services of a Kawass. He strikes the pave with his staff of office, and stops occasionally to explain in poor English the dress of the different nationality and differing occupation. There is the herdsman with *kabuz* all of skin; there is the sleek merchant in his rich *gumbaz* of silk and his red turban, or perhaps with embroidered jacket of bright color called *suderiah*; there the Mollah with his yellow fez, high in the crown. There is a bevy of maidens with uncovered faces, for here (as if protected by the Blessed Virgin, who brought a higher modesty), the women do not wear the face veil, but have a veil resting on a hat brim and draped over the shoulders, more artistic and Italian-like. They wear a loose striped *izar*, mostly of cotton, but in the better-to-do of silk; all wear earrings and strings of coins around the neck or, more tastefully, as a fillet round the forehead. A woman's dower! I had some medals with me that I had struck for a church dedication; I gave them round and the girls were delighted with them, and doubtless will add them to the load they already carry about. The veil mentioned above, being of sufficiently heavy stuff, is a very convenient article of dress; it serves as a baby carriage and as a market basket, and it was probably the receptacle into which Boaz poured the six ephahs of barley for Ruth. Now comes a man on a donkey. How droll he looks, seven sizes too large for the beast, his feet trailing on the ground.

There are the sellers of cooling sherbets. There is the necessary water merchant with donkey- or goat-skin full of water from the Pools of Solomon; there is the money-changer with his little stand of frail material which he carries around with him, and his trashy coins, worth almost nothing, that he will palm off on the unwary. Huddled in the dark booths made of a single arch recessed in the wall sit the venders of olive wood articles of all kinds, crucifixes of inlaid mother-of-pearl, and beads of stone, and pearl and sweet scented sandal wood, of Job's tears and of cherry stones; shells beautifully painted with representations of the altar of the Nativity



DAVID'S WELL



JEROME'S TREE

and of all the holy and historic spots of the vicinity; but we prefer to buy our souvenirs first hand at the work-shops, that we may witness how they work here, so very different from Western factories, and which may call up in imagination Joseph and Jesus in their carpenters' shop. There is a cotton beater, with a huge instrument like a strung-bow, which he twangs into the heap of material in some mysterious way causing the seeds to separate from that which is to be spun into yarn. There are carvers of the black rock from the Dead Sea. There is the wood or ivory turner, his lathe run by a simple spring, a bow-like contrivance in the ceiling. We will purchase these objects because we have seen them made. We select a pair of olive wood candle sticks spiral in shape as our remembrance of this shop.

Bethlehem is the greatest factory of the pearl rosary industry. We pass a very pleasant quarter of an hour watching the operation of their making, from the unpolished mussel shell of the river or sea to the finished chaplet. Rosaries may most cheaply be obtained here of any place in the world, but before reaching America we will have to pay a tariff of nearly a hundred per cent. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are noted for their industry and courteous behaviour; the women picturesque in their statue-like bearing and their quaint head-dress.

Besides the hospice and church, the Franciscans have a school and dispensary for the poor; the sisters of St. Joseph teaching the girls and conducting an orphan asylum in the west end. We must not neglect to visit the other religious establishments which are many. Indeed it fills us with consolation to find Bethlehem almost entirely a Catholic city. Prominent on the summit of the western hill is the novitiate of the Christian Brothers. The Sisters of Charity have a fine hospital in Hebron street and a crèche

and orphanage; in the center of the city is the industrial school founded by Father Belloni and named for him, kept by the Salesians, those indefatigable sons of Dom Boscho. We visited with much interest the rooms where the different trades are taught. The Carmelite nuns are picturesquely situated on a hill, to the south, separated from the Bethlehem ridge by a deep ravine. Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Betharram, who live in the neighborhood, attend to their spiritual needs. Nor are the schismatics lacking, both the orthodox Greeks and the Armenians have their schools. Also the Protestant Society of Berlin and the London Mission Society. Desiring a walk to a quieter locality, we obtained from the Franciscans the key of the enclosure of the Well of David. There is not much indeed to be seen, merely an ordinary cistern, but we remark many fine quarries in the vicinity. We think of David as we sit by this well; it was natural for him to remember it in the thirst of Adullam. How often had he drank of it while keeping his father Jesse's sheep, as a boy, in the pasturage round this city named for him. There would be a remembrance too in his mind of the day when the aged Samuel came by God's command to anoint a king in place of the rejected Saul. How the prophet had asked for Jesse's sons and the father had presented in turn Eliab, and Abinadab, and Samma, and the other four; but still the Prophet's dictum is "The Lord hath not chosen this one." "Are these all?" says the Prophet; and as in an after thought, Jesse answers: "A young one remaineth yet who keepeth the sheep." And Samuel said to Jesse, "Send and fetch him." And when he came, the Lord said to Samuel, "Arise and anoint him—this is he."

There were tribulations before him though he was anointed king, for Saul would not so easily give up the crown, and, besides Saul's hatred, there was the ever-pressing Philistine enemy around, and there was the excursion to Carmel to levy the refused tribute from Nabal, the man who would not pay his war tax for the protection accorded to his sheep. The peasants to this day are obliged to pay the sheik that their crops may not be ravaged.

Even before David, this locality had its historic notabilities. We think of Abesan with his thirty sons and thirty daughters; the young Levite of Ephraim, whose wife after a cruel death was divided into twelve portions and sent to the twelve tribes of Israel,—a gruesome present. To sweeten these tragic thoughts we look among the flowers just blooming in this April weather for one that may claim the name, Star of Bethlehem. The botanist Gray gives the name to the *ornithogalum*, but the bugloss attracted my attention with its intense blue star shining out from the darkness of the leaves.

It is interesting to note here that in 1904 there were in Palestine 760 Roman Catholic priests; 420 nuns; 5,200 children in Catholic schools; 790 orphans in Catholic orphanages; 10 hospitals caring for 5,000 or 6,000 sick each year; and that besides the dispensaries furnish medicine to 300,000 annually. In no way, I believe, could the Catholic faith be easier introduced than by good physicians.

CHAPTER XII

AROUND BETHLEHEM

The peculiar outline of Jebel Fureidis has been beckoning an invitation to us ever since we reached Bethlehem. Today we will accept. The journey requires a guide and horses; especially as we intend to accomplish the long circuit to the Pools of Solomon.

This Orient is indeed topsy-turvy land, only needing that people should walk on their heads to reverse our customs of the West. We take off our hat in the church: the Mohammedan takes off his shoes; we have our stores in well enclosed buildings: here the goods are in the street, or protected by a booth of slightest construction; we have one price: the Jew or the Turk or the Greek has a dozen, according to his customers' need or ability; we think it polite to inquire after a man's wife or to fondle his little ones: here we dare do neither; we use short and direct speech; your true Oriental goes through endless circumlocutions; their shoes are red: ours black; their rings are in their ears or nose, on wrists and ankles—anywhere except on their fingers. The dog that is so fondled and petted by our childless ladies is here essentially an unclean animal, reminding one of the Apocalypse: "Without are dogs."

As we ride along by these tilled fields we notice how different are their modes of labor from ours; it is not only the plow that is so primitive, shod with a fantastic coulter, but many another feature recalls Bible story. Instead of a thonged lash to urge oxen along, the fellah has a long stick with a sharp iron point, which he prods into the flanks of the animals. Now we understand the language of God to Saul, "It is hard to kick against the goad." It is easier for the beast to go forward than to drag backward; so too, when the spirit of God urges us it is easier to become saints than to continue in sin. "The charity of Christ compels me," this is another reference to the goad.

Leaving Bethlehem our route is southeast. Descending to the Wady Rahib and threading our way among rocks and ruins, cisterns and tombs, we pass the Bedouin village Beit Tamar, and after something more than an hour from Bethlehem, we are at the foot of this mountain called the Hill of the Franks, on account of the last stand made by the Crusaders, and Herodium, because the Herod of the Massacre of the Innocents built a town here at the foot and a fortress on the top, to which summit he added

the artificial cone that distinguishes it from all other hills of Judea. Josephus also states that here he was buried. At the foot of the hill is Birket Bintes Sultan, eighty-one yards long and forty-nine broad. Water was brought here from Wady Urtas, remains of the aqueduct being still visible, but at present the huge reservoir is dry, and from its center rises a square structure in-islanded,—perhaps the bathroom of the king's daughter.

The summit of the mountain was once reached by 200 marble steps, spoken of by Josephus, of which traces remain, and although the castle has vanished, with the exception of four towers and some of the boundary wall, the arduous climb is worth while, as the view extends down to the Dead Sea, with a wild confusion of "rocks at random hurled," beyond which gleams the bright, bitter water, 3,000 feet below.

It is a typical view of Palestine at its worst. The ridges and ravines are intermingled in confusion as of ocean waves when the wind blows from everywhere. The desert lifelessness and loneliness, the haunt of wild beasts, venomous insects and reptiles, and birds of prey—such was the refuge of David, "hunted like a partridge;" such the "wilderness" in which the Baptist was "the voice crying."

To the southwest the ruins of Tekoa and the village of Khareitun, north is Jerusalem and Neby Samwil. Bethlehem stands out prominent to the northwest, with the fields of Boaz intervening diapered with patterns of many tints of green and red and grey. To the east, wild ravines, into which the sun rarely falls, with long undulations and crumpling up of ridges as if the strong hand of the Creator had crushed a piece of paper and made His work-basket of the shore, with its blue bottom of the Dead Sea 3,000 feet below.

Having descended from Jebel Fureidis we pitch our noon tent among the rocky ravines. We never tire of the panorama which continually passes, not with the bioscope's moving pictures, but with the slow dignity of a land with 6,000 years of unchanging existence.

Today as we munched the indispensable nuts and dried fruit of our dessert, we watched the preparations for lime-burning. The stones were being transported by camels with panniers of leather thongs, the beasts, each loaded with perhaps 400 pounds of lime rock, kneel to deposit their burden at the kiln. The peasants are busy scouring a large area of countryside for the thorny shrubbery of the fields to serve as fuel.

The kilns are of the most primitive construction, often merely a hole in the earth, and we think of the chastisement of Jacob, "when He shall make the stones of the altar as burnt stones." Alas! poor Israel with its crumbled altar, and its crumbled nation!

Southwest from Jebel Fureidis, we enter Wady Khareitun, a deep ravine between rocky walls, coming down from Wady Urtas, and in about an hour reach Kirbet Khareitun, the ruined monastery of St. Chariton, of the fourth century, the proto-monk of Palestine. In 404 the monastery was burned and the monks massacred by the Saracens; near the ruin is Ain Natouf. The cave of St. Chariton is shown in the cliff side to which he used to ascend by a ladder. The grotto is a series of chambers connected with each other and extending 660 feet southward. This would indeed be a favorable hiding place for David and his 400 men who from misfortune or debt had followed him, and Thomson is of the opinion that this series of grottoes is really the cave of Adullam, whither David fled from Achis, king of Gath.

With quotations from Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake he thus describes Mughâret Khareitun:

"We entered by a long leap from the rocky ledge through a low window opening into the perpendicular face of the cliff. Creeping half doubled through a narrow crevice for a few rods, we stood beneath the dark vault of the first grand chamber of this mysterious and oppressive cavern. Our whole collection of lights only made the damp darkness visible. The room is large—some sixty feet long; from it a low burrow, which has to be traversed on hands and knees, leads to another chamber; in mounting a few feet a narrow cleft leads to another large chamber, to reach which one has to descend a steep slide of some fourteen feet. The air of the cave was dry and pure. The whole seems to have been formed by water action, but at present is very dry and dusty, with fine dust."

Meistermann, however, is of the opinion that we must seek Adullam much further west where the mountains dip over into the Plain of Philistia. Josephus and Eusebius speak of Adullam in that vicinity where there are ruins by name of Id el Miyeh, and caves are not wanting. This would, however, have made it a much graver affair to procure water from the well of Bethlehem, for this is a good twenty miles.

From the grottoes of Khareitun we proceed northwest, passing the beautiful basin Ain el Anazieh, sixty-two feet by forty-six feet and twenty-nine feet deep, then trend southwest to Khirbet Tekoa. This was a city of the Canaanites conquered by Josue (Josue, xv. 60), and we remember it is the place of the wise woman that Joab sent to effect a reconciliation between David and Absalom. 2 Kings, xiv. How adroitly and touchingly she wins the sympathy of the king and has the rebellious son recalled from Gessur. Here we open our Bibles at "the Prophet Amos who was among the herdsmen of Thecua, eating wild figs." Amos i. 1. This is the



POOLS OF SOLOMON

“sycamore” of Zaccheus’ prominence—an inferior variety of fig. How terrible and sweeping the chastisements of God as uttered by this Prophet: “For three crimes of Damascus and for four I will not convert it; for three crimes of Moab and for four I will not convert him; for three crimes of Juda and for four I will not convert him; for three crimes of Israel and for four I will not convert him.” A litany of retribution.

He is “not a prophet nor the son of a prophet,” that is, not of the hereditary line of professed prophets, but how unsparingly he wields the flail of God’s anger. “I have withholden the rain when there were yet three months to the harvest; I caused it to rain on one city and not to rain on another; but you have not returned to me.” “I struck you with a burning wind and with a mildew and the palmer worm has eaten up your gardens and your vineyards, your olive groves and fig groves, yet you returned not to me; I sent death upon you, I slew your young men with the sword, I destroyed you as Sodom and Gomorrah, yet you returned not to me, therefore of the city out of which came forth a thousand there shall be left in it only a hundred. In every street there shall be wailing and in all the vineyards mourning.” And if the sinner escape one evil he shall fall on another. “As if a man should flee from a lion or escape a bear in his path entering into his house he leans against the wall and a serpent stings him.”

Truly God has many arrows in his quiver. How truly these shafts have pierced poor Palestine—drought, war, captivity, decay. But still Israel is not entirely cast out: "I will bring back my people and they shall build the abandoned cities and plant vineyards and drink wine and make gardens and eat the fruit." Amos, *passim*. Is there still a hope for the Jew, or does this refer to the Catholic Church?

Are snakes so plentiful in Palestine that they should be given as inevitable, when other misfortunes are avoided? A snake charmer, having appeared in our midst, as we encamped one noonday, gave us the opportunity to "see snakes"—not as the drunkard does, in our boots—but as the Holy Scripture sees them. "The Bible has seven words for snake or serpent," volunteered the Professor, "and they are so promiscuously translated that it is hard to identify the different mentionings, which number forty-five; there are over twenty species of snake known in Palestine, nine of which are venomous." We always pretend to slight the Professor's exact knowledge but it comes convenient for book-making. Our snake man has opened his basket, and takes out one of his pets; he looks like an Egyptian. He makes passes with his hands over the sleek body of the reptile and speaks to it in a clucking voice; he twines it around his neck and inserts its mouth into his. We fancy of course that these animals have been rendered harmless by having their fangs extracted, but even so, these are said to grow again in time, and we are reminded of the word of Ecclesiastes: "Who will pity a charmer who is bitten by a serpent,"—for it seems, indeed, a piece of foolhardiness. But there is an old stone wall nearby and we urge the man to try his skill in bringing out the serpents, who very often like our own rattlesnakes hide among the rocks. He commenced to play on his reed flute, a most primitive instrument made of jointed bamboo and only having a range of four notes. The charmer even used his incantations: "I adjure by God if ye be above or if ye be below that ye come forth." Either there was no serpent there or it was "like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, who will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." Fitting emblems of those who refuse to listen to the inspirations of God or the instructions of man! "Break their teeth, O God! in their mouth," one of the curses of the Psalms, reminds us that the charmers take this precaution.

Our man, disappointed at not calling forth any snakes, was proceeding to tear down the stone wall, but we remonstrated with him, remembering the words of Ecclesiastes: "Whoso breaketh down a '*gadair*' a serpent shall bite him." It is remarkable to find the Arabs still calling this rude enclosure "*Yedar*," which is etymologically the identical word of the He-

brews; and the paucity of protection from the weather, and the facility with which a thoughtless person might destroy these ramshackle walls that protect the flocks by night, renders the admonition with its threatened retribution quite appropriate, even today.

Another of our party recalls the prophecy of Jacob in regard to his son: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." This is doubtless the small, horned snake about fifteen inches long, of a sandy color, suited to hiding in the roadway. It is the *cerastes* of natural history and the "*shepophon*" of the Hebrew Bible. Again the native word aids us, the Arabs call it "*shippon*." "So great is the terror which the sight of it inspires in horses," says Canon Tristram, "that I have known mine, when I was riding in the Sahara, suddenly start and rear, trembling and perspiring in every limb, and no persuasion would induce him to proceed."

Our thoughts naturally go back to the first mention in Scripture of the snake in Genesis; of the snake, when, twined in the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, he persuades Eve to the primal sin of disobedience. We remember the curse that is then pronounced on him and we do not wonder that he has ever since been an object of horror, especially to women. And we rejoice afresh in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, where Mary has crushed the head of the ancient serpent.

In this connection it is a striking fact to see on the monuments of Egypt a deity in human shape piercing the head of a serpent with a spear (see Geikie, page 158). Wonderful confirmation of the universal tradition that it was in human form that God would crush the serpent of the fall. Adder, asp, basilisk,—there are many names for the serpent. Basilisk means king serpent, one species of the yellow viper or "*daboia*," more than ordinarily dangerous for it seeks its prey at night; "perhaps," says Geikie, "this represents the fabled cockatrice."

The basilisk or king serpent (as basilica is the king's church) may be the snake with a white spot on his head, which might be considered like a crown.

The Book of Proverbs compares the bite of the snake to the effect of strong drink—poisonous and deadly. Prov. xxiii. 32.

The snake is not an intellectual creature, and the word of Genesis that the serpent was the most subtle of all beasts must be taken metaphorically—as the serpent in mythology was the emblem of wisdom. It is doubtless also referring to the effect of their bite that the serpents which afflicted the insensately obdurate and ingrate Israelites in the desert are called "fiery" serpents, for it produces a fever, but I think the forked red tongue

like flame was also in the mind of the sacred historian, and, "as fire drives out fire," so their bite was to be healed by turning in faith to the brazen serpent that represented Christ.

What is the cockatrice? It is a fabled creature which is thought to be an egg laid by a cock and hatched by a snake. Hens when old take on somewhat the nature of the males, and as the last egg is sometimes without shell and might be taken to the serpent's lair for food, it might have been conjectured that the serpent hatched it out. It is, however, in its figurative meaning that the cockatrice or basilisk is interesting to us, for it is the figure of the enchantress who steals away our souls, throwing a glamour over us to lead us astray.

On the other hand the snake is the symbol of Wisdom: "Be wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove." Chateaubriand tells how even to-day the serpent is mysterious, incomprehensible; how he is to men an object of horror or adoration. "They either view him with an implacable hatred or bow down before his genius. In hell he arms the scourges of the furies; in Heaven eternity is typified by his image. Yet he may himself be charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds, and to subdue him the shepherd needs no other weapon than his pipe."

The mention of the serpent and also the opinion of some that near here was the Garden of Eden makes us inquire if there is any tradition as to what was the forbidden fruit—we find none. The shaddock, a kind of sour orange, which does not grow here, has been popularly called "forbidden fruit;" but in other parts of the world, Ceylon, for instance, a tree of the dogbane family with a pod as if a bite had been taken out of it is known as the forbidden fruit. But it was the disobedience that was poisonous, not the fruit.

At Thecoa the *Odium theologicum* raged in the fourth and fifth centuries between the Monophysites and the Latins, between Marcionites and Sabists. A local tradition tells that Herod extended his murder of the babes as far as Thecoa. South of us lies the valley of Barakah, the valley of blessings, 2 Chron., xx. 20.

From Thecoa to Urtas we have two hours of bad traveling with little to claim our attention except remains of the aqueduct that brought water from Ain Urtas, and nothing to relieve the tedium of the omnipresent wilderness of stony hill except fig and olive orchards and the flocks of goats and sheep and their picturesque keepers with long flint lock guns or simpler staff and water gourd. We ascend the Wady Urtas, which, whether it derives from *hortus*, a "garden" or from *eurites*, "rich in running water," is eminently appropriate, for it is a succession of valley gardens and the soul



CONVENT OF THE GARDEN ENCLOSED

of them is abundant water. As we approach the village of Urtas it appears quite insignificant, on the bank to our right, it is so eclipsed by the splendid new convent to our left of religious from South America, Santa Maria Del Orto, founded a few years ago by Mgr. Solero, Archbishop of Montevideo. We reach it over a fine viaduct across the valley. We are hospitably entertained by the Sisters; but it is a perpetual wonder how they can live, for the Christian population is only a handful. There are twelve nuns and thirty girls in the house, attended by two priests. Here they remain just to keep alive the tradition of the "garden enclosed" to which the Beloved in the Canticle is compared. We are grateful to explorers who make this land known to us; but how much greater a debt we owe to those who maintain it! "My sister, My Spouse is a garden enclosed, a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up. Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates with the fruits of the orchard; spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon; with incense, myrrh and aloes."

Solomon may well have had these gardens in mind even if he was thinking also of the fountains of Libanus.

Though doubtless greatly fallen from their pristine beauty we can still imagine what they were in Solomon's time. The abundance of water would make them a very paradise of delight; indeed a writer in the *Catholic World*

endeavors to prove that here was the Garden of Eden, which name may be preserved in Etam, nearby. The Frank mountain also out there on the east that we have just visited, with its top like a crater cone, although it was the home and tomb of Herod, is styled by the Arabs El Fureidis,—the little paradise. With all due respect to this writer, however, we adhere to the opinion that the Eden of Adam and Eve was in Mesopotamia, near the Persian Gulf.

The view backward down the valley is magnificent. With square patches of gardens, of different crops, and higher up wavy lines of differing verdure on the terraced slopes. We take our lunch and rest here, and we employ some boys from Urtas, who have gathered around us out of curiosity and for backsheesh, to explore the hills and fields for leaves and flowers that may illustrate the Canticle of Canticles. We are greatly disappointed, however, for, although we are "stayed up with flowers," the large majority of the plants have no connection, so far as we can see, with the similes applied to the loved one. But some of them at least we have. Here is the pomegranate. I feel sure that Solomon referred to the flower and not to the fruit, which latter is very mediocre; but the bloom is gorgeous, just the red of luscious, sensuous lips. Where he says the "bark" of the pomegranate, he refers to the rind of the fruit, which he compares to her full cheeks. The spikenard is here also and many species of mint, and other flowers from which perfumes could be made, and toward the Jordan there are balm of Gilead trees from which the opal balsam, myrrh, could be procured. "I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley." How shall we identify these? Each one may make his choice what flower to appoint in these places of honor, for surely it is the flower that is honored by juxtaposition to the beloved. Our choice is certainly the gorgeous anemone, though there are several varieties of both the lily and the tulip. The rose of Sharon is also here,—the *cystus* white and pink; it is not botanically a rose, but very similar to our wild rose, and Holy Scripture uses the language of appearance. We have then at hand several of the similes that illustrate "the most beautiful in shoes, O king's daughter!" The background also is perfect. The vineyards on the slopes, that in the summer would hang with clusters like her breasts, and the pools above us, reminding us of the words of Solomon: "Thy eyes are like the fish-pools of Hesebon," beyond the Jordan. The apple orchards climbing the slopes quote well the sentence of the Beloved: "Prop me up with apples;" the dark skins of the Bedouin tents yonder: "I am black but beautiful like the tents of Kedar," and in yonder grove the turtle dove is complaining, and there are clefts in the rocky side of yon mountain, enough and to spare, for its hiding. "My love is a young hart

upon the mountains of Bethar." Tell Bittar is Northwest of us preserving the name Bethar and overlooking Wady Werd, the valley of Roses.

Sir John Maundeville gives the legend of the origin of the rose: "A fair maiden was blamed for wrong, for which cause she was condemned to be burnt; and, as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to the Lord, that, as truly as she was not guilty, He would, by His merciful grace, help her, and make it known to all men. And when she had thus



THE SEALED FOUNTAIN

said, she entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the fagots that were burning became red rose-bushes, and those that were not kindled became white rose-bushes, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw."

This is surely the home of the Canticle of Canticles. A book which has ever been a stumbling block to the lascivious and a difficulty to the commentator, but what an idyl of beauty and of love! The remembrance that all is pure to the pure should save the reader from temptation, but for the better comprehension of the text I would say why can we not have it printed in

two types, one for the speech of *him* and one for *her*. Since I had this thought, Professor Moulton has given us something equivalent in his *Modern Readers' Bible* quoted in Chapters iv and xiv.

On our left is a conical hill with ruins and rock-cut tombs called to-day Kurbet el Khaouk, ruin of the Plum, but which had formerly the title Kefr Etam, making it probable that here, as Niebuhr has conjectured, was the Etam spoken of in I Chron., iv. 3, which name still lingers in the torrent below, Ain Atan. II Chron., xi enumerates the cities that Roboam built and fortified, among which Bethlehem, Etam and Thecoa are mentioned together. Meisterman remarks that this should not be confounded with the "Rock Etam" in the valley of Sorek, where Sam. on found a refuge at Beit Atab.

We have still a long climb westward up the valley of Urtas to the Pools of Solomon, El Burak. These pools are three immense reservoirs made in the valley by walls thrown across it and strengthened by numerous buttresses with the rock, particularly in the upper part, cut into shape. When used to their full capacity this was the greatest water scheme of olden times. Commencing at the lowest the pools are respectively 582 by 207 and 50 feet deep; 423 by 250 and 39 feet deep and 380 by 236 and 25 feet deep. They narrow, however, and lessen in depth considerably at the upper end. About one third of the floor of the two lowest pools was water-covered at my visit, and the whole of the upper one; but no great amount of water in any. They are provided with steps to descend into them. Each pool is separated from the others a distance of about 150 feet, and the upper 19 feet above each lower one. Above the uppermost however, and to the right is the large, low building Kulat el Burak, castle of the ponds, erected as protection against the Bedouins, and still inhabited by two *bashi-bazouks* or policemen, one of whom goes with us at our request to unlock the little door of Ain Salih, which is situate three or four hundred feet west, and near the water shed between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. It may well claim the name *par excellence* of Ras el Ain. This spring is popularly called the Sealed Fountain, and takes us again to the Song of Songs. Entering we descend twenty-one steps to a room underground, thirty by fifteen feet, with another room to the west where rises a spring of limpid water forming a pool which extends into both apartments. From here the water is conveyed in a canal under ground to the little round fountain building or *sebil* at the southwest corner of the *Kulat* and thence to the Pools of Solomon. Solomon's Pools are not dependent on this source alone but are supplied by several others. Even so it is difficult to see how these reservoirs would ever be filled except in the time of torrent rains. Both Jerusalem and Bethlehem

were supplied with water from these springs, but so circuitous was the route taken so as not to descend, that it is said over fifty miles of aqueduct was required to collect the water and transmit it.

If the gardens that Solomon made for himself extended over this upland plain that would easily be watered from the Sealed Fountain, it would suit the invitation: "Arise! O north wind, and come! O south wind, blow through my garden!"

How the very winds here relate the Bible story! The south wind stands for comfort. "The north wind driveth away rain, so doth a sad countenance, a back-biting tongue!" Proverbs xxv. 23. The west wind—*Ronach Hajam*—is that from the Mediterranean: "The wind brought quails from the sea." Numbers xi. 21. The east wind is for destruction and discomfort; so Ezekiel says: "The east wind has broken thee." Ezek. xxvii. And Genesis: "Blasted with the east wind." But it requires the assemblage of all to raise the dead bones: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these." Ezek. xxxvii. 9.

We return by a pleasant carriage road to Bethlehem, seeing to our left a small village with a *Mukam* and Deir el Khadr, a Greek monastery dedicated to St. George. This is an asylum for the cure of insane, which is effected by attaching the patient to the chain of St. George, and when "God wills it" they are liberated by the Saint.

CHAPTER XIII

HEBRON

We vary our journeying to-day by taking carriages, for there is a very fair road to Hebron. As very limited accommodation is to be found at the Russian hospice in Hebron, we arrange to have the tents sent forward. Leaving Bethlehem, Beit Jala is on the slope to the west, a city much improved in late years, with an entirely Christian population of 5,000, most of them Greeks, 500 or 600 Catholics and 200 Protestants. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a girls' school, and the Russians also a school. The fine building with its chapel, which we perceive to the right, is the country residence of the Seminarists of the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem. This place seems to answer to the Chanaanite town of Gallem. For the first seven miles our road is identical with that by which we returned yesterday from the Pools of Solomon.

At El Burak, the road veers southwest, then descends into the Wady el Biâr, valley of the wells, so called because of the number of surplus wells let in throughout the length of the stone aqueduct; on the left is a ruin called Deir el Benat, convent of young women; half a mile further on to the right is a hill, also ruin-crowned, called Kirbet el Fakoir; this probably is the ancient town of Phagor, mentioned in Josue xv. 50. On our right we pass Beth Zachariah. Here it must be that Judas Maccabeus—the Hammer,—pitched his camp before the fatal battle between him and the army of Antiochus Eupator, under the General Lysias. Antiochus used elephants in his warfare, and Eleazer, the brother of Judas, singled out the largest, which he supposed carried the King, and creeping under it pierced it with his lance, but was crushed to death by its fall—and it was the wrong elephant!

That the Assyrian conqueror could use such cumbersome beasts is proof that the roads in their days must have been very different from what they are now.

Bad times these for the Jewish people. It was almost as if the nationality had been obliterated; "Jerusalem did not contain a single true Jew." Zeus was exalted and Jehovah neglected. The Temple of Jerusalem was publicly dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter 168 B. C. But faith had fled to the wilderness and the mountain. Persecution cannot destroy, it cleanses.

Out of the keen, refining fire the party of the Chasidim—the Pious,—came forth to take its place as a new power.

The people sought comfort in the Book of Daniel, that Prophet who had read the writing on the wall in the palace of Balthassar, he who had known the significance of those words: "*Mane, Thekel, Phares.*" He who had witnessed their fulfillment; he who had expressed the vengeance of God against the Chaldean oppressors and experienced the miraculous interventions of Him in behalf of his servants in fiery furnace or in lion's pit. He was the man whose stirring sentences could bring hope in despair. "Great is the God of Daniel; He is the living and eternal God forever, and His kingdom shall not be destroyed forever. He is the Deliverer and Saviour." Dan. vi. "I saw one like the Son of Man. He came with the clouds of heaven, and He gave Him power and glory and a kingdom. The seventy weeks are shortened upon thy people O Jerusalem, and upon the Holy City, that sin may have an end, and the Holy of Holies may be anointed."

The word goes forth to build up Jerusalem anew and from that to Christ the Prince, "there shall be seven weeks of years and sixty-two weeks." Dan. ix. "Many shall be chosen and made white and shall be tried as in the fire, but the learned shall understand; Happy is he who waiteth." "He who believeth let him not hasten."

After the horrible death of Antiochus and the calling away of Lysias, whose forces were required at home, the Maccabees got possession of Jerusalem and at least a good share of local government.

About three miles southeast from the Pools of Solomon we can see off to our left the Mountain of Thecoa, and south of it the ruins of a village which the natives call Bereitkut and is thought by some to be the Scripture Barachah, which gave its name to a valley, valley of Barachah—Valley of Blessing,—and to this day the Arabs have the popular form of blessing on grapes or other fruit being brought in: "*Al Barachah*, May God bless it." The mention of grapes reminds us that it was probably from this vicinity that the huge grapes were carried on a pole between the two men sent into the promised land to view it before the Israelites had entered from their desert-wandering. In all our experience of Palestine we have seen no bunches so large as to require such strength, nor does the Scripture state that it was only one bunch. That may be only in our imaginations or in our picture books. Meisterman, however, speaks of bunches of six or eight pounds weight. Kufin may be passed without comment, for though the ground is strewn with prostrate columns and building stones showing it to have been a considerable place in its day it has not been identified yet with

any Scripture city. So also Beit Ummar need not delay us, though it is probably the site of Bethamar of Eusebius and the Maarath of Josue xv. Bethsur, though off our road a little to the right, claims our attention somewhat as it was a stronghold of the Jews under the Maccabees in their war against Antiochus. Here it was that Judas Maccabeus with ten thousand men defeated the army of Lysias, killing 5,000. Josephus states that it was the strongest place in all Judea, which is hard indeed to realize, the obliteration of all fortifications is so complete. It lies 3,180 feet above the Mediterranean, the highest point we have hitherto reached.

We must visit Ain ed Dirweh, which doubtless furnished the water supply for Bethsur, originally a Chanaanite city and later made by Roboam one of the principal strongholds of his kingdom. The spring mentioned above lies to the left of our road, and pours clear, sparkling water into a large stone trough. Here we found quite an encampment of pilgrims going to Hebron, as we were. Not far from the fountain are the remains of an old church, and huge building blocks encircle the spring through which the water makes its way with difficulty. The presence of a church has made some think, among them Eusebius and Jerome, that this was the stream in which Philip baptized the eunuch of Ethiopia's queen; it seems rather far off from the road he would have taken, as the Saint was later found at Ashdod. However, Philip's Spring being one of the spots not yet satisfactorily identified, this one may hold possession until disproved. At any rate it gives little countenance to the advocates of immersion being required for baptism, for here is only a small stream. This site has lately received new confirmation from the Mosaic map found at Madeba in 1897—the oldest known map of Palestine.

To the east is Hulul, a place that has retained its name almost unchanged since the days of Josue, but it possesses little interest for us. Tradition places here the tomb of the prophet Gad. There is an old mosque or *zely* styled Neby Yunas, disputing with the Neby Yunas south of Acre, the burial place of the Prophet Jonas. But it gives us occasion to search for a plant that would correspond to the ivy or gourd of our Bibles, the plant that sheltered the Prophet so opportunely and in whose withering he was so disconsolate; but from which lesson he rose to the higher wisdom of the long-suffering providence of God, who "dissimulates sins on account of repentance." I prefer the protestant reading "gourd," because even to-day it is used for covering arbors, and because, being of rapid growth, (whereas the ivy is slow) to choose the gourd would be a visible economy of miraculous agency, which is God's way of acting. This is no attempt at minimizing miracles, or seeking to account for them by nature's working.



SAMSON'S CAVE
HEBRON POOL

JEBEL FUREIDIS
EKRON

When we are about half way between Bethsur and Hebron a very pretentious foundation arrests our attention, which the Arabs call the House of Abraham, Rahmet el Khalil, high place of the "Friend"; such being the endearing title they give to the Father of the faithful; with a spring also dedicated to him—Bir el Khalil. The two tiers of stone that show above the foundation are only built on two sides of a parallelogram that would be two hundred by one hundred and sixty feet facing southwest and southeast. The stones are of an immense size, some as long as eighteen feet and all three and one-half feet high and the same in thickness. These may have been a building commenced by the Jews to commemorate the dwelling place of their father Abraham, or they may be the beginning or remains of "a church of great beauty," that the *Jerusalem Itinerary* mentions as erected by Constantine. The well is in the angle enclosed and is supplied by a never-failing supply of water.

One tradition places here the terebinth under which Abraham entertained the angel outside his tent. But why writers call it a terebinth and others an oak, when Scripture says merely "a tree," I cannot understand. At any rate there is no terebinth here now, nor, in fact, tree of any description. Trees must have been more plentiful in early times than they are now; although I do not think they ever showed the luxuriant growths of our western forests; indeed, the use of the definite article in speaking of "the tree" that stood in a certain place proves that they were rather rare landmarks. And so they would attract the attention of Scripture writers and be used in illustration. "The just shall flourish as a tree by the waters." "He shall be exalted like the cedars of Lebanon." "She is fair and stately as a plane tree by the water."

Nothing about the translation of the Holy Scripture is more uncertain than the nomenclature of plants and trees; we are, however, pretty sure of the cedar of Lebanon, of the palm, of the fig and the olive—the permanence, the dignity, the sweetness, and the fatness!

From Abraham's house to Hebron we have the choice of two roads; we will take the one to the right as it brings us past the traditional "Abraham's Oak," which is the other claimant to being the site of the angel visit, but being only about three fourths of a mile from Hebron does not seem to correspond as well with the *Jerusalem Itinerary* as Bir el Khalil; but as the Lord appeared to Abraham several times both places may have held his tent.

First we pass the ruins of a village about a mile from the House of Abraham called Kurbet en Nasara; this Arab name meaning christian ruins, and indirectly denoting that it must have been a christian town de-

stroyed by the Mohammedans. South of the ruins is Ain en Nasara, from which Hebron is said to have procured its water supply through an aqueduct. About a mile more brings us to the Russian hospice where we stop to visit the field of the Oak of Abraham. The hot April sun pours down upon us, as it did on the angels and we are glad of the slight shade of this historic tree. Here, according to the Greeks, a son was promised from Sarah. There is a large tree that has long been venerated, but it could not have been the identical one where the angels found earthly refreshment and human hospitality, for although the poet sings:

"It grew too slowly ever to decay,"

this oak which was flourishing within the memory of living men is now nearly dead. How many a pilgrim has visited it! How many a picnic has been enjoyed under its shade! Venerable indeed it is even without connection with Abraham. It is *Quercus pseudo coccifera*.

Among these manifold traditions regarding the home of the greatest of Old Testament patriarchs, one quotes the words of Aubrey de Vere:

"What e'er has greatness kindles some legend round its onward way through the gross ether of the popular mind." And another, apropos of the fading tree, recalls Dryden's line:

*Three centuries he grows; and three he stays
Supreme in state—and in three more decays.*

Thomson remarks: "The conversation between Abraham and the angel seems to me to suggest and to necessarily include many revelations in respect to some of the deepest mysteries of our faith." He does not mention what mysteries he refers to, but the Jesuit Spillman says that the Church calls our attention to the fact that in this appearance of angels is indicated the knowledge of the Trinity: "Three he saw and one he adored," and Abraham does use the plural and indeed the name of God in speaking to Him who was chief among those who appeared as men. Whether Abraham had a glimpse of the truth that Jesus Christ was to make evident to the world is uncertain.

But it is a delight to rest here at the head of this historical vale of Mambre, this branch of it called Wady el Toffah—valley of the apple—and think of the pastoral idyls that have been enacted here. Our thoughts pierce to the far distant times, when from this vale Abraham went forth with his allies, Aner, Eschol, and Mambre, to battle against the kings who had carried Lot away captive. He pursues them as far north as Dan and

rescues his relations. Returning he meets Melchizedek, king of Salem, who comes out and offers bread and wine on Moriah's summit. The history of Melchizedek who appears only this once in Sacred Scripture but of whose priesthood our Lord was so emphatically proclaimed to be: "Thou are a priest according to the order of Melchizedek," Ps. cix., has recently received notable confirmation from the tablets found at Tell el Amarna, where we read of the king of Jerusalem: "Neither my father nor my mother but the oracle of the mighty king established me in the house of my father." How wonderfully this fits in with the Scripture expression that he was "without father and without mother." Professor Sayce remarks: "He was king of Salem because he was priest of its God."

"Kirjath Arba, which is Hebron," so says Genesis. It is not so much down this valley now smiling in the sunshine and dropping away southward to the Negib that we gaze; it is down the mysterious centuries of Time that our thoughts go, to this, one of the oldest cities of the world. "It was built seven years before Zoan, which is Tanis in Egypt," says Numbers xiii. 23, emphasizing its importance as antedating the metropolis of Egypt. It is not terraced slopes and ordered rows of vineyards with fig trees and olives climbing the hills, it is the long procession of patriarchs, and kings, of Philistines and Amalakites that engages our attention. Here comes Abraham, after parting with Lot who settled in the lowlands round the Dead Sea; here he loses his wife Sarah and buys the double cave of Machpelah for her burial. The land was owned by the Hittites, whose customs and history are being unearthed to-day in Gezer and Tell el Hesi. The Bible narrative is true to the customs of the country even today. Abraham appeals to the spirit of hospitality to strangers: "A stranger and sojourner I am among you, give me the right of a burying place among you." Ephron the Hittite, says: "Thou are a prince of God among us; bury thy dead in our principal sepulchres; no man shall hinder thee." This apparent generosity is still seen today. Go into a bazaar and the merchant gives you the whole store—"It is yours." This is not as the cynic would think, to get a higher price; it is a form of politeness and should be so taken. So Abraham begs that they would sell him the double cave for what it is worth, and Ephron the son of Sear, after renewed offers of it *gratis*, makes answer: "It is worth four hundred shekels of silver, but what of this? Bury thy dead." Abraham counts out the money and the transfer is made. "The field of Ephron which was the double cave looking towards Mambre and all the trees in all its limits round about." Genesis xxiii. 17. This is equivalent to "All the appurtenances thereto belonging" of modern deeds.

We see in this natural feeling of Abraham not to mingle the dust of his

dead with the sepulchres of the Hittites, the justification of Christians wishing to have consecrated burial-places for those who die in the Lord.

The specifications in the contract are just such as are found in land contracts in Palestine to-day. It is not enough that you purchase a well known lot but the agreement must mention everything that belongs to it and



ABRAHAM'S OAK

certify that the fountains or wells and the trees upon it are sold with the field. If you rent a house every room above and below, kitchen, pantry, stable and hen-coop must be specified. Such a transaction is a matter of interest even today to the neighbors and townsmen. There need not necessarily be a written contract, it is much more important that the acquaintances have entered into the bargaining and been witnesses to the agreement.

This city of Hebron was one of the six cities of refuge; mercy thus tempering justice, even in those days of stern retribution. It went in ancient times by the name of Kirjath Arba, town of Arba, probably after some chief of the Chanaanites, but was construed by the Jews as meaning the "city of the four," the four indicated being Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, (who certainly were connected with this place, and are buried in the cave of Mambre), and Adam, who was supposed to have been here. But it is Abraham whose renown gives the halo to this spot. It is "El Khalîl," the friend of God and father of the faithful. The present town with the "pool" lying in deep repose along the vale of Mambre is beautiful in situation. It lies on the western slope of a barren hill, but the valley below is covered by the rich foliage of the vineyards, and the open green below the Quarantine hospice is overtopped by the orchard-clad hills, reflected in the waters of Birket es Sultân. In the midst of the town rises the mosque of El Khalîl, under which is the cave of Machpelah. The ancient city probably occupied the opposite heights. Three miles north is the traditional, and probable, location of Abraham's abiding place, as we saw this forenoon.

Approaching nearer, the city exhibits the filthiness and irregularity, the narrow streets and the low houses of the Orient; at most two stories high with low domes for roofs, for these can be made of stone, and timber is very scarce. Even the inside ceilings, between floors, are vaulted instead of timbered. The city is, however, well built and gathers round the mosque like a flock of birds round their mother. This mosque is hardly ever opened to strangers, much less the crypts below: only on a *firman* from the Sultan himself, will the door open, and that very naturally is only to be obtained by royalty. Dean Stanley in company with the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII; Lord Bute and party, and some others have visited it. We will do what we can to acquaint ourselves with its exterior, and then will trust Dr. Thomson, quoting *passim* from Dean Stanley and others. "The position on the declivity of the hill, with the town below, to the south and west of it, adds greatly to the imposing appearance of the edifice. The external walls are doubtless very ancient—probably of Jewish workmanship—though I cannot think that they date back to Solomon, or to any time anterior to the captivity. The stones are large, but with a shallow bevel; and the face is worked off smooth like some parts of the wall about the area of the Temple at Jerusalem. The square pilasters, without capitals or any well-defined cornice, are a feature quite unique, and mark it off from any other edifice I have examined. There are sixteen of these on each side, and eight on the ends. The height of the wall, including the more recent additions of the Saracens, is it least fifty feet, perhaps

more, with embattled top. Dr. Robinson gives two hundred feet for the length, one hundred and fifty for the breadth and sixty for the height. The rock on the hillside above the cave is intensely hard *breccia*; and portions of it are of a pale red color, like that from which crosses and other curiosities are made in Bethlehem for pilgrims. I succeeded in 1838 in breaking off specimens of it, though not without danger of a mob. The cave is beneath this stratum of hard rock. Until recently we had no good description of the interior of this edifice. Benjamin of Tudela, upon whom I have wished on many occasions to be able to rely, and never more than in this instance, says that the real sepulchres are not shown to ordinary visitors; but if a rich Jew arrives, the keepers open an iron door which has been there ever since the days of our forefathers, that is, of the patriarchs themselves. Through this they enter, descend into a first cave, which is empty, traverse a second, and reach a third which contains six sepulchres—those of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, Rebecca and Leah—one opposite the other. The day is not far off when this and every other sacred locality will be thrown open to the inspection of all who wish to know the truth in regard to them.” So Thompson writes fifty years ago, but we are no nearer gaining admission today. Pierrotti says: “From the short observation I could make during my brief descent, as also from the consideration of the east wall of the mosque and the little information I extracted from the chief *santon*, who jealously guards the sanctuary, I consider that a part of the grotto exists under the mosque. The fact is that even the pasha who governs the place has no right to penetrate into the sacred enclosure, where, according to the Moslem legend, the patriarchs are *living*, and only condescend to receive the petitions addressed to them by mortals. As long as Palestine, or rather the Ottoman Empire, stands in the way of progress, I can certify that no one, however powerful he may be, will manage to go down below the three steps I descended in the sanctuary of Hebron. I must not omit to say that the Jews who dwell at Hebron, or visit it, are allowed to kiss and touch a piece of the sacred rock close to the northwest corner, which they can reach through a small aperture. To accomplish this operation they are obliged to lie flat on the ground, because the aperture is on the ground level.

Dean Stanley thus describes what he saw: “In the recess on the right is the shrine of Abraham, on the left that of Sarah, each guarded by silver gates. The shrine of Sarah we are requested not to enter, being that of a woman. The shrine of Abraham, after a momentary hesitation and with a prayer offered to the patriarch for permission to enter, is thrown open. The chamber is cased in marble. The tomb consists of a coffin-like structure

built of plastered stone or marble, and hung with three carpets, green embroidered with gold. They are said to have been presented by Mohammed II., Selim I. and the late Sultan Abd el Mejid. Within the area of the mosque or church were shown the tombs of Isaac and Rebecca. They were placed under separate chapels, and the gates are grated, not with silver but with iron bars. To Rebecca's tomb the same decorous rule of the exclusion of male visitors naturally applied as in the case of Sarah's. But on requesting to see the tomb of Isaac we were entreated not to enter; and on asking with some surprise why an objection which had been conceded for Abraham should be raised in the case of his far less eminent son, were answered that the difference lay in the character of the two patriarchs. Abraham was full of loving-kindness; he had withstood even the resolution of God against Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront. But Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha, as conqueror of Palestine, had endeavored to enter, he had been driven out by Isaac and fell back as if thunderstruck.

"The shrines of Jacob and Leah were shown in recesses similar to those of Abraham and Sarah, but in a separate cloister, opposite the entrance to the mosque. Against Leah's tomb, as seen through the iron grate, two green banners reclined, the origin and meaning of which were unknown." The gates of Jacob's tomb were opened without difficulty, but it calls for no special remark. With these descriptions we must for the present rest content. Of course the tombs seen were not the real ones, which are in the cave beneath them.

All authorities appear to agree on the genuineness of this site. The grotto at Bethlehem and Calvary in Jerusalem are modern in comparison. Why will sceptics doubt of the latter and accept a site that antedates them two or three thousand years? There is every reason to believe that this building covers the identical spot of the burial place of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, for though the latter died in Egypt, Joseph brought the body here in filial obedience to his father's injunction. Gen. xlix. 29. Here was a funeral of regal splendor for those times. "Joseph went up and with him all the ancients of Pharaoh's house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and the house of Joseph with his brothers. He had also in his train chariots and horsemen—a great company. And they came to the threshing floor of Atad beyond the Jordan, where, celebrating the exequies with a great and vehement lamentation, they spent seven full days. So that the inhabitants of Canaan said: "This is a great mourning of the Egyptians and they called the place the Mourning of Egypt." We have seen the burial of a sheik in



HEBRON

the desert with the long march through the sands and the monotonous *La, illa ha, illa la*, marking the step, and the *tom-tom* beating out its mournful music. The funeral of Jacob was probably not less barbaric than these ceremonies are now.

From the time of Jacob's burial in the cave of Machpelah for upwards of a thousand years Hebron is comparatively lost sight of in the Scriptures. About the year 1000 B. C. it comes into prominence again as the city where David is first acknowledged king of Israel. King he was before this by right and by divine anointing; but for how many years was he an uncrowned, unacknowledged sovereign—an outlaw in fact—hiding in caves and wilderness, now fleeing from Saul, now assisting him against the Philistines, his enemies. To this period Psalms 53, 56 and others relate; the cry for all time of humanity in time of trouble. It was principally in the desert east of here that he found a hiding place. Sometimes he steps forward to humble the Philistines, as we saw him on the plains of Elah; sometimes too he levies tax, as a ruler, on the chiefs of the district; asserting his rights even at the spear-point as in the case of Nabal who refuses his war contribution. But here the strife is healed by the intervention and the tact of Abigail: "She made haste and took two hundred loaves and two ves-

sels of wine and five sheep ready dressed and five measures of parched corn and a hundred clusters of raisins and two hundred cakes of dried figs and laid them upon asses, but she told not her husband Nabal." She accompanies the offerings of propitiation herself, and falling at David's feet says: "Let not my Lord the king regard this naughty man Nabal, for according to his name he is a fool." 1 Kings, xxv. She makes her apologies and her gifts, adding to them flattery and the artful remembrance of his achievements, and so the heart of David is soothed and vengeance is averted from her people. Astute Abigail! her name will forever represent tactful diplomacy. And after the death of Nabal she becomes David's wife. A man's heart is reached through his stomach!

This episode was at Carmel; not the Carmel on the sea coast, but Kurmul east of Hebron and southeast of Juttah, where are the remains of a large pool in a delightful amphitheater, which could well have been the locality where Nabal washed and sheared his sheep. 1 Kings, xxv. After the defeat and death of Saul at Gelboe, David is recognized as king by the elders of Hebron and is accepted by the tribe of Judah. He has been in Ziklag in the south beyond Beersheba, humbling the Amalakites, but is commanded by the Lord: "Go up to Hebron." Obstacles have yet to be overcome; Abner, general of Saul's army, has made Isboseth, Saul's son, king over all Israel, so only Juda follows David. For two years Isboseth rules, but Abner deserts him and is killed later in treachery by Joab, for which he merits the curse of David: "May there never fail from the house of Joab one who is diseased or a leper, or who leaneth on a staff, or who falleth by the sword, or who wanteth bread." 2 Kings iii. 29.

The Orientals still heap up curses on their enemies; curse your father and your mother; your grandfather and grandmother, but the curse most resented is: "God curse your faith;" which shows how deep-rooted religion is; but their language is also full of blessings. "Not as cowards are wont to die has Abner died," says David. "Thy hands were not bound nor thy feet loaden with fetters; but as men fall before the children of iniquity, so didst thou fall." *Ibid.* And David fasts until sunset. Abner in first supporting Isboseth as ruler over all the tribes, except Juda, and later in going over to David, had really been the founder of the kingdom of the ten tribes which before were disunited. Abner had already brought many over to David the rightful sovereign; with Isboseth's death, David reigns supreme. Isboseth's murderers also are executed by order of David and their hands and feet "hung up over the Pool in Hebron;" which may be Birket es Sul-tân, or a still more ancient one further up the valley—Birket el Kazazzin. The first we see to the west of the city on the other side of the Wady et

Tuffah. But Hebron is too far south and too Judaite to be the capital of Israel. David must therefore move his seat of government to Jerusalem. But that place is still Jebus, the stronghold of the Jebusites.

This is for another chapter; we must turn our attention again to the present Hebron. Its population of about twenty thousand is almost entirely fanatical Mussulmans, with about two thousand Jews but no Catholics. Lately the German Jerusalem Society has opened a school here and the Scots' Mission a hospital, with Dr. Patterson in attendance. The town is divided into seven districts; in the northwest, Hâret es Sheik, deriving its name from the beautiful mosque, built in the thirteenth century; to the south is Hâret el Kazzazin, of the glass-blowers; to the east, Hâret el Akkabi, of the water-skin makers. Farther to the south Hâret el Harêm, which has claimed most of our attention, being the sacred enclosure of Machpelah; to the southeast Hâret el Kitûn, of the cotton workers; and on the hill to the northwest we see the ruins of the cyclopean walls of Deir el Arbain, the Monastery of the Forty; within the ruins is the tomb of Jesse, David's father; at the east foot of the hill is the deep spring of Sarah, Ain Jedideh. These *Hârets* or districts, of the different industries, are well worth a visit, especially the manufacture of glass articles. Hebron indeed once enjoyed a monopoly of vitreous production in the markets of Egypt and Syria, and still fills Jerusalem and other towns with them. Many camel loads of glass bracelets are sent to Jerusalem at Easter and seem to be the sole articles sold by some large establishments, near the Holy Sepulchre. The factories are of the simplest. A low, miserable booth, with earthen floor, and shielded from the sun by palm or straw mats, with the rudest contrivance for blowing the glass.

There are also factories of earthenware water-bottles and jars. Let us watch this man with his rude wheel and his lump of clay! We are forcibly reminded that Adam means red clay, and that Genesis says: "God formed man out of the earth," and if the evolution theory throws back the action of God ever so far and through ever so many intervening natural agencies, it has not proved that God is any less the framer and fashioner of man's body. There is a belief that here at Hebron was the clay field from which man was formed, and Oriental pilgrim travelers carry the soil away. Another eastern legend says that Azrael, the Angel of Death, brought the material from the four corners of the earth, the different tints of soil causing the different colors of the human family. We revert in thought to the different passages in Scripture where man is compared to a fictile vessel. "Shall the clay say to him who fashioned it, why hast thou made me thus?" And St. Paul explains it more fully by asserting that God can make one

man to honor and one to dishonor, without injustice, even as the potter can. "The vessel was marred in the hands of the potter," says Jeremiah. How often do we see a vase taking shape in the workman's hand and for no reason apparent to us, he suddenly crushes it back into a lump and commences again. These water jars are very brittle and easily broken; it is good that they are exceedingly cheap, for "the pitcher is often broken at the well," by a slight carelessness of the carrier, and we often see girls that might form subjects for Greutze's pencil—he, famous for "The Broken Pitcher."

The denunciations of God against the enemies of Israel or against unfaithful Juda are forcibly expressed by comparison with the breaking of pottery. Isaiah says: "God shall break Juda as the breaking of the potter's vessel, so that there shall not be found a shard large enough to take fire from the hearth or to take water withal out of the well." Again, Jeremiah is commanded to break a bottle in the valley of Hinnom in the sight of all and say: "Even so will I break this people and this city as one breaketh a potter's vessel that cannot be made whole again." Alas, poor Jerusalem! The punishment came only too swiftly and too surely.

The poet of our party repeats the lines:

*"Turn, fortune! turn thy wheel, with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down—
Our hoard is little but our hearts are great."*

A lady admirer of our Longfellow follows up with:

*"Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round,
Without a pause, without a sound;
So spins the flying world away!
This clay well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay!*

*Thus sang the potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn tree.*

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange,
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be today.*

Thus still the potter sang, and still
 By some unconscious act of will
 The melody, and even the words,
 Were intermingled with my thought,
 As bits of colored threads are caught
 And woven into nests of birds.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
 What now is bud will soon be leaf,
 What now is leaf will soon decay;
 The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
 The blue eggs in the robin's nest
 Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
 And flutter and fly away.
 Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
 A touch can make, a touch can mar;
 And shall it to the potter say,
 What makest thou? Thou hast no hand!
 As men who think to understand
 A world by their Creator planned,
 Who wiser is than they.
 Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,
 The noon will be the afternoon,
 Too soon today be yesterday;
 Behind us in our path we cast
 The broken potsherds of the past,
 And all are ground to dust at last,
 And trodden into clay!*

We climb the valley slope to the west and enjoy the vision of this Hebron, dominated by its venerable Harem enclosure with a plain minaret at each end and the two water reservoirs in the wady bottom. The upper one is 85 by 55 feet and 19 feet deep. The lower one 133 feet square and 22 feet deep; both of them are entered by stone steps in the corner; they are capable of containing much more water than is in them at present, naturally all surface water from the valley torrents, and would not tempt us with its green slime, but the pool is the scene of much oriental life; the women are here washing their clothes, or filling their jars to carry home for household use; they have no idea how picturesque they appear to our western eyes.

This western portion of Hebron is still called Eshcolah from Eshcol the

Chanaanite king in Abraham's day, and the name recalls again the "clusters of Eshcol," and we look for the vineyards celebrated even to-day. The hillsides are planted to vines, which is the great industry of this south country. There is a man grafting, and we watch these vine dressers of Hebron with interest as we recall the words of our Saviour: "I am the vine and you the branches, to bear much and good fruit, ye must abide in Me." The "graft" and the stock really become one being and the good tree forms the character. So intimate is the union that should exist between Christ and the Christian.

In this home of "El Khalîl," the "friend," we think of human friendships. Perfect intimacy is not possible between even the nearest friends but it is possible between the soul and God, and the closest union possible on earth is the rapture of the saint.

Man longs for union with some intelligent being, but we can never attain it with creatures; those who assert a friendship so intimate that each can reveal his every thought to the other—the *autre même* of the French—I believe are deceived, or at any rate are very exceptional, and often later disillusioned; we cannot chide our friend for fear of seeming to be lacking in love; we cannot express our love without seeming to flatter, or being sentimental; but with us and Jesus it is different; if we have really learned spiritual communion with Him we become one soul and spirit with Him, with Him who is really our friend.

In the Book of Josue the town of Dabir is mentioned in connection with Hebron. It has not been satisfactorily identified as yet, but ed Dilbeh, about four miles southwest of Hebron, and Dhaheriyeh, twelve miles off, are claimants.

This city fell to the share of Caleb and going up thence he came to the inhabitants of Dabir (which was called Cariath Sepher—the City of Letters), but there was difficulty in "quieting title" with the Enacim, and Caleb says: "He who shall smite Cariath Sepher, I will give him Achsah, my daughter, for wife," Josue xv., 16.

Only the brave deserve the fair and Othniel is the lucky man. Achsah is not only beautiful but enterprising. Her womanly sigh elicits from Caleb, her father, the question: "What aileth thee," but she answered: "Give me a blessing, thou hast given me a southern and dry land, give me also a land that is watered;" and he gave her the upper and the lower springs.

We wait in the gloaming till the grape vines on the hillside seem like soldiers on hands and knees creeping up to capture the citadel above, and we return to our tents.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NEGIB

Three miles southeast of Hebron is a small *beled* or village, at present called Beni Nain, but which, till recently, bore the name of Kefr Bereik. This is thought to be Caphar Barucha, where King Jehosophat and his people rendered a thousand blessings to God when they saw their enemies stretched out before them. St. Jerome mentions it as the place to which Abraham conducted his angel visitors on their journey of warning and destruction to Sodom. We see Abraham's courtesy repeated in the Orient today, where the natives will accompany a friend part way toward his destination. But in Abraham's prayer to the Lord-angel we see him almost a Christ-like mediator beseeching mercy on the wicked cities: "If fifty just men be in the city, must they perish withal?" And the Lord said: "If I find in Sodom fifty just, I will spare the whole place for their sake." Abraham presses his suit further: "What if only forty-five, if forty, if thirty, if twenty, just men are found?" And the answer of mercy is ever: "I will spare," and, ultimately, "If ten are found I will spare the city." But ten there are not, and vengeance descends, the swift, consuming fire. "And God rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone from heaven." From this point Abraham sees the smoke and ashes rise from the earth as the smoke from a furnace. Genesis xix, 28.

What a perfect picture we have in the pleading of Abraham and the answering Deity of the providence of God with peoples and with individuals! Why is society today not destroyed by the Almighty? Because there is the leaven of godliness still, there is the continual prayer ascending from cloistered maids

Whose lives are dedicate to nothing temporal.

There is the daily sacrifice—and God permits the world to continue.

In the worst characters there is some redeeming virtue for which and through which God would lead them back to His favor.

The sacred narrative does not say that Abraham could see the destroyed cities. Indeed the view of the Dead Sea is excluded by the intervening hills so there is no argument at which end of the present Dead Sea Sodom and Gomorrah were situate.

From Beni Nain there is a carriage road southward through the wilderness of Ziph to Juttah. In the brushwood of this desert, David, "like a hunted partridge" found refuge, escaping from Saul, 1 Kings, xxiii. Juttah, a large stone village, better favored than the majority of Syrian towns, is venerated by the Greek Church as the birthplace of John the Baptist. Geikie and others seem to support its claim, but they advance no reason except that St. Luke says: "Mary arose in haste and went into the hill country to a city of Juda," which they suppose is a misspelling of Juttah. It was indeed a Levitical city, but no traces of Christianity are to be found, which one would certainly expect at the home of the *Magnificat*. There are, however, many thousands who make the pilgrimage hither, and our hearts open to these Russian pilgrims, ever on foot, always devout and serious, singing or praying, making the sign of the cross so deliberately, and wide open enough, like the arms of Jesus on the cross, to embrace all the world. Many a man among them has the expression of Tolstoi!

From Juttah, which is 2,745 feet above the sea level, the country drops away east to the Jeshimon and south to the Negib. Some two miles from Juttah is Kurmul, and the wilderness of Maon, home of Abigail, and the scene of David's wandering. South of Maon is Kerieth Hezron which disputes with Kerieth, near Khan Lubban in Samaria, the honor (?) of being the site of the birthplace of Judas Iscariot—he of Carioth.

From here, those who are not afraid of eight hours of rugged, rocky paths, make an excursion to Ain Jidy. You pass Jebel Jobar, Tell Ziph and Wady Khabra to the pass of Engedi. From there the view is magnificent. The Dead Sea in its extent of nearly fifty miles is a blue mirror, 2,000 feet below you, with the Lisan or tongue, an irregular peninsula projecting into it from the southeast. The spring nestles half way down the cliff. To-day, however, we give to Masada a mountain stronghold fortified by Jonathan, the Maccabee, and which gave the last shelter to the brave Jews under Eleazar, who, according to Josephus, rather than submit to be taken by the Romans, slew their wives and children and then themselves. Nearly 1,000 perished thus, hemmed in by Flavius Sylva after Jerusalem had fallen. "Having embraced their wives and children with the longest parting kisses," only two women and five children remained to tell the tragic story. "It was the last great sacrifice," says Thomson, "on the altar of Divine retribution. Such tragedies are not mere incidents, they are the voice of the Almighty setting the seal on a thousand admonitions and prophetic warnings." Canon Tristram says of this Masada, now



SOUTHERN TYPES

called Es Sebbeh: "In the centre of the plateau stands an isolated building; it measures eighteen yards from north to south and sixteen from east to west. The west porch is five yards square, the nave ten and one-half yards with a semicircular apse and a circular-arched light at each end, and is all very neatly plastered with fine cement and flat pebbles and fragments of pottery in mosaic patterns. Did we not know that Masada had no history after its capture by Silva, this chapel would certainly have been set down as a crusading ruin." But what was it then? The Canon does not enlighten us. It is most probable that it was a Christian church which history has overlooked. There are many shapeless ruins indicating Herod's fortresses, and the fortifications and towers surrounding the whole plateau of 700 by 1,800 feet, protected still more by perpendicular precipices. The view is imposing; not a trace of a habitation nor of human tillage. All around in desolation, the rolling billows of hills, gray and sterile, furrowed by gullies over which pinnacles project themselves, and through which paths wind, hardly safe for the surefooted goat. The sea is below; dead as its name, livid in its blue, or pallid in its haze, or shining like polished steel, 1,700 feet sheer down, but seemingly within arm's length, and one is able to carry on conversation with those below—so still is the atmosphere. Exactly opposite is el Lisan, and to the south is Jebel Usdum—Sodom mountain; and on the other side of the sea, the city of Kerek, and the mountains of Moab. The only sight of humanity is a steamer which now plies between the town mentioned above and the north end of the sea. To the south is a bad and fatiguing ride of six hours, sometimes in the hills, sometimes in the maritime plain, to visit Jebel Usdum; the mountains are hoary with salt. One peak goes by the name of "Lot's Wife," for it was in this vicinity, that turning back contrary to God's command, she was turned into a pillar of salt. *Genesis*, xix. 26.

South of the promontory of el Lisan is the Vale of Siddim, or of the Acacia woods, where were wells of pitch. Indeed, wherever we place Sodom and Gomorrah it is likely that it was the burning of those wells that was the natural cause in the hands of God for destroying the cities. These bitumen wells are not entirely wanting at the north end of the lake. West of the Vale of Siddim is the ascent of Akrabim, of the Scorpions, *Numbers* xxxiv. 2, and *Ezekiel* was forewarned: "Though thorns and briars be with thee and thou dwellest among scorpions, fear not their words." *Ezekiel* ii. 6.

As we gaze over the desolation, our official poet quotes Scott:

*"St. Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a foreign strand,
Abroad and in my native land;
But by my halidom,
A scene so rude, so wild as this
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press
Where e'er I chanced to roam."*

It is more like the Yellowstone region than anything else; without, however, the brilliant coloring of our American Jeshimon.

But our thoughts turn rather to philosophy than to poetry, and at luncheon we had a discussion as to the extent of the supernatural in the language of the Bible; it is not always possible nor is it necessary to decide what happenings came about through natural and what through miraculous agency. But the Christian who believes that nature is only God working through ordinary laws, while he finds no difficulty in acknowledging real miracles (that is, the action of God in extraordinary events that are beyond the power of nature), does not feel that he is diminishing the glory due to God if he attributes to natural causes all that is within the scope of those agencies. The Christian also attributes to God's blessing even what is not supernatural; we call these "favors" from God. So the divine and the human, the supernatural and the natural are interwoven. And still again, to take the case in point, he does not consider himself bound to construe as supernatural occurrences those passages of Holy Scripture that say: "And the Lord said to him:" This may simply mean what the modern man would mean by saying: "I had an inspiration from God."

In the more solemn manifestations of God to men, or of angels to men, it might be rash to give this meaning to the words, especially where it is reinforced by indications of visual experience. All this latitude of interpretation is allowed to the Christian, because he recognizes God, both in nature and supernature.

For the sake of a better road we return on our tracks to the highway from Juttah. There is a fair turnpike from here as far as Beersheba, which, as it marks in Scriptural language the southernmost limit of the promised land, is well worth a visit. It is, however, a long and difficult trip. Thirty miles through an uninteresting and desolate country. The tents were sent on yesterday, as we will not reach there tonight, and indeed there are no accommodations to be found at Beersheba, and we must spend

a night there also. We pass Douma on the right with Canaanite ruins, then through Daheriah, thought by some to have been Achsah's dowry, Josue xv. A branch road leads west to Anab of the Anakim. At Taterah, we are in the lowlands and descending the valley first called Wady el Abreik, later Wady el Khalîl, we reach Tell es Seba—the hill of the Oath—and then Bîr es Seba, the celebrated wells that Abraham dug, and where he concluded an alliance with Gerar, king of the south country, confirmed by oath and by a present of seven ewe lambs from the patriarch to the king. So that *Seba* may refer either to the oath or to the seven, the words being almost identical in Hebrew. There are here three wells averaging forty feet deep.

We are now in

*"The strip of herbage strown,
That just divides the desert from the sown,"*

as Omar Khayyam says. All south of us extends the desert, vast, mysterious, monotonous, deadly. There was at least companionship in the hills and wadies of Judea and variety; but in the level sand there is neither. We had not expected to find habitations here, but Kirbet Bîr es Seba has a population of about 800, presided over by a Mudir, and has a mosque, a post-office and a khan.

We are at the *ultima Thule* of our journey. "From Dan to Beer-sheba" is the limit of our trip as well as of the Hebrew's possessions. But we look southward out over this desert of Zin or Sur, and think of an old man, a young mother and a tender babe fleeing from their own city, Bethlehem. The Flight into Egypt! How often it has been duplicated by the artist! How often thought on by the devout! And it is through an uninhabited country, for the prophecy is verified: "The cities of the south are shut up; there is none to open them." Jeremiah xiii. 19. And all this flight "that another prophecy might be fulfilled: out of Egypt I have called My Son." Osee xi. 1, Matt. ii. 5, and our thoughts accompany them through the sand and the sunshine to the refreshment and the shade of Matarieh's sycamine fig tree, and the adjoining fountain, both named for the Virgin, where the obelisk of *On* casts its shade over the gardens of Heliopolis.

There is something abnormal about the desert. It is a new experience. Its soul is different from that of the mountains or the valleys, or the woods, or the sea, or the town. Man is a social being—solitary confinement is the worst punishment of prison life, often inducing insanity. Some one has called the desert that most wonderful part of nature—God

without man. We seem to be in the presence only of God the Father, of Power and Infinity; there appears nothing of the humanity of God the Son, nothing of the grace of God the Spirit. I could not sleep! Never before did I feel so far from civilization, so near to savagery. I wandered out a short distance and peered into the unknown. It was starlight and these luminaries in their accustomed groupings seemed like old friends, only brighter and nearer—as friends should be in our distress.

Al lail, w' al khail w' al beida tah ra funi, sings Mutanabbi.

"Night and my steed and the desert know me."

What a society! What an acquaintance! We have called the desert "God without man;" The *Ancient Mariner* would say: "That God Himself scarce seemed there to be."

We can imagine a rider coming swiftly out of the darkness and standing by the house of his beloved, saying in the words of Bayard Taylor:

*"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."*

The next morning the women of the village are coming for water and we rest by the wells of Beersheba, and think of the day when Abraham's servant, sent from this region seeking a wife for Isaac among his kinsfolk of Mesopotamia, sits by a well like this and leaves the outcome of his mission to God.

"O Lord! the God of my master Abraham, favor me to-day. Behold I stand nigh the spring of water, and the daughters of the inhabitants of the city come out to draw water. Now therefore the maid to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher that I may drink;' and she shall answer: 'drink, and I will give thy camels drink also;' let her be the one Thou has provided for thy servant Isaac: and by this I shall understand that Thou hast shown kindness to my master."

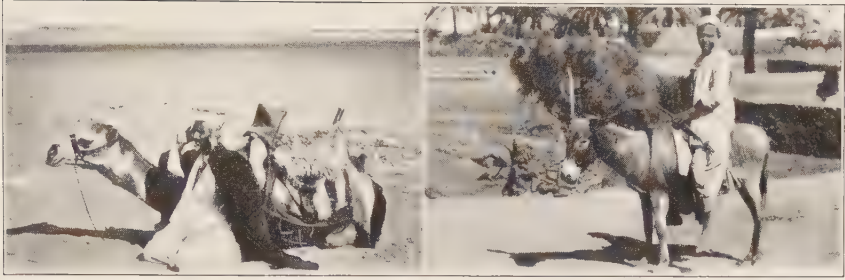
He had not ended these words, and behold Rebecca came out, the daughter of Bathuel, son of Melcha, wife to Nabor, the brother of

Abraham, having a pitcher on her shoulder: An exceedingly comely maiden, and she went down to the spring and filled her pitcher and was coming back, and the servant ran to meet her and said: "Give me a little water to drink from thy pitcher," and she answered: "Drink, my lord." And quickly she let down the pitcher upon her arm and gave him a drink. And when he had drunk she said: "I will draw water for thy camels also, till they all drink." And pouring out the pitcher into the troughs she ran back to the well to draw water: and having drawn she gave to all the camels. But he, musing, beheld her in silence, desirous to know whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not. And after the camels had drunk, the man took out the golden earrings, weighing two shekels, and as many bracelets of ten shekels weight, and he said to her: "Whose daughter art thou? Tell me, is there any place in thy father's house to lodge?" And she answered: "I am the daughter of Bathuel, the son of Melcha, whom she bare to Nachor." And she said moreover to him: "Of both straw and hay we have good store and a large place to lodge in." The man bowed himself down and adored the Lord, saying: "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not taken away his mercy." Gen. xxiv.

This is a fine picture of oriental customs. Such idyls are still enacted by the springs of Palestine.

The sojourn of Abraham and of Isaac in this south country, as related in Genesis gives us a vivid picture of the customs of those far away times. And it is remarkable how the history of one is duplicated in the life of the other. Both of them prevaricate with the king about their wives, saying in each case: "She is my sister." Not exactly a lie, and yet deceit which comes very nearly having direful consequences. The name of the king in both cases is Abimelech, so that either in Isaac's case it is a second king of the same name (Abimelech possibly being a title rather than a name, like Pharaoh or Cæsar) or a ruler, young when he deals with Abraham, old when Isaac comes on the scene. We see the all-absorbing question of the possession of wells—of vital importance to a people of flocks and herds. We see the quarrels of the herdsmen of the respective patriarchs, as before in the case of Abraham and Lot, as even to-day among the wandering or stationary tribes of the Orient. We learn of the well Ezek which means quarrel. We read of the well Reheboth, which means room—elbow room, as we might say—latitude, that prevents the strife of crowds. We read especially of the wells of Beersheba, the wells of the Oath, for here Abimelech and Isaac swear friendship. These wells are southeast.

Peering into that mysterious desert of the Negib and of history, we



DESERT TRAVEL

see the drama of Abraham and his Egyptian wife Agar, and their son Ishmael. It was in this wilderness of sand that Hagar ran away in a pet from her mistress, Sarah, and finding a spring called it Beer lahoi roi, Gen. xvi. 13, which means "the well of Him who liveth and seeth me." She found, angel-taught, also the will of God; which was to return to her mistress. Not for fancied slights must we break with authority.

But into this wilderness she and Ishmael again were driven. "Cast out the bond-woman and her son, for the son of the bond-woman shall not be heir with my son Isaac," says Sarah, Gen. xxi. 10. It is significant of the freedom of 'the Sons of God of "the freedom with which Christ has made us free," Gal. iv. 31. Abraham does not send him away without bread and the indispensable skin of water—a kid's skin it would be doubtless, as the donkey's skins we saw carried around in Jerusalem and other places as the itinerant waterworks of the city, are too heavy for anything but men. These are the receptacles referred to in the advice not to put "new wine into old bottles," which would not apply to glass. But Agar and Ishmael have not found water before their supplies are exhausted, and Agar "cast her boy under a tree and sat over against him a great way off, as far as a bow can carry," for she said, "I will not see him die; and she lifted up her voice and wept," Genesis xxi. 16 Out into the silence that cry pierced; and the God of the silences answered: "I will make the boy to be a great nation," (*Ibid.*) and he became the father of the Nomad Ishmaelites, hereditary plunderers, "whose hand is against every man's and every man's against them."

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast."

The aphorisms of Arabia are strikingly true: "Sand is restless"; and its spirit has passed into the Bedouin.

The Angel—the Angel of great things—tells her of the future great-

ness of the Arab nation, which shall spring from her Ishmael, and points out to her a spring of saving water: "So Ishmael dwelt in the wilderness of Paran." It is probable that this spring is the Beer lahoi roi that was showed to her also by an angel on a former occasion when she ran away from the anger of Sarah. She would naturally, on her driving forth the second time, endeavor to find the same old spring of water, and must have come very near it, but in her extremity missed it, for it is written the angel "opened her eyes so that she saw the well of water."

Twenty-five miles southward from Jouf el Jerrar is Ruhebeh, which with its Bîr might well be Reheboth spoken of above, and still another twenty-five miles further towards Suez is Muweileh, which Mr. Rowlands believes he has identified with Beer lahoi roi. We are now in the very midst of the desert of Paran, called also the Wilderness of Kedesh, and the place Kedesh Barnea of Scripture. Mr. Rowlands finds twelve miles southeast of Muweileh. If his surmise is correct there would be the rock that Moses struck to give water for a third time to a murmuring and incredulous populace. These three drinks were given at Marah, and at Raphadim and here at Kedesh Barnea.

In the coldness and indifference of the world stands ever the rock Kedesh—holiness. This rock must be struck and must be twice struck. "The rock was Christ." He must be scourged and buffeted. The rock is Peter, the Church; it is necessary that persecution must smite the Church before she shows the fullness of the Divinity within her. It must have part and portion with Christ before it can attain to holiness; before the waters of repentance gush from the sinner's eyes his heart must be struck till the dry rock give forth the refreshment and Horeb (dryness), be changed into Raphadim (beds of rest).

At this latter place, Mary, the sister of Moses, she who had watched him as he lay a babe among the bulrushes of Egypt's river, died and was buried. From this locality of Gerar, Abraham makes his three days' journey to "the Mount which God will show him," where he must sacrifice his son Isaac. He gave up Ishmael for Isaac; he must give up Isaac for God. What a touching picture! The old father bent with the sorrows of the divine command, but never shrinking, never thinking of refusing obedience; the innocence of the child carrying the fagot of wood for his own execution—as Jesus carried His cross—and asking, "behold, my father! here is the fire and the wood, but where is the victim of the sacrifice?" The tears start from our eyes; "God will provide a victim, my son." His hand is stayed by the Angel of the Lord, but his obedience has made the sacrifice. Genesis xxii.

From this place, also, Abraham sent his trusty servant northward into

Mesopotamia—the land between the rivers—to find a wife for this same beloved son, Isaac. We related the courting on a former page, let us see the *denouement*. The servant has sworn that he will not take one of the daughters of the Canaanites, such a mixed marriage was 'always held in abhorrence by faithful Jews, and as we see in the case of Samson and others, was most disastrous. Gen. xxiv. He has made his choice, by the prayer-obtained inspiration of God and has heaped the wedding dowry on Rebecca at the well. She is a daughter of Bathuel, granddaughter to Nachor, a brother of Abraham. This custom of choosing near relations in marriage was quite customary at the time, and doubtless the pristine vigor of the race obviated the objections that modern times have brought to us. Isaac is not to come into this land, the chosen wife must leave house and kindred, even as Abraham had done at the call of God, but the consent of the relations of the bride-elect must be obtained. It is given shortly: "Behold Rebecca is before thee, take her to be wife of thy master's son." The time of departure is left to Rebecca; the relations urging ten days delay, Abraham's servant insisting on immediate leave-taking; "I will go" is Rebecca's willing acquiescence. The next scene is at Abraham's house in the south country near "the well of Him who liveth and seeth," and in the meeting of Isaac and his bride we see all the modesty of the Orient. Rebecca veils herself before descending from her camel, for she may not appear uncovered until after the marriage. This custom came down even to Roman times, as we have the Latin expression, "To veil one's self for a man," that is, to marry. And Isaac's sorrow for his mother's death is moderated by his love of Rebecca.

From this south country the body of Abraham was carried to Hebron to be laid beside Sarah his wife, in the double cave of Machpelah. It is edifying to see that Ishmael assisted Isaac in this burial; which proves both the reconciliation of the brothers, and the continued filial affection of Ishmael the wanderer. Here too, in the wilderness of Paran, Esau and Jacob were born—Esau the hunter, and Jacob the dweller in tents and cultivator of the soil. Here Jacob raises the lentils and Esau sells his birthright for a mess of pottage of the red legume that is still cultivated extensively in Palestine, "and makes little account of having sold his birthright" (Gen. xxv. 34)—fit emblem of man who misses his opportunities in life and pays no heed to the day of his visitation, who loses the friendship of God and counts it nothing. Lentils are called *adas* by the Arabs, and if well cooked are pleasant eating, though somewhat strong.

Again comes famine in the Negib, and Isaac is warned by God not to go down into Egypt as Jacob did later, but to seek the good offices of Abimelech in the land of Gerar. If Mr. Rowlands is correct in placing

Gerar a little south of Gaza, Isaac would journey northward to have with Abimelech a similar experience to that which Abraham had.

In some respects the night spent at Beersheba is more indelibly impressed on one's memory than any others—it is so different. Compare Hillaire Belloc's impressions:*

"I looked out over the sand—Here to my mind is an influence quite peculiar, not to be discovered in any other climate of the world; all Europe has received that influence, and yet no one in Europe has accepted it, save to his hurt. The souls of those races in the great zones of calm between the trade-winds and the tropics, rainless and inhuman places; those races which have felt nothing beneficial, but only something awful and unfamiliar in earth and sky, have produced a peculiar philosophy. It is not atheistic—the Semitic races have never denied the presence or personality of God. It is on the contrary their boast that they have felt, more than others, His presence, His unity, and His personality. Within the desert the most positive religions have appeared—the Mosaic and the Mohammedan. It is not atheistic; but whatever it is, it is hurtful—at least to us it is hurtful. Consider the book of Job; consider the Arab Mohammedan. Whatever form truth takes among men it will be the more perfect in proportion as the men are more fully men. To the truth as Europe accepts it, I cannot but bow down; for if it is not the truth, then the truth is not to be found on earth. But there comes upon us perpetually that "wind from Africa," and it disturbs us. As I lay on the crest of the mountain my whole thought was possessed with the influence of that gale. Day after day the silent men of the desert go forward across its monotonous horizons. Their mouths are flanked with those two deep lines of patience and sorrow, which you may note today in every Ghetto of Europe. Their smile is ironic; their eyes are more bright than should be the eyes of happy men; there is nothing in them of that repose which we Westerners acquire from a continual contemplation of deep pastures and innumerable leaves; they are at war, not only among themselves, but against the good earth. In a silent and powerful way they are also afraid. Their fear takes the form of the great heresies—matter is evil, love is impure, life is a curse. They are afraid of wine. They have good reason; if you drink wine in the desert you die. They almost worship numbers, and the written word is sacred, mysterious, a spell. They have a curious panic in presence of a statue, as though they said: "Take this away; if you leave it here we shall worship it!" Does this not explain why God forbade the making of graven images?

**Mountains and the Sea*, by Hillaire Belloc.

CHAPTER XV

GAZA

From Beersheba to Gaza is a monotonous ride of nine hours north-westward. The first half of the journey is through barren sands. The second half is through land cultivated by the Bedouins, and watered by the streams from the Wady Sheriah. Where the road permits we are glad to take a faster gait.

"Ho Akkub, where do you put up tonight?" shouts our Arab guide, as a plant is seen rolled along rapidly by the breeze, and the *Akkub*, or wild artichoke is supposed to answer: "Where the wind puts up." We are now quite in the open plain and if it is a relief to be able to canter our beautiful Arabians, we are at the same time much annoyed by the wind coming from the southwest, which not only blows the dust in our eyes, but has started these dry plants scudding before the wind bounding over obstructions like a herd of gazelles and frightening our horses. This wild artichoke is shaped like a ball and may well be the *Galgol* spoken of in Ps. lxxxiii. 13, where David's imprecation is: "O my God make them as a wheel (*Galgol*) and as stubble before the wind." This simile would be meaningless if understood of a wagon wheel, but becomes interesting if applied to this dried-up plant which comes bounding against our horses' ankles. The Arabs, too, use it for a curse: "May you be whirled like the *Akkub* and never find rest." And the fatigue of our journeying, even though interesting, makes us long for the peace and rest of our homes so far away in the western world.

All north was the ancestral habitation of the Philistines.

Who were these Philistines, mentioned so often in Scripture, never entirely ousted from this seaboard and ever in collision with the Hebrews? It is a question shrouded in obscurity, as is the intermingling of all these inhabitants of the land called Canaan. One trouble lies in the term Chanaanites, popularly used for all the differing hordes of Palestine, as if they were descendants of Ham, through his son Canaan, whereas most of the tribes—Hittites, Amorites, etc., are probably Semites, descendants of Sem, and so more closely allied to the Jews than Ham's descendants. The Philistines appear to have come from Crete, called Caphtor by Amos and by some thought to have descended from Japhet, which would account for their superiority in many ways to the earlier inhabitants of Canaan,

but whose language and religion they seemed to have adopted. Hence we find them worshipping Dagon and Astarte, the gods of the Sidonians. This Dagon was in the upper half a man, and in the lower parts a fish, so that 1 Kings v. 4, says of the statue in the temple of Ashdod, that fell over broken before the Ark of the Covenant: "Only the fish part remained." He was the god of fertility, his female counterpart was Astoreth, the Derketo of the Greeks, 1 Kings xxxi. 10.

The day has turned out extremely hot, the wind comes up over the sands heated as in an oven. M. Schirmer says of the sirocco: "Calvinists and Puritans will be found to resist the baleful effect of this wind better than persons of other persuasions." By the way I am suffering I must be counted out.

The approach to Gaza (Ghazzeh of the Arabs) is a vision of beauty, embowered in groves of almond and plum, of fig and olive, and the feathery palm under which our tents are pitched. It is built on an oblong hill and has overflowed into the valley south and north, olive-girdled and garden bedecked with a few palm trees raising their umbrella-like tops; and with its five minarets catching the sunlight, it reminds one of Damascus, only smaller. No fortifications, nor walls nor gates are now visible; indeed we are informed that Napoleon destroyed whatever was left of them in his day, but the sites of certain gateways are still kept up by tradition, particularly the one from which Samson bore away the bronze gates. It is on the east side of the central hill and near it is a *wely* or saint's mausoleum to his memory. Two of the five wards or "*harets*" of the city are called es Sejariyeh (woody), and are the modern progressive portion to the southeast. The other three districts are called respectively, Et Tuffah (the apple); Ed Deraj (the steps); Ez Zeitun (the olive). The mosques and palaces were on the central hill, and here is still Deir Hannah a fine Gothic structure with clustered pillars, and four bays and clerestory; its length is 110 feet and was probably built by the crusaders. Dr. Robinson thinks that the foundations, at least, may date back to the time of St. Helena. It is now used as a Moslem place of worship. The city is three miles distant from the shore, but the ocean is in plain view from the eminences. But let us enter the city.

"The beauty of the King's daughter is within," cannot be applied to Gaza, although one of the largest cities of Palestine. A Kammakamlik numbering forty thousand inhabitants, it has the narrow, tortuous, dirty streets of the Orient; it has a touch, too, of Egypt, the veil of the Moslem women is Egyptian, with elephant trunk and bobbin, Egyptian the bazaar, Egyptian the prevalence of ophthalmia. It is the metropolis of the Bedouin



FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

tribes from the surrounding deserts, and has an international post office and telegraphic communication with the world. Large soap factories are here. Its commerce is also large in fruits, pulse and barley. The water is better for vegetable than for animal life, consequently it is a perennial oasis of verdure. For drinking, the water should be used with great caution by strangers, and with a little mingling of Eucalyptus cordial. It is almost entirely Mohammedan, with about 800 Greeks, and about 100 each of Jews and Latins, who have an oratory and school and resident priest, with a handful of Protestants of the English Church Mission Society, which has a school and a hospital. There is only one lone Catholic clergyman here, Rev. Geo. Gatt. Supported by no association, like the other clergy, he has come here of his own initiative and stayed over twenty years, living and working with the people, tilling his garden and engaging in business also—for he has a part interest in the local grist-mill. His church is simply an upper room in his house, poorly furnished; but he has the splendor of the Syrian sun, and the land of the Bible!

We visited the great mosque, Jammia el Kebîr, in the middle of the town, made from a church of the twelfth century, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. On one of the beautiful columns of the interior, a column probably from very ancient times (for even the twelfth century building was from old material) is a bas relief representing the seven-branched candle-stick spoken of in Solomon's Temple. The building has pointed arches and fine, clustered pillars inside. It is the large octagonal minaret that arrests the eye from a distance outside the city. Khan es Zeit is to the southwest, a handsome caravanserai. There are several other mosques; Jamia Neby Hacham, grandfather of Mohammed; Jamia Bab el Daroun, and five others.

But it is what this city was anciently that interests us. It is first mentioned in Genesis x. 19, as the southern boundary of Canaan, and must have always been an important point in the commerce between Syria and Egypt. Still do the caravans of camels laden with olive soap and other commodities foregather here before they start for Cairo: the sea voyage being injurious to soap, none is sent except overland. Some time doubtless a railroad will pass through Gaza connecting Egypt with Palestine. Gaza is now the most important seaboard town in southern Palestine, and though not exactly a seaport at present, the ocean is plainly visible and the governor has tried to have a harbor opened.

Gaza has played an important part in the history of nations. To the Assyrians it was the key to any successful invasion of Egypt. It stopped the career of Alexander for five months. Bonaparte conquered it in the early part of the nineteenth century, and from it the Egyptian army took their final departure under Abraham Pasha at the dictation of the European powers in 1840. It steps into prominence in the era of the Judges, as the stronghold of the Philistines, and where Samson, the Danite hero, performed such deeds of prowess. Born at Surah, he was one of the judges, though he does not seem to have been influential. The sites of his feats of strength are pointed out, but it is only conjecture where the temple of Dagon stood. But somewhere here it was that Samson met the harlot, and while he dangled around her he is surrounded by the Philistines and the gates closed upon him. But they cannot hold him. "Rising he took both the gates of the city with the posts thereof and the bolt, and laying them on his shoulders carried them to the top of the hill that looketh towards Hebron." Jebel el Muntar, a hill to the southeast, is supposed to be the one up which Samson carried the gates—that Hallowe'en prank that many have accomplished since, but with lesser strength, with lesser gates, and with smaller renown! To ascend the hill we pass through the Mohammedan cemetery, a desolate place gullied out by the rains, the graves sunken in, and the Mukams fallen into decay. Rubbish everywhere blocking up our progress. How different is the sight of the olive groves as they stretch away to Beit Hanoun. There is a tradition that here the Holy Family rested in the flight into Egypt.

Here then in the theatre of Samson's life with the Philistine cities all around us especially to the northward, we turn to the Book of Judges: How strangely the history of Samson reads. (*Judges passim.*) Is it a romance? Is it a love tale? Is it an epic? Is it a story of border feud? It is all those. And it is a picture of the times, of the state of society and of government. "In those days there was no King in Israel, and each man did

as he liked," Judges xviii. These romances (not labeling them as unhistoric) differ from modern novels principally in this, that the latter make man everything, and exclude any apparent action of God, while in the Bible stories God is the chief agent, and it is a nice problem to say how far God is the author of the evil. He is certainly the one who commands bloodshed and robbery; but His is life and His the earth. Artistically the tale of Samson is impressionistic; it is full of pictures, and what a series of them! A veritable gallery.

Samson in Timnath: "Seeing a daughter of the Philistines, he said to his father and mother, take this woman for me, for she hath pleased my eyes." Parents arrange the marriages, and young men are captured through the eyes.

Samson on the road: "And when they came to the vineyards of Timnath a young lion met him raging and roaring, and the spirit of the Lord came upon Samson and he tore the lion as he would a kid having nothing in his hand." Looking at the carcass later he finds a swarm of bees in the mouth of the lion, but says nothing of it. Samson's father arranges a wedding feast,—but weddings are expensive, even wedding garments must be provided for the guests. (Mat. xxii.) Who is to pay for them? The affair must not be skimped, even if a miracle is needed as at Cana, so Samson uses his wits. There is nothing dearer to the Oriental than parables, riddles and proverbs.

Samson at home: "I will propose to you a riddle," says Samson, "which if ye declare to me within the seven days of the feast, I will give you thirty shirts and as many coats; but if ye cannot declare it ye shall give me thirty shirts and the same number of coats." The riddle is: "Out of the eater came forth food, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." We would hardly consider it a good riddle—it is too individual. They could not furnish the solution. So the people-in-law make the wife cajole it out of Samson. He refuses at first: "I would not tell it to my father and mother and how can I tell it to thee?" This shows the great respect for parents; no young man now would employ such an unconvincing argument. But she makes him uncomfortable until he yields and the people bring the answer: "What is sweeter than honey and what is stronger than a lion?" He is conscious that it was won by treachery: "If you had not plowed with my heifer, you had not found out my riddle." But he keeps his promise though in a bloody manner.

Samson by the seaside: "And the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ascalon and slew there thirty men whose garments he took away and gave to them who had declared the riddle."

Samson divorced: Notwithstanding his love for his wife, in the family jar she is given to another man; and though a younger and fairer sister is offered he vows: "From this day I will do you evil." His first revenge: "He caught three hundred foxes and coupled them tail to tail and fastened torches between the tails and setting them on fire sent them into the standing grain of the Philistines, which, being set on fire, both shocks and standing corn were burned, insomuch that the flames consumed also the vineyards and the olive yards." A picturesque spectacle! Field after field bursting into flame till the whole land was sheeted fire and wild with the screams of women and children and the imprecations of men.

The Hebrew word *Shual* rendered "fox" is most probably the jackal, which is still plentiful in Palestine, and especially, does Signor Pierotti assure us, they are numerous in this very locality of Samson—Gaza, Ashdod and Ascalon. They are quite a small animal, rarely over fifteen inches in length, and have not the cunning of the English fox, so that they could have easily been trapped in great numbers and Samson, as head of his tribe, if not already judge, could readily have had them collected for him. They are the scavengers of the country places as the dogs are of the villages. The pitfall would probably have been the mode of taking them; these could be constructed from the old dry cisterns, and under-ground stone houses for grain which we meet all over Palestine.

The Holy Ghost makes use of the simile of the pitfall, as the fate of the uncircumspect: "Fear and the pit and the snare." Isaiah xxiv. 17. "Let the net that he has hidden, catch him," "Into his own snare let him fall." Psalms xxxiii. The examples are so numerous they are convincing proof that trapping animals was customary in Bible times. We have, moreover, the jackal immortalized in the names of places: The land of Shual, jackal country, 1 Kings, xiii. 17. Hayar Shual, jackal town, Josue xv. 28. Why did Samson tie two together? Perhaps that they would be thus more effective, each one making for its own den. No wonder the Philistines vowed revenge for their harvests destroyed. Moses had enacted stringent laws against even accidental fires, from the burning of thorns in clearing or from the nightly campfire. "If fire break out so that the stacks of corn or the standing corn, or the field be consumed he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution. Exodus xxii. 6.

But the Philistines themselves first avenged Samson; "They went up and burned the unfaithful wife and her father." Judges xv. 6.

Samson in fight. This revenge was not enough for Samson: "He made a great slaughter of them smiting them hip and thigh, and going down he dwelt in a cavern of the rock Etam," then the Philistines going up into the



GAZA

BEERSHEBA

land of Judea camped in the place afterward called Ramath lechi—the lifting of the jawbone.

The men of Judea were opportunists. They deliver up Samson to the Philistines, “and they bound him with two new cords and brought him from the rock Etam.” He is given to his enemies; but only to be able to say: “With the jawbone of an ass I have slain a thousand men.” And the same jawbone that is death to the Philistines is refreshment to Samson; “And the Lord opened a great tooth in the jawbone and water issued from it,” therefore the name of that place was “the spring of him who invoked from the jawbone.” *Ibid.* 19.

Some of these places are known and not far distant north. Ascalon we shall see in our journey up the sea coast; Timnath and the rock of Etam from the railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem. Conjectures of Gath have placed it at Yebna in Wady Surar (Sorek,) and at Zakarya near Tell es Safiah, but both are problematical, though as we shall see the latter has received confirmation through the researches of Dr. Bliss. The “Height of the jaw bone” has not been identified, but would not be far from the Cave of Etam only lower down the valley where the Philistines were gathered.

Samson at Gaza. His last exploits are at Gaza. He comes into the city courting a Philistine, and they thought to lock him up, but "Samson slept till midnight and then rising took both doors of the gate and the posts and the bolt and laying them on his shoulder carried them to the top of the hill which looketh toward Hebron." Judges xvi. 3.

Samson trapped. His third love affair is in the valley of Sorek with Delilah, the perfidious, and is his undoing. A price of 1100 pieces of silver is to be given her as a reward of her treason by each of the princes of the Philistines. But he cannot be overcome till they know where his strength lies. Delilah coaxes an answer from him, but three times a false one,—the seven green withes, the new ropes, the plaited hair all snapping "like tow when it smelleth the fire," till, wearied by her importunities, he tells her: "I am a Nazarite to God from my birth; if my head be shaven my strength will leave me and I shall be weak like other men." The end is near! She clips off his hair and shouts: "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson!" "And the Philistines pulled out his eyes and led him bound to Gaza and made him grind."

Samson grinding: Milton shows his degradation:

*"To grind in brazen fetters, under task,
Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill with slaves—
Oh change beyond report, thought or belief!"*

The grinding of flour is in a most primitive condition in Palestine; we still see the small hand mill where two women sit on the ground opposite each other, each one giving it a half-turn towards her partner, thus between them completing the revolution and keeping up the grinding; this reminds us of the word of our Lord, "two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other shall be left." Samson's task was doubtless a harder one; it would be the larger mill, to turn which a camel or a buffalo is used. How impressive is Samson's remorse at his weakness under petticoat solicitation:

*"To a deceitful woman, Delilah,
That specious monster, my accomplished snare,
Who shore me."*

And his moralizing:

*"What is strength without a double share
Of wisdom?
God, when He gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair!"*

Like in the sacraments, here was an outward sign of invisible favor from the God of Strength. There are sacraments, then, in a wide sense besides

the seven ordinary channels of grace to the Christian of the new Law. Was the water of the Jordan not a sacrament to Naaman? Was the Ark of the Covenant not a sacrament "here life there death" as we sing of the Eucharist; protecting the Hebrews, confounding the Philistines; "one and the same thou art safety to the faithful, but vengeance to the wicked."

Are there not sacraments in the natural order? What is a mother's kiss, as her boy goes to his work or school, but a seal that will preserve him from the evil that the day may present? What the parting caress of wife and husband, but a sacrament of strength for fidelity?

Samson in death. Samson's hair began to grow in captivity and with it his strength returns. A feast assembles the Philistines in the Temple of their god Dagon. Samson is called to play before them. "Now the house was full of men and women, and all the princes of the Philistines were there. Moreover about 3,000 persons of both sexes from the roof were beholding Samson's play," not music, I fancy, but athletics. "But he called upon the Lord to restore his strength, and laying hold of the pillars on which the house rested, holding one with his right hand and the other with his left, said: 'Let me die with the Philistines,' and when he had strongly shaken the pillars the house fell and so he killed more at his death than he had killed before in his life." Judges xvi. This temple with its adjoining galleries was probably built on the declivity of the central hill, and taking away the support on the lower side would naturally precipitate the whole edifice.

What a perfect novel is this history of Samson! The man's fool love; the woman's perfidiousness, supported by tribal affiliations; the misery of "bearing the yoke with unbelievers;" the cruelty of the enemy; the pathos of Samson's blindness, ("*O dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon*") but the undeceived mind of Samson blaming himself, and his bravery in confessing it.

One more tableau—Samson after death—expressed in the wonder of the beholder:

*"See how he lies at random, carelessly defused!
Can this be he
Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid?
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous?
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand—
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone—
A thousand foreskins fell."—Samson Agonistes.*

We wandered over the city and tried to locate the spot of Dagon's temple. A traditional site is shown, but without much claim to historic authenticity.

In the time of Christ, Gaza had six temples to heathen gods: the Sun-god, Mornas among them, and four goddesses, Venus, Proserpine, Hecate and Fortuna. Their greatest god was Mornas, who seems to hold the place of Jupiter in other mythologies. In 1880 a statue of this diety fifteen feet high was unearthed by some peasants in a large natural mound some six miles south of Gaza. It resembles the classic Jupiter in the arrangement of the hair. The statue is now in Constantinople.

The public offices of Gaza are built of stone, but are old and in a dilapidated condition. A pillar, prostrate and half buried, on the east of the town, marks the traditional site of the city gate which Samson deported, and near it is a small domed tower said to mark his burial place.

The staple of Gaza is soap, but black pottery is also made, and there is quite an industry in weaving the coarse material for the *abbas* worn by the natives. This garment is made of camel's hair, 'is nearly square in shape, with three holes for head and arms. I watched them at their work, and thought of the swiftness of time that holy Job compares to a shuttle of the weavers. They were at work on the *izar* of women, which is of finer material—flax or wool—and entirely envelops the person. In Gaza the women wear the Egyptian face veil, which is particularly ridiculous—a long streamer of white cotton cloth held by a bobbin-like fastening on the nose, and descending, a broad ribbon, to the waist. The "beam" of these looms seemed hardly a good comparison for Goliath's lance, 1. Kings xvii. 7.

A coarse stuff called "*sak*" is manufactured from a combination of camels' and goats' hair and is used for tent coverings, as also for mourning girdles. It is evidently from this word that we have the penitential material now corrupted into the meaningless sack-cloth, which, with the ashes was the preparation for doing penance—as in the humbling of Nineveh at the threat of Jonah.

Below us lies the country where Abraham lived after the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. "Abraham thence removed to the south country and dwelt between Cades and Sur; and sojourned in Gerar."

From Gaza an excursion can be made to this spot now called Umm el Jerrar. Rev. J. Rowlands believes he has found here the ancient Gerar. There are also remains of an ancient city called Khurbet el Jerar. He also thinks to find Abimelech's city at Tel Jamia, but it seems too near to Gerar to suit the injunction of the Philistine king to Isaac: "Depart from us because thou art become mightier than we. So he came to the valley of Gerar to dwell." Gen. xxvi. 17.

Here we can enter somewhat into the feelings of the Patriarch. God seems to fill everything so vast and empty, and as we lie in our tents open to the night breeze we realize "There is the passion of the desert born of solitude and the stars." S. McCrothers.

Still further to the south across the sands was Hormah—utter destruction. Alas, that name suits scores of cities in this wilderness!

*"The desert I, barren since time began,
Yet do I dream of motherhood; when man,
Attracted to me by my many charms,
Will give me towns, like children, to my arms."*

Will modern cities ever make the desert populous? As we know from our experience in California and New Mexico, all that is necessary is water, so this desert of sand may in time be fields of grain and forests of trees, and blossom like the rose.

And yet farther south there was Kedesh Barnea and the stricken rock with its gushing waters. Mr. Rowlands is satisfied that he discovered it twelve miles east-southeast of Muweileh, which is itself twenty-five miles south of Bir Rhohebeh, thought to be Reheboth of Genesis xxvi. 22.

Thomson says of Rowlands: "As he stood at the base of the rock that was smitten by Moses and gazed upon the beautiful brook of delicious water still gushing forth from it and leaping down into the desert in many a lovely cascade, he was quite wild with enthusiastic excitement; and well he might be with his firm faith in the identification." For all this, Moses' rock is still uncertain. What a mysterious forty years wandering was that of the Israelites! It cannot have been merely a punishment, for they were nourished on heaven-sent manna and quails and mountain-cold drink; it was a probation; it was an education. Mayhap the present state of Palestine is one also.

"I will take my rest and will consider in my dwelling place like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." Isaias xviii. 4. As we awoke this morning our tent appeared to be a lone island in the midst of a boundless sea. Truly "a mist of dew" enveloped everything, and nothing was visible of the harvest plain on which we closed our eyes last night. It was distressing; move forward we could not, clearly we must take our rest and meditate. It is a good time to write our notes. This lasted two hours, but sun and breeze awoke to our relief, and the fields and hills again appeared, smiling but tearful like a woman.

CHAPTER XVI

ALONG THE COAST

This is our last night in the south country. We must take to the saddle early if we wish to reach Ascalon before lunch. It lies ten miles north on the seashore along which our ride will be invigorating. Leaving Gaza by the western suburbs we traverse vast heaps of broken pottery; fragments of every kind, handles, spouts, bottom rims of jars. We must conclude that the ancient pottery was very brittle, as indeed all Oriental ware is now, and that these "*tells*" are the official refuse heap, like we are told Monte Testaccio was in Rome. It was to such places that rubbish was brought and burned; there would be a certain comfort from the warmth of the smoldering embers, and here are to be seen mangy dogs enjoying canine Nirvana. Such heaps are an adjunct to towns in Palestine and have a name, "*Mezbele*." It was doubtless on one of these that Job sat and poured forth his sorrows amid his scratching. Here is no lack of potsherds.

This Job is at once the most pathetic and the bravest character of the Old Testament. Is he a historical personage, or only a parable? From being mentioned by Ezekiel, along with Noah and Daniel (Ezekiel xiv. 14), and from the reference that St. James makes to him (James v. 11) we must conclude that he was a real individual; but he is used as a type and parable. And what a sublime epic the Book is! The heroism of pain silently borne is not so wonderful as his patience under the scourge of his wife's tongue and his level-headed philosophy, that can detect the evil warp in the much excellent woof of his friends' harangues.

Off to our right is the road to Tell el Hesi, up the wady of the same name, and in which lie several small villages, palm-shaded. One of them—Simsim—denotes that here is largely raised the *sesamum*, that little seed that we have so often relished on our coffee-cake. The hill called Tell el Hesi, rising to a height of fifty-four feet, is supposed to be the ruins of Lachish, a city anterior to the Hebrew conquest. Eight cities were found here underlying one another and the account of their unearthing by Flinders Petrie and F. J. Bliss is well recorded in the latter's book: *A Mound of Many Cities*. As the procedure of these excavations is similar in all, we will describe it when we come to Gezer, more lately excavated by Macallister.

Beyond Tell el Hesy northward are Umm Lakis and Khan Ajlan, of little interest except that they perpetuate the names of Lachish and Eglon, and nearly east is Beit Jibrin, well worth a visit. It is a village of a thousand souls, all Mohammedans (and in this enumeration we are considering that the women have souls!). This "House of Gabriel" is situated between three hillocks, Tell Bornat, Tell Sandahannah, and Tell Judeiydeh. There are ruins of crusading times; prominently the citadel, 174 feet across. Septimus Severus gave this town "Home Rule" and called it Eleutheropolis, the free city. There still appears to remain the freedom for the wretched poor to snuggle up into the ruins of former greatness or to employ the carved stones for building their hovels.

But Beit Jibrin is chiefly interesting from the caves in the vicinity. Of these there are fourteen cut in the soft rock which are for the most part round chambers of from twenty to sixty feet in diameter and from twenty-four to thirty-six feet high with bottle shaped vault and an opening in the top. They were evidently the cave dwellings of the Horrites. "I sent before you hornets (which is thought to mean the Amorites) and I drove your enemies out from their places, not with the sword nor with the bow." Some of these caves were used as sepulchres as is evident from the "*Kokim*" or oven-shaped grave holes in the walls. All the adjacent country is rich in tombs. The Mughâret Sandahannah in particular is over a hundred feet in diameter, a perfect underground maze. Near by are the ruins of the church of St. Anne. It may well have been caves like these in which the disciples of our Lord were obliged to live of whom the Apostle says: "Lovers of truth and justice, the righteous of all ages, of whom the world was not worthy." Heb. xi. 38.

North of Beit Jibrin is a village Dhikrin, with a prodigality of large cisterns and a ruin called Deir Dubban, which meaning "convent of flies" reminds us of Egypt's fourth plague and our modern annoyance. North-east is Shuweikeh, probably ancient Sucho, near which Dr. Breen mentions two terebinths in the valley of the same name and a ruined Byzantine chapel in memory of David's victory over Goliath.

We progress westward, first among hedges of prickly pear cactus and groves of olive and sycamine figs, then through sand beds, heaped in waves like the ocean, and are glad to reach the real seashore with its smoother beach and the lapping wavelets and the wind driving the tang of the salt through us. Gaza once possessed a port here but it is now desolate, a lone *Mukam* keeping watch.

We ride northward between the sea and the low hills on our right, and a small stream is crossed coming down Wady el Hesy. A hill is pointed

out to us to which General Gordon was wont to retire to read his Bible and pray, when he was here dwelling in a tent on the sands. We meet camels bearing blocks of stone of every size and description taken from the ruins of Ascalon; they are thus carried away to be made into the homes of Gaza, and other cities. We now see Ascalon in the distance. Why does it not build itself up from this quarry that it possesses of stone already squared and sculptured? Once it was the stronghold of the Crusaders, now it has not a single inhabitant, but acres on acres of fallen stones, some richly carved, ruined buildings overgrown with weeds and the buried city underneath; the whole surrounded by palms, figtrees, sycamores, olives, vines. Its wines are celebrated and its henna bright. Water is easily obtained by digging, and the sea being an inviting highway, it might be great,—yet it is desolate. How well is fulfilled the Prophet's curse: "Woe to ye that inhabit the seacoast, O nation of reprobates! for Gaza shall be forsaken and Ascalon shall be a wilderness." *Soph. ii. 4.* "And it shall be the resting place of shepherds and folds for cattle; in the houses of Ascalon they shall lie down. Ascalon shall not be inhabited." *Zach. ix. 5.*

But there is a consolation in the latter prophet, for he only uses its misery as a foil for the future glory of Jerusalem in Christ; "Behold thy King cometh; His power shall be from sea to sea, and what is the good thing of Him, and what is the beautiful thing of Him, but the wheat of the elect and the wine springing forth virgins." *Zach. ix. 17.* If this is not an adumbration in the Old Testament of the sacrifice of the New, I lack the mystic sense.

How little yon dirty Arab, with his flock housed in the "remains of old dacency" as an Irishman remarked, is conscious how literally he is accomplishing the prophecies.

A lifelong aversion to the onion receives an argument here. They say that the onion, a native of Egypt, got its malodorous qualities from being manured, from time memorial, with decayed mummies.

Ascalon is the home and paradise of the onion, and has given its name to our "shalots," the French "eschalots." "The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow," we remark as we review the desolation. Perhaps when the Crescent declines and this land has a good government Ascalon may again rise. God grant it! We wander through the mazes of walls, apparently overthrown by earthquakes. We mark the site of the cathedral, a long wall with a number of Gothic window spaces. "I mounted to ride round the walls," says Geikie, "but it proved an impossible task, the way being barred by ruins, after I had gone two-thirds of the circle; the fragments of walls which remain are built of small sized pieces of the

sandstone of the ridge below, set in a wondrous mortar, largely composed of seashells, and harder than the stones it holds together; remains of the proud towers that once rose at intervals as flank defenses, are still to be seen



SHADOOF AND SAKIEH

bearing strange names: "The Maiden," the "Shield," "the bloody tower," the "Admiral's" and the "Bedouin's." Looking out from these the warders of seven hundred years ago could watch all that approach from the plains; the ever-encroaching sands, fine as dust, have blown in through the rifts

and fissures of the walls and at some points have overwhelmed the rich garden space, where in some places the tops of fences and olive and fig trees still struggle. All along the walls great pillars of Egyptian granite, one of them seventeen feet long and a yard across, are built into the masonry to bind it together, or have fallen to the ground. Herod the Great, who was born here, brought these from Assuan at tremendous cost, but the Crusaders utilized them to strengthen the defenses. It was touching to stand among such ruins and recall the hoary past. Before Israel left Egypt, Ascalon was one of the great cities of the Philistines, indeed it had been taken by the great Rameses, the contemporary of Moses. The Temple of Derketo, the Phœnician Venus, seems to have stood beside the still flowing stream of the Wady el Hesy. Like Dagon her complement, Derketo had come to Palestine through the Phœnicians, or perhaps had been brought by the Philistines themselves when they migrated in prehistoric ages. In any case it was in keeping with the people of Ascalon, on the shore of the great sea, that in their worship of the reproductive powers of nature they should select the fish. Within the hollow cup now filled with gardens, Herod the Great first saw the light in some long vanished palace among the closely packed streets; and here in after days he built baths and costly fountains, as Josephus relates. After his death, Salome, his sister, received the city from Cæsar as part of her dowry.

El Jurah, with three hundred inhabitants, the modern successor to Ascalon, lies about half a mile north of old buried Ascalon; it is built of fragments of the ancient city's walls and palaces and of sun-dried bricks, and ever the drifting sands are encroaching on its gardens and orchards. We found here the best apples we have tasted in Palestine, none of them as good as our Wisconsin fruit, but very presentable, and there is no reason to reject the apple as the fruit that Solomon speaks of under the word "*Tuffah*," for the Arab word is almost identical.

"Tell it not in Gath that the uncircumcised may rejoice." How can we tell it in Gath when the site of that place is unknown? Or has it been discovered? There are several claimants for it—Yebna, Beit Jibrin, Tell es Safi—with the last first in the running. We will let the good Geikie describe it:

"Tell es Safieh rises proudly to a height of 695 feet above the plain on its eastern edge; a lofty watch tower of the land and a position of fatal importance against the Hebrews when it was held by the Philistines, since it commands the entrance to the great valley of Elah, a broad highroad into the heart of the mountains. It sinks steeply on nearly every side.

"On a plateau 300 feet high, the sides nearly precipitous, except at one

point, and known from their white limestone as the 'Shining Cliff,' is the village of Es Safieh. As usual we sought out the dwelling of the Sheik which offered us a very grateful shelter." This last idea is one that travelers should turn to profit, visiting the Sheiks of the different villages. It will require some small investment in the line of presents, which reminds one of the words of Proverbs: "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men," but yields great returns in safety and prestige before the populace.

Progress, however, has been made since Geikie's time. In 1898 Bliss writes: "The chief problem set before us by the Committee, namely the identification of Tell es Safi with Gath, was hampered by the modern incumbrances of the site—a village, a Moslem shrine, and a cemetery, which pre-empted a large part of the area. However, the excavations we were able to make were, on the whole, favorable to the identification. We proved that the place was certainly as old and as important as Gath, and that its fortifications traced in detail probably date from Jewish times when Gath had a city wall.

"At a depth of twenty feet we found a heathen 'High Place' of pre-Israelite times—three monoliths, still upright in a line running east and west, enclosed by rude walls, possibly of a temple; we came across an ancient rubbish heap containing objects of various periods—statuettes, pottery, scarabs, beads, amulets, and so forth. The site was especially rich in pottery illustrating the period prior to the invasion of the Hebrews."*

If this ruined village is really the site of Gath, as Captain Condor also thinks, it was most suitable for the stronghold of the Philistines. Not only is it nobly situated, being on a hill that is a natural watch tower, but it commands the valleys leading to the uplands of Judea which they were bent on depredating. See how the Wady es Sunt, the valley of the Terebinth in remote times, stretches toward Kiriath Jearim. Although the weight of authority now places Gath at Tell es Safi, Thomson puts in a plausible plea for Beit Jibrin; also noticing that by Arab tongues Beit Jibrin is pronounced very like Beit Jahera, House of Giants, the Bible *Betto Gabra*, the home of Goliath, the nine-foot Philistine. Beit Jibrin, if not so loftily situated as Tell es Safi, has surely by reason of its ruins and fortifications a greater appearance of having been Gath, the House of Giants. The giant now in evidence is not gigantesque in size but colossal in its power of disturbance,—it is the flea, of which in no place did I ever see such a supply.

Let us look at the ruins: "At the foot of the rising ground in which the Sheik's mansion stands are the remains of a great fortress with tre-

**The development of Palestine Exploration* by Frederick Jones Bliss, Ph. D., 1907.

mendous walls still cased in part with squared stones and in places thirty-two lengths of my foot thick. There is nothing in Palestine so extensive and massive except the substructions of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem or the Mosque of Hebron.

The fortifications, however, of Beit Jibrin are not so remarkable as the artificial caverns found in its neighborhood. These, less subject to the vicissitudes of time and warfare, will be the best testimony for its being the ancient Gath. For caverns and cisterns in the earth were in those days the necessary store houses of grain and water. Some of them are used as stables, carrying us back to the Babe of Bethlehem. Outside the walls are three wells, two of them with water, one dry. The castle and caverns in the cretaceous hills are almost an underground city.

After lunch we ride inland to Mejdal, the ancient Migdal Gad; it has a population of six or eight thousand in the midst of luxuriant gardens and palm and sycamore groves; it is a center for the weaving industry. We have watched at many points in Palestine the contrivances for spinning and weaving: they are indeed of the simplest. For spinning yarn, two sticks (literally a di-staff) like thick pencils are laid one across the other at right angles; this serves for bobbin and for reel and spinning-jenny all in one. A hank of clean wool or cotton is disposed over the left arm of the weaver; a little of this is started by the fingers and then fastened to the bobbin of sticks which is given a whirl and allowed to descend, revolving, till it reaches the ground; material being deftly supplied to insure a thread of even thickness. When the bobbin reaches bottom, the thread is caught in a notch of the sticks, wound up on them and raised to the left arm, and the operation repeated till the reel is full. These Clothos and Lacheses are not ungraceful figures, standing with a darkened arch as background. The looms, too, are most primitive; some weaving also being done on the ground without loom of any kind. Here at Mejdal the apparatus is better, but New England factories would be a revelation to these natives.

The Book of Proverbs recites the praises of the valiant woman. "She hath sought wool and flax and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. She hath put out her hand to strong things and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She shall not fear in the cold of snow for all her domestics are clothed with double garments. She hath made for herself clothing of tapestry; fine linen and purple are her clothing—strength and beauty are her clothing." Prov. xxxi. Two excellent qualities! Strength and beauty! Could dry-goods merchants find two better recommendations for their goods? To the north is a steam flouring-mill, kept by a German, a novelty in these parts (the mill, not the German!), as most of the mills



PLOWING

are run by water. About three miles across the sand hills is Hamameh, the Dove. The Palestine Mukâris very rarely whistle, but are often singing, a music weird and entirely their own. One would like to know what their songs mean.

We pass through Julis and Beit Daras, little farming villages, miserable like all the habitations in this land of misery. We arrive at Ashdod, glad to be able to wash the sand from our persons, for it has penetrated everywhere. Here we will pass the night.

We witnessed to-day a Mohammedan wedding—that is the outside of it—and it is as bad as a western charivari. Father Breen thus describes one: "The wedding day finally arrives. All the women have put on their best clothes, and gather in the house of the bride, hands and nails dyed red with henna, their eyes painted black with kohl. The bride is attired in her best, laden with all her ornaments, consisting chiefly of silver bracelets, silver rings, the chain for her headgear, and the headgear laden with her entire fortune; over her clothing a red silk gown is thrown, and a thick veil covers her face, differing according to the great division to which they belong—the red veil for the Kese, the red and white veil for the Yemini. This division originated in Arabia among the northern and southern tribes,

and is now carried on traditionally. Over her head is a crown with four upright black ostrich feathers. The veil being impenetrable, she is led out of the house and put on a camel, loaded with the bedding she receives from her father's house; the camel kneels to receive the bride. The bedding she receives consists of one or more thick bed coverings made of common print in very bright colors, filled with wool and quilted together, several wool cushions and a thick woolen carpet. The camel is now led towards the house of the bridegroom by some male relative, followed by all relatives and those invited—first the men, talking about any matter, then the women singing. They always take the longest way possible towards her bridegroom's, and if some open space be found about the village, all such as have horses go there, galloping round the bride, firing above her as often as possible. A group of young men gather round a musician having a double-barreled flute, the *Neie*, playing monotonous airs, whilst the men clap their hands at regular intervals, and closely follow the bride. If the bride is destined to a neighboring village, the men of both sides are well armed, and ready to fight before giving over the bride; more or less bloody battles often occur, for everyone claims a share from the bridegroom, and if he be not as well armed as his adversaries—for they consider each other as such—he is obliged to pay according to his weakness or wealth.

“The uncles, cousins, brothers, come first to claim either a red silk gown or a sum of money; next come the youths, who want a lamb or goat, known as the ‘lad’s sacrifice;’ finally the leader of the camel carrying the bride, who, too, receives a dollar or two. When the procession has arrived at its destination, the camel is made to kneel down, and the sword which the bride held in her hand is now taken away and handed to the bridegroom awaiting at the house door. A jug of water is now placed on her head and she tries to enter without letting the bridegroom touch the jug, whilst he tries to throw it with his sword. The jug represents complete submission; her preventing the breaking is a foreboding of her success in avoiding to obey blindly. She now steps into the house without touching the lintel, and she calls on the ‘Name of God’ to prevent the Jan living there taking hold of her. Whatever she may have received, or what she may own, is carried by women in the procession, and put into the house. The veil is now taken off her face, and her face is embellished with gold and silver paper stuck all over it. The sleeves of the bride and bridegroom are now tied together, whilst one sleeve of the bride is spread out across her like a sack. The invited all pass, and congratulate the new pair, at the same time pressing a coin to the forehead of the bride, and letting it fall into the sleeve below, saying: ‘This is in token of friendship to you, or to so and so.’



GOOD MEASURE

The female relatives' keen eyes always detect the value of the coin dropped and sing praises to the giver.

"Whilst this is going on the men assemble and put up a shooting mark at a distance of from 60 to 100 paces; he who hits the mark is lauded in songs of praise by the women.

"The religious part of the ceremony has passed unperceived by the uninitiated. During the procession, whilst some were galloping, firing, or disputing their portion the mollah and bridegroom and nearest relative of the bride have gone aside, so far away from indiscreet ears that nothing may be heard. In a low voice the mollah asks the bridegroom if he accepts so and so to be his female, and then turning to the male representative of the bride asks, if she accepts so and so to be her male; when both have assented, they lay their hands in each other's, and the mollah says the opening chapter of the Koran, and the two are legitimate man and wife. This mysterious sort of wedding is meant to avoid scrcerers or such as may be supposed to have a bad influence or do any mischief. The folding of hands is avoided by everybody, as it may prevent future happiness; should a knot be tied fast during the ceremony, unless the person who tied the knot undoes it, no felicity can exist between the couple. There are supposed to

be different ways to remove the difficulty, invented, it is useless to say, by cupidity, for it always costs something to find out the real source of mischief."

But there are finer thoughts than this description discloses; this is but the outside. "He that hath the bride, is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom who standeth near and heareth him is filled with joy, because of the voice of the bridegroom." John iii. 29.

How little we understand the graphic nature of this passage, till we see a marriage ceremony in the Orient! The bride has probably not been seen yet by the bridegroom, at least very small has been the personal courting—a servant like Eliezer or the parents have arranged the matter. The first time then that the bride is introduced into the tent of her husband and he, with the right of a husband, has uncovered her face from the folds of the *izâr*, he is expected to exclaim over the newly-possessed beauty. Those outside listen for this cry, this *zagareet*, in unselfishness, and are happy.

We again turn to Prof. Moulton's printer: What difficulty there would be in reading Shakespeare's plays if all the matter was run together and no hint given of the differing speakers? How much more intelligible is Solomon's song when thus set in type:

IDYL I—THE WEDDING DAY

Outside the Palace. The Bridal Procession approaches. The Royal Bridegroom leading the Bride, followed by an Attendant Chorus of Daughters of Jerusalem.

THE BRIDE (to herself)

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth;
For thy love is better than wine;
Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance;
Thy name is an ointment poured forth;
Therefore do the virgins love thee.

A pause is made at the threshold of the Palace.

THE BRIDE (to the Bridegroom)

Draw me—

ATTENDANT CHORUS

—We will run after thee.

The Bridegroom lifts the Bride across the threshold.

THE BRIDE

The king hath brought me into his chambers.

ATTENDANT CHORUS

We will be glad and rejoice in thee,
We will make mention of thy love more than of wine.

THE BRIDE (to the Bridegroom)

In uprightness do they love thee!

Inside the Palace. The Bride addresses her attendant Chorus.

THE BRIDE

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 As the tents of Kedar,
 As the curtains of Solomon.
 Look not upon me, because I am swarthy,
 Because the sun hath scorched me.
 My mother's sons were incensed against me,
 They made me keeper of the vineyards;
 But mine own vineyard have I not kept!

The Bride and Bridegroom whisper reminiscences of their courtship; how she sought to penetrate his disguise and he answered mysteriously.

THE BRIDE

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
 Where thou feedest thy flock,
 Where thou makest it to rest at noon:
 For why should I be as one that wandereth
 Beside the flocks of thy companions?

THE BRIDEGROOM

If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women,
 Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
 And feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tents.

The Procession from the Banqueting House to the Bridal Chamber.

THE BRIDEGROOM

I have compared thee, O my love, to a steed in Pharaoh's chariots.
 Thy cheeks are comely with plaits of hair,
 Thy neck with strings of jewels,
 We will make the plaits of gold
 With studs of silver.

THE BRIDE

While the king sat at his table, my spikenard sent forth its fragrance,
 My beloved is unto me as a bundle of myrrh,
 That lieth betwixt my breasts.
 My beloved is unto me as a cluster of henna-flowers
 In the vineyards of En-gedi.

HOLY LAND AND HOLY WRIT

THE BRIDEGROOM

Behold thou art fair my love; behold thou art fair;
Thine eyes are as doves.

THE BRIDE

Behold thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant:
Also our couch is green.
The beams of our house are cedars,
And our rafters are firs.
I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

THE BRIDEGROOM

As a lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.

THE BRIDE

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.
Stay ye me with raisins, comfort me with apples:
For I am sick from love.
Let his left hand be under my head,
And his right hand embrace me.

REFRAIN

*I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awaken love,
Until it please.*

Ashdod was one of the strongholds of the Philistines along with Gath, Ascalon, Gaza and Ekron. "I will cut off the pride of the Philistines and a bastard shall dwell in Ashdod." Zach. ix. 57. We are therefore surrounded by the battlefield where Jew and Chanaanite met, and what a riot of red was in the fields as we came along! As if the poppies and the anemones proclaimed: Behold in us glows the blood of Philistine and of Hebrew. "Friend and foe in one red burial blent."

We have noticed that in the few steam mills the fuel is hay or straw,



GRINDING AT THE MILL

tibn, or often merely dried weeds. Thompson makes a very good plea for supposing that the straw that the Israelites were obliged to use for their brick, and the refusal of which by the Egyptian authorities was the cause of so much suffering and discontent, could not have been the very small quantity that they mixed with the clay, but rather that the bricks that they were forced to furnish were burned and that the "kush" that they were sent through "all the land of Egypt to gather," (Exod. v. 12.) was for firing the kilns. There is no word in this chapter in Exodus that says it was for putting in bricks, and the very small quantity required would not have been such an oppressive hardship; quite different, however, if the great quantity for keeping up the fires were needed; and as if the punishment of Pharaoh must come from the straw that he forced the Hebrews so painfully to gather, Moses was commanded: "Take handfuls of ashes of the furnace and sprinkle it towards heaven in the sight of Pharaoh." "And boils came out on man and beast." Ex. ix. Just retribution! *Exoriatur aliquis ex cineribus ultor!*

Ashdod is a very poor village; most of the hovels—for they cannot be dignified by the name of houses—being of mud. A few habitations of stone, but even these are inferior to our outhouses for cattle. And yet Esdud;

as the Arabs style it, is not lacking in beauty; the feathery palm trees encircle it and the gardens are picturesque, fenced with the cactus and the vineyards straggle up the small hills, and there beyond the town rises a great notable mound, once the site of the castle but now covered with gardens of lentils and onions.

Ashdod was one of the towns inhabited by the remnant of the gigantic Anakim in the days of Josue and gloried in a great temple of Dagon—a God who was half man and half fish, the counter-part of Derceto who had her chief seat at Ascalon. “And the Philistines took the Ark of God and carried it from the stone of help (Ebenezar) to Azotus, and set it by Dagon. And when the Azotians arose early next day behold Dagon lay upon his face before the Ark of the Lord.” 1 Kings v. They set him up, but “the next day they found him on his face, and the head of Dagon and the hands were cut off upon the threshold.” So does error crumble in the presence of truth! So do old ideas give way to new! So does the old slander lose its head and its hands before the righteous life!

Ashdod had once a seaport, which has long since disappeared. Though the sea is now three miles distant, we can well believe that the intervening space has been filled in with the shifting sand that even now is creeping over everything in this strange land. We noticed olive and fig trees boxed in to preserve them in fruitage for a few years longer against the encroaching desert.

Ashdod has seen a varied history. It was assigned to Judah but never possessed by them. Uzziah took it, but after his death Sargon carried away its inhabitants to Assyria. Psalmeticus besieged it for twenty nine years; destroyed again by the Maccabees, it lay in ruins, till restored by the Romans and was presented to Herod's sister Salome at her brother's death.

In New Testament times it went by the name of Azotus and it was here that Philip was found after baptizing the Ethiopian eunuch.

A little north of Ashdod lies Yebna, the ancient Jamnia and the Jabneel of Josue's time. It is very old, and has shared almost the identical fate of its sister Ashdod, even to the loss of its harbor, through the encroaching sands and the receding ocean. This harbor must have been situate about four miles northwest at the mouth of the Rubîn, a wady which even to-day in the rainy season shows six or eight yards of river, though in the summer it is nearly dry.

Yebna has to-day a population of about two thousand, but time was when it boasted of being able to put forty thousand men in the field,—which was doubtless an exaggeration. In the time of the siege of Jerusalem under Titus, members of the Rabbinical College made their residence here, so it

became a famous seat of Jewish learning, which leaves no impress on the population of to-day, who appear unutterably ignorant.

A few miles west of Yebna is the site of the once famous Ekron, now called Akir, at present only a mud hamlet on a low rising ground with the inevitable prickly-pear hedges, the straggling gardens and the spindly olive groves.

A few empty cisterns, a few prostrate columns, a stone press—perhaps for wine making,—are all that have claim to any kind of antiquity in this, one of the chief cities of the Philistines.

Around here was the theatre of Samson's exploits. Here too the Ark of the Covenant rested for a time, when taken from the Hebrews as a punishment for Heli, "because he knew that his sons did wickedly and he did not chasten them." 1 Kings iii. It was first placed in the Temple of Dagon in Ashdod, as we have seen, but as in the hymn of the Blessed Sacrament "*Mors est malis, vita bonis*," what was salvation to the Israelites was damnation to the Philistines, "for behold Dagon lay on his face before the Ark of the Lord." "In vain the priests of Dagon set up his statue—the next morning saw it again overthrown, only the fish part remained." 1 Kings v. So the inhabitants of Ashdod passed the curse on to their neighbors in Ekron: "Let the Ark be carried round," but everywhere it brings death, disease, misfortune, but the Ekronites had already heard of the misfortunes that accompanied the Ark in unholy hands and they cried out: "They have brought the Ark of the Lord to kill us; send it away to its own place." So after seven months of varied wandering but of unvaried misfortune to the Philistines they consult their priests how to return it. The priests counsel not to send it back unaccompanied by offerings, and such gifts as acknowledge that their afflictions are the retribution for their sin. "According to the number of your provinces make five golden hemeroids, for Azotus one, for Gaza one, for Ascalon one, for Gath one, for Accaron one, and five golden mice for the plagues that have been upon you." 1 Kings vi. 5.

As the relics in some famous shrine of healing, represent in golden heart or wooden limb or other emblems the diseases that have been cured there, so these gifts of the Philistines are for a perpetual testimony that these plagues came for their crimes against the God of Jacob.

Geikie states that these scourges, hemeroids or swellings, and the destructive visitations of hordes of mice are still epidemic in this part of Palestine; that there are twenty-seven species of mice and that the place is a very hot-bed for flies. Beelzebub, the god of flies, was worshipped here. We need not say that these visitations were miraculous, but that they were

providential, for Providence is the power not only of the occasional miracle in the realms of the supernatural, but of the every day disposition of the natural.

The Ekronites themselves are in uncertainty as to whether it is the hand of God or a mere coincidence, when they send the Ark back to the camp of the Israelites in Bethshemesh they place it on a wagon drawn by two cows leaving their calves at home and "if they go by the way of His own border to Bethshemesh then He hath done us this great evil, but if not, then has it happened to us by chance." The event convinces them that it has been the hand of God. The Bethsamites even though rejoicing in its return are not sufficiently sanctified to stand the presence of the Ark. On account of their irreverence they too are smitten and the people lamented for the great slaughter. So the Ark is sent on to Kiriath Jearim. And Israel returns to the Lord forsaking Baalim and Aseroth. And Samuel judged the people of Israel in peace at Mizpah.

If St. Augustine could say that the mind of man is naturally Christian, it is just as true that it is naturally idolatrous; taking *idol* for a representation of the thing beloved and idolatry for the propensity to have a visible representation of one's love.

Before the Israelites had set up the golden calf Jehovah knew men's hearts. This propensity, undistorted, is natural and beneficial. It appears in the desire of a child for a doll—a word derived from the same root—*idolon*, which means simply an image—it prompts the desire of portraiture of our friends. Should the growing girl rest in the pleasure of the doll, and not, as woman, wish for the living babe; should we prize the picture of our mother but not love her and cherish her; we would be idolaters in the evil sense. So if the worship of God is transferred to the representation of Him—it is sinful and degrading.

But as there must be a focus-point, so God gave the Mercy-seat of the Ark that it might be the Shechinah or place where He would manifest Himself and bestow His favors most promptly and abundantly.

It is a little unfortunate that the receptacle for the Blessed Sacrament in the Catholic altar should have been called tabernacle, and not Ark of the Covenant. The Tabernacle, the tent enclosing both Sanctuary and Holy of Holies, corresponded more to the modern chancel. The Ark was of setimwood overlaid with the purest gold; was about thirty inches in size and cubical, with the cover, or mercy seat projecting at the ends nine or ten inches to hold the Cherubim, who looked one toward the other.

And with these reflections we arrive at Jaffa. We scented it from afar, as the camel does the desert oasis and its water.

CHAPTER XVII

JAFFA

*"Oldest of cities! Linked with sacred truth
And classic fable from thy earliest dawn,
By name "The Beautiful."*

Joppa! The city of our dreams! We are where fable and history meet; consequently in a border-land where the judicial temperament is difficult to maintain, and we are not going to spoil our enjoyment by too searching an inquiry where one ends and the other begins. It is without doubt one of the oldest cities of the world. It was here that Noah built the ark according to the Eastern traditions, and the name of the city perpetuates the name of his eldest son.

Jonah is said to have embarked from here in his futile endeavor to escape from God, and Andromeda and Perseus too were here, if the lays of classic fable speak the truth. We look for a rock desolate and stern on which the beautiful daughter of Cassiopea was exposed to the fury of the sea monster, till rescued by her lover Perseus; but the stony hill is covered by dwellings and gardens of delight. The monster has been slain. Is the fable really nothing to us? Does it not indicate that everything beautiful and great must be attained by love-armed valor?

As Jonah mentioned above was swallowed and then rescued from the monster of the deep waters, may there not be a connection between these traditions? May the Greek legend not be a distorted version of the Bible story? But can we reasonably suppose there were whales in the Mediterranean Sea in the days of Jonah? There is every probability that there were, even apart from the Scripture narrative. Pliny's Natural History records the sending of the bones of a sea monster from Joppa to Rome. They measured forty feet in length. Here is a verification of "a large fish" in this identical spot from which the prophet sailed toward Tarshish. Several other instances are mentioned in history; several are quoted by Dr. Pusey in his "Minor Prophets."

In their efforts to justify the Bible story rationalists and semi-rationalists advance the theory that in this swallowing of Jonah by the whale we have only an allegory, showing how the wicked are caught even if they flee to the uttermost ends of the earth, and how "from out the jaws of death" the virtuous may be restored by happy chance. But our Lord speaks too un-

doubtingly for us to consider it fable. He considered it fact, and referred to it as the type of His sepulture and rising, "As Jonah in the whale so shall the Son of Man be three days in the bosom of the earth." Math. xii. 40. Others contend that it is possible on natural grounds for Jonah to have lived that length of time on the air in the lungs of the animal, or in trance without breathing. To such straits are those reduced who shy at miracles!

A great wind was blowing from the west rolling up great billows against the stone embankment and the buildings at Jaffa. The road-stead is an expanse of white foam, which as it settles down reveals the black rocks like the backs of porpoises disporting themselves, or rather like a school of sharks waiting for their prey—for there are sharks in these waters—and see! to the north there is a large steamer beyond the reef unable to land its passengers. There are two sets of the disappointed, those who cannot land, and a large party in Jerusalem who are waiting to embark. Three days have these been in purgatory—in sight of Paradise, and not allowed to enter—like Moses on Nebo; and even for those still on shore every day of delay, for these *Cooked* parties, means a day less in some place they wanted to see.

We recall our sensations when we landed here for the first time a quarter of a century ago; our gratitude to be on *terra firma*, and to have escaped the dangers of the rocks, a veritable school of harpies ready to devour the small boats in which we must be carried ashore, and the horde of natives, apparent savages, half naked, screaming and gesticulating, who boarded our ship as soon as she came to anchor; the picture was exactly what we see in books of discoverers landing among the natives on a barbarous coast. The *casus belli*, however, was not to prevent our landing in their country, but to be the instrument of that landing;—the desire namely of each one to capture as many of us as possible to take ashore. We succeeded in beating off several of the most rapacious and bargained with a careful oldish-looking boatman and were fortunate in our choice; fortunate also in not being separated from our baggage, as some were in the *mêlée*. We were hoisted over the side of the ship and tumbled into the boat about twenty feet in length and forty feet below us. We had already learned the potency of backsheesh, which we used to prevent the overloading of our craft. How the men shout as they bend to their oars! Now to run the gauntlet of the rocks, lying like devouring monsters of the deep, just hidden but just ready to swallow. Nor are the rocks the only danger; sharks abound, conscious that if a boat upset there will be a chance for a dinner. Fortunately we escape both perils, for these boatmen are skilled and brave, and darting through the one available opening in the reef we are soon in calmer waters. Even from our seat



JAFFA

of danger we noted how Jaffa rises from the sea, terrace above terrace, its buildings brightening in the westering sunlight. This was twenty years ago. To-day we find the city much improved and enlarged; from a population of 10,000 inhabitants, it has grown to upwards of 40,000, three quarters of these are Mohammedans, with about one thousand Jews, and over five thousand Christians, the large majority of whom, however, are orthodox Greeks; the Latins numbering about one thousand, and Maronites, Melchites, Syrians, Armenians and Protestants being represented by smaller numbers; it is said that about fifty thousand pilgrims land here annually of whom again the majority are Russians. Under a good government a harbor would be provided here. But the unspeakable Turk is only here to bleed the people by taxes.

Commercially also Jaffa is one of the most important points in the Levant. It is visited every year by four hundred steamers, carrying a freight of half a million tons, and by an equal number of sailing vessels whose cargo may be estimated at half that tonnage; the chief exports are corn, sesamum, leather, and oranges.

In Jaffa, the Jews in particular, are making progress; since the Zion movement began thousands of Jews have returned to the land of their an-

cestors, and the Israelitish Alliance is doing great things with their agricultural schools, inaugurated by Charles Netter. From six to ten square miles are now owned by the different Jewish colonies in Palestine. It is still an insignificant figure and the Christian believes that never can the Jew regain his birthright, which he forfeited in rejecting the Messiah; on the other hand Holman Hunt, the noted artist of England, thinks that a Jewish state here would prevent the clash of Christian countries, which he prophesies is inevitably to come, over the possession of Holy Land. Time will show.

Our first visit must be to the Franciscan church and monastery. Here a plenary indulgence is to be gained by all pilgrims. Shall we scoff at these indulgences? These special favors of Mother church, to whom Christ said: "Whatever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." Nothing could be more cordial than the welcome which the Franciscan Fathers accord to all. It is the effect of the communion of saints, united with the special kindness of St. Francis of Assisi and the hospitality of the Arabian East. Adjoining the Latin convent is the Armenian one, in which building it is said Napoleon poisoned such of his soldiers as fell sick of the plague, rather than bother caring for them; if that be true, no wonder God deserted him in the snows of Moscow, and did not permit him to free Holy Land. "It requires a clean pen" says the Arab, "to write the name of God."

Our New Testament recollections of Joppa take us first to the site of the house of Simon the tanner, now occupied by the Mohammedan mosque, Jamia el Tabet. It is used as a lighthouse. To reach it is a walk of about six minutes southward. By the aid of backsheesh we are admitted. It is on the seashore as Acts ch. x relates, and here Simon Peter was lodged with his namesake, the tanner.

Here he had that vision that taught him the catholicity of the Church; that heavenly insight that cured him of a narrow prejudice that would exclude the heathen and the gentile from the family of God, and prevent them from entering the Fold. The wide charity of complete knowledge! "Call not that unclean which God has sanctified." Acts x. 14. These buildings are undoubtedly more modern than would entitle them to be considered the very house on whose roof Peter prayed "about the sixth hour," but we will go up to the housetop, which is still the promenade of the Orientals, and a place of refuge for prayer and reflection; these roofs are nearly flat, somewhat rounding, being formed of low stone vaulting. We pray here for the large Christian heart that loves and embraces all.

The tanneries were in the south end of the city, and still further on was the "Moon pool," where the rafts of cedar trees for the Temple were



THROUGH THE ROCKS

landed; it is long since silted up, but the still waters would have been necessary for the tan tanks and the logs from Libanus would have furnished part of the tanbark, probably, indeed, starting the industry.

In Jaffa each church is active in hospitality and education, besides the Franciscan Fathers' hospice and schools, the Christian Brothers and the Nuns of St. Joseph of the Apparition are in the field teaching. The French hospital of St. Louis is under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Church Missionary Society of London and the American Mission have flourishing schools and orphanages.

The orange gardens are the glory of Jaffa. These extend for a distance of two miles southeast and north. A thousand and a half years before Christ, Rameses II boasted of the oranges of Ja-hu. Through the courtesy of a friend, we are given the freedom of some of these paradises. The surrounding hedge, indeed, is forbidding, being of prickly pear, but the garden luxuriates in almond, lemon, orange, fig, olive and pomegranate for fruit, with sycamores and acacias for shade, and cypresses for steeples; there are also patches of melons and squashes and other vegetables, especially artichoke and cauliflower; neither are vineyards lacking, nor mulberry trees for the silk-worms. It is musical with the song of birds, the nightingale will

be here shortly, and with the endless groan of the waterwheel, which is a music decidedly Oriental. We have spoken of the *sakieh* which waters the gardens. This primitive means of irrigation consists of two wheels, one lying horizontally and turned by camel, buffalo or donkey, provided with wooden cogs which work in corresponding cogpins in the upright wheel, which carries a circular string of earthen jars, dipping into the well at the bottom and spilling their water in a trough at the top, which is then led to the crops in small canals. If the well is shallow the radius of the wheel may reach it—if deep, the string of buckets is lengthened. This well—"Bir"—gives the name to these watered gardens which are called *Biareh*. Water is a prime necessity for these plantations, without it here would be a wilderness; but with it what luxuriance of vegetation, what wealth of flowers and fruit! We are surprised at the great extent of these gardens and the number of these creaking water-wheels, singing a song that becomes a factor in life. The facility with which water may be obtained accounts for both—there seems to be streams underground everywhere, at about fifteen to twenty feet.

Here in the comfort of the luxuriant gardens of Jaffa we study the list of trees, fruits, vegetables and flowers prominently mentioned in Scripture. We will find them all here or elsewhere in our travels. The oak, the palm, the cedar, the cypress and the plane tree, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive and the grape, the gourd, the rose of Sharon, and of Jericho, the scarlet poppy and the gorgeous anemone, the hyssop and the cummin, the mint and the corn, the wheat and the cockle. But we remark also that there are many of the fruits that are now almost staple, as for instance the orange and the banana, the peach and the plum, the very trees under which we are resting are not mentioned in Scriptures. Probably they were not indigenous here, and were only introduced by later settlers, or through the commerce with Spain, and Persia and Italy.

We spend the afternoon in visiting the bazaars, which are always a point of interest in an Oriental city. We go north along the quay street, as we might call it, passing again the Moslem mosque, then turn east and emerging from the remains of the ancient walls find ourselves in the hubbub of Mohammedan life. There are the ever-present caravans of camels arriving and departing; there are the throngs of patient donkeys; there is the shouting of the Arabs; there are the strange costumes of the Orient; the Bedouin from the desert; the Fellah from the field, the sensual Turk in his carriage; the veiled women; the merchants smoking among their dry goods, or praying their endless beads; there are the heaps of fruits and vegetables, not housed in stores but lying in the open street. We are reminded of the words of

HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER



the Song of Songs: "In our gates are all fruits," and surely it is verified in this market. See that Jaffa maiden in the midst of her pyramids of golden oranges as large as small pumpkins! Does she not recall the words of the Beloved in the Canticle, "Prop me up with apples?" "Thy cheeks are as a piece of pomegranate." Here are those identical fruits, and here are all the materials with which this wonderful idyl is painted; the henna and the myrrh, the honey-comb dropping its sweetness, the milk and the spices, and the Oriental perfume, the gold and the precious stones and the ivory, the purple of damasks and the sheen of silks, the bloom on the vine-clusters, and behind those walls are "enclosed gardens" and yonder eastward we see the cypress and the cedars, and know that only a little further on are the tents of Kedar—black tents with flocks of snowy white—and the wilderness of Engaddi with the roes on the mountain side. The loungers are splitting open and eating pumpkin seeds, salted and sometimes slightly roasted, as we would peanuts; others munching peas, a larger legume than ours and tasteless, which is, however, made up for by the candies which are cloying in their intense sweetness.

We can see Bible practices reproduced on every occasion. The crowding in of bothersome friends in time of trouble, as in the case of Job; the crowd making a rout in the house of sickness and of death, as recorded by Mark v. 38. The prevalence of eye trouble caused by filthy habits and the pulverized germ-filled earth, reminds of the petition: "Lord that I may see;" the lepers along the roadside, of the cry: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me," but to-day changed to the worldly and mercenary: "Backsheesh! Backsheesh!"

The aversion to images inculcated in the first commandment of Sinai persists to-day in the unwillingness to be photographed, in the ignorant rural districts. When we hear the multitudinous oaths and curses of these Mohammedans swearing by everything imaginable, and making up the most blood-curdling imprecations, we do not wonder at the injunction of our Lord: "Let your speech be yea! yea! nay! nay!, for what is more is sin." Mat. v.37.

When we see the amount of time wasted in chaffering over the smallest transaction, we recognize the wisdom of our Saviour's injunction to the apostles: "Salute no man in the way." They would otherwise never reach their journey's end nor accomplish the work on which they were sent.

When we see two men haggling over the sale of a donkey and notice how the purchaser finds all the fault he can with it, but afterwards lauds it as the one donkey of the universe, we have in our ears the words of the wise

man: "It is naught, it is naught! says the buyer, but when he goeth his way he boasteth."

We notice often how, with the ancients, a nice sense of color is wanting to this people. The Zerka is called the *Blue* river, whereas it is *gray*, and travellers are accosted in this region by such expressions as "O good men, ye who pray to Allah, ye who venerate Mohammed, have you seen my *green* donkey?"

The next day the storm was sufficiently abated for the little boats to venture out and liberate the incoming pilgrims from their floating prison. If "hope deferred maketh the soul sick," what must these pilgrims have felt the last three days with seasickness added to the hope deferred. The party from Jerusalem has been brought on by rail and the little port and the hospices are thronged. With a feeling of proprietorship in this land, from our lengthened stay, we assist the Fathers of the Holy Land in welcoming the incoming guests, and speeding the departing ones. It is only with words, not with anything so substantial as the Franciscans have to offer,—but both are acceptable.

We must pay a visit to the Fountain of Tabitha, for here is another grand life of altruism. "This woman Tabitha, interpreted Dorcas, was full of good works and alms-deeds, and it came to pass that she was sick and died, and they washed her and laid her out in an upper chamber, and inasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa the Disciples hearing that Peter was there, sent unto him desiring that he be not slack in coming to them; and when he was come they brought him to the upper chamber, and all the widows stood round him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas had made for them, and Peter kneeling down prayed and said: 'Tabitha arise,' and she opened her eyes and sat up." Acts ix. How simple and touching! God can prolong the life of those who are helpful when he sees fitting. Brother! hast thou ever been given back thy life unhopcd for? What hast thou done with it?

After leaving the city we go southwest on the road to Ramley, and after a walk of a mile discover the fountain; it stands in a square, planted with cypress and sycamore trees; the structure of white stone is of elaborate modern Arabic architecture, cornered by four circular piers ending in turrets, roofed by three domes, the largest, that would be the front portal if it were a church, is an arch the height of the building and forming a recess for the fountain pool; the walls are about twenty feet high, the central cupola being twelve feet higher, terminating in the Moslem crescent. The whole structure is forty feet long. It is at once a drinking fountain and the

sepulchre of its builder, Abû Nabat. In this thirsty land no gift is a greater benefaction than a fountain, no way surer of securing a prayer from the grateful traveler. The tradition that connects it with Dorcas is rather sentimental than historical, but it may well perpetuate her memory, her good deeds that comforted men, even as these waters refresh the traveler and the fields around. We drink and are thankful. We think too of the Fountain of living waters opened to us here in this land by the God-man, and its response in the lives of men in charity, alas! not yet overflowing.

The inhabitants of Jaffa are not lacking in Yankee ingenuity. Francis Galton relates, that coming, when thirsty, to a sort of pump-handle at the road side with the cheering inscription: "Drink, here is water," he and his companions toiled long at the lever only bringing out a minute stream, which they naturally attributed to the depth of the well, or the scarcity of water; they later discovered that by an ingenious device they had been irrigating the owner's fields.

But to return to Dorcas. This renowned seamstress gives us occasion to speak of Arab dress. The vesture of the Orient dispenses with buttons, which are the plague of modern clothing.

The *Kammis* is a long shirt of cotton, linen or silk, according to the finances of the wearer.

The *Suderieh* is a waistcoat without sleeves, corresponding to our vest.

The *Mintian* is a jacket with long sleeves, worn over the *Suderieh*, with deep pockets for the purse and other articles. This is often made of skins of animals.

The *Gumbâz* is a gown of cotton, silk or cloth overlapping in front and confined at the waist by

The *Zunnâr* or girdle which in some is only a cord or leather thong and in others becomes a rich sash, wide and rich in material and color. It is often a camel's hair shawl.

Abba and *Jibbeh* are the names given to a slight variation of the long loose cloak, in which they wrap themselves and in which they sleep. It was this garment that Christ divested himself of when he washed the Disciples' feet at the last supper. This also the clothing of which we read the "High Priest rent his garments," and that the young man left in the hands of the rabble when our Lord was apprehended in the Garden of Gethsemane. Mark xiv. 51. This garment gives a dignity to the figure, like the toga of the Romans, but when work is to be done it is either laid aside or raised well above the knees and confined by the girdle. It is of this garment that we read "he girded himself" and of which St. Paul speaks when he commands "let your loins be girded;" only in this way is one fit for work.



TONIB OF TABITHA

I have seen this *Jibbeh* used to make a shade in the noonday rest, being supported on poles, forming an improvised tent.

The *Burnus* is a long cloak of woolen stuff for the men and of silk for the women, of the brightest colors and lends an indescribable picturesqueness, warmth and glow to Oriental assemblies. There is no need of a dress-maker; this *Burnus* has sometimes armholes but it is often a large cape held around the person and immensely voluminous. *Izâr* it is called when worn by the fair sex.

There is also the loose baggy trousers called *Sherwail* for the men and *Shintian* for the ladies which can also be improvised without any assistance from the seamstress, out of a sheet, to the astonishment of Westerners. This is only worn by some of the Turkish women; the Christians and the peasantry wear a simple gown of blue stuff, usually very dirty. Under this the better classes wear the *Libas* or drawers.

For the feet there is the *Jerabat* and *Kalsab*; socks and stockings of every variety and of every color. There is then the *Kalshin*, a slipper of soft morocco leather. There is the *Babûje*, a kind of sandal; *Surmaîyeh*, the red shoe of Morocco, and *Jezmah*, the boot.

Besides these there is the *Yashmak* or veil for the women. For no strict Mohammedan female will ever allow her face to be seen in public. Should they be taken unawares or the veil fall off they will cry "*Ya medampti*," "O my sorrow," which the cynical would say is "put on." The veil is a matter so thin that it can easily be seen through by the women themselves, and some so attenuated that Edwin Arnold says of the stuffs of the East "Ten folds of which hide not a modest face." In many veils again the eyes are left free, either beginning only below them hung from a spool-like contrivance on the nose—this is the Egyptian veil; or with eye-holes left in the material, this is the most ghastly looking veil of them all. The most beautiful is the veil like the capulet of the French peasants, worn by small girls and by Christian women in many places. It may be the poorest piece of rag or an expensive lace mantilla—but it is always picturesque and becoming.

Thompson says, "It was probably the *Abba* with which Shem and Japhet covered their father's drunken shame, and which Elias let fall on Eliseus, a sign of his succession to the office of Prophet. Joseph's coat of many colors may have been the *Kammis*; it was probably the *Jibbeh* that Joseph left in the hands of Potiphar's wife when he fled from her seduction.

How picturesque and appropriate are these costumes that seem so outlandish to us; how much of the interest of foreign travel is vanishing through the adoption of modern clothes by the peoples of Europe



SAKIEH

and Asia. National costumes should be preserved; they are alike convenient and beautiful. The looseness of these Oriental garments is eminently comfortable where the people recline at table or sit "flat-footed" on the mat. The ease of taking off the slipper insures the cleanliness of the carpets or of the Mosque floor and readiness for the bath which our Lord reproached Simon for having neglected in his case, leaving that to the tears of the Magdalen. We will also be careful to take off our shoes on entering their places of worship following the example of Moses who took off his sandals before the burning bush "for the ground was holy."

But if contrary to our custom, the shoes are taken off, the head covering is kept on, but we must remember that their head dress is the soft fez or the ample folds of the turban which do not incommode indoor leisure like our stiff cady, or wide spreading bonnets of shrubbery and birds, or the still more horrid coal scuttles or waste baskets of 1910, and the heads of the Orientals being mostly shaven would be hideous without the covering of *tarbush* or veil.

For masculine head dress is universally seen the *tarbush* or fez; a thick felt cap with tassel attachment, usually red, but in the case of the Dervishes yellow. The fez is often supplemented by the *keffich*, being wound

around the bottom part, but among the Bedouins this *keffieh* is used without the fez and consists of a square of cloth, like a large handkerchief or small shawl, very often of rich stripings of yellow and red and interwoven with gold thread; it is confined to the forehead with a cord of goat's or camel's hair called *akal*, and covers the back of the head and the nape of the neck; an excellent protection from both heat and cold, to which the neck is particularly sensitive. This *keffieh* can easily be transformed into a turban, wound round a little skull cap of cotton and is thus used inside the house.

A short distance from the "Sebil" or fountain the road forks toward Ramley and Jerusalem to the right, and to the left the Russian settlement and their monastery, with its fine gardens. It is not known where Tabitha was raised to life, but among these orchards is Jebel Tabitha, the reputed tomb of the woman after whom so many Dorcas societies have been named. To this tomb come annually many thousands of pilgrims, both Christian and Mohammedan, and the celebrated archeologist, M. Clermont-Ganneau has settled beyond doubt that here was a Hebrew cemetery.

The Russian belfry affords a fine view. All around us are the beautiful gardens, principally of oranges; farther east the agricultural colony of the Israelite Alliance, northwest the Temple Colony; their religion is a well-intentioned but mongrel cross between Hebrewism and Christianity, started by W. and C. Hoffman of Würtemberg in 1860. They number 1,200 members and have four colonies in Palestine. We remark the garden of Sir Moses Montefiore; north, the sand dunes bordering the sea as far as the River Aujeh, and on all sides the plain of Sharon back to the hill country of Judea, a green carpet with gold fringe.

CHAPTER XVIII

UP TO JERUSALEM

Besides the Hospice of the Franciscans, where all are received free, without distinction of nationality or religion—that you are a pilgrim to Holy Land is the one requisite—there are several hotels, which furnish every convenience. The Jerusalem Hotel here offers an agreeable change, from numbering its rooms, by naming them after noted personages of Bible History, Abraham, Jacob, Melchisedech, Josue, Judith. Patriarchs, prophets and valiant women—one is in high society!

We could spend a very pleasant week here in the sea breezes and the perfume of the orange groves, but we must push on to Jerusalem. A traveler is always in a hurry, and although it is a matter of self-congratulation that we traveled this land before the advent of railroads, or even of carriage highways, we are glad enough to make use of the railway that has recently been built between here and Jerusalem. The projectors having had the good taste to keep the stations far from the cities, it is necessary to take a carriage, the distance being over a mile from the Franciscan Hospice, and outside the city to the north. It pleases us to see the locomotive is made by the Baldwin Company of Pennsylvania; how eager we are for any touch of Americanism! The fare is about six cents a mile, first class. "Pretty steep fare," I hear an Englishman remark; but then, the road runs uphill! There is only one passenger train a day, leaving between one and two P. M., and not always on schedule time, if such a thing is extant; there is an occasional freight train or luggage train.

"This plenty patience country," said the hackman to me. The railroad circles the gardens of Jaffa, leaving those of the Latin monastery to the right, and Sarona to the left, then turning southward through the farms of the Israelite Alliance and across the Great Plain, commonly called Sharon northward but Sheppelah or Philistia southward. We are in the territory that was given to the tribe of Dan, which had also an allotment under Mt. Hermon. We pass the villages of Yazur, Beit Dejan with a Jewish colony Richon La Sion to the south. Sakiyeh, Kafr Ana the Ono of the Bible on the caravan route over which Joseph was led into Egypt, and which saw the return of the Holy Family when at God's command "they came back another way into their own country."

At El Jehudiyeh is the German Temple Colony of Wilhelma, opened

in 1902. Eight miles from Jaffa is Safiriyeh, a more considerable village, but neither this nor Sarfend need delay us. Our first point of interest is Lud, the Bible Lydda; this and Ramley are worth stopping off to visit. Those who wish to reach Jerusalem the same day should come this first fourteen miles to Ramley by carriage and then can take the train farther.

By the highway will be noticed, between Jaffa and Jerusalem, seventeen little stone forts built in 1860 for the accommodation of the Turkish police who guarded the road. They are now unused, which either speaks well for the honesty of the neighborhood, or badly for the paternal solicitude of the government.

But we are now approaching Lud. The station is one and one-fourth miles from town, so that we have quite a walk, which, however, is refreshing and full of beauty, for the city is hidden in a perfect forest of trees, mainly olives and mulberry, which are here grown for their fruit. It is well the town is hidden, as it is dirty and squalid, as usual, though it boasts of nearly seven thousand inhabitants, nearly five thousand of them Mussulmans who have a mosque rearing its minaret prominent above the domed palms. The people of Lydda were early converted to Christ. St. Peter "came to the saints who were at Lydda and he found there a man named Eneas, who had kept his bed for eight years, and Peter said to him 'Eneas the Lord Jesus healeth thee; arise and make thy bed;' and immediately he arose and all who dwelt in Lydda and Sharon saw him and were converted to the Lord." Acts ix.

It was from here that Peter was summoned to Joppa to raise to life the departed Tabitha; we pay a visit to the church of St. George, now in the possession of the Orthodox Greeks, who number two thousand. There is no Catholic property here since the Ottoman government gave this church to the Greeks which was hitherto claimed by the Latins; the Franciscans, however, being compensated by a gift of the church at Kuriet el Enab. The old church of the Crusaders has been repaired by the Greek possessors; there were remains of an older Byzantine structure. The church is dedicated to St. George of Cappadocia, who was born here, and whose head is thought to be buried beneath the altar. St. George destroying the Dragon, found on English pennies, has its counterpart here, and the Arab tradition says that Christ will, at the gate of Lydda, destroy Anti-Christ, the infernal dragon, on the last day.

There is nothing more to delay us here so we proceed to Ramley, two miles distant, the oasis of verdure accompanying us so that the walk is full of delight. Ramley means sand, but here again water has made the desert give way to luxuriant orchards and gardens. Ramley was the home of



LYDDA

Joseph of Arimathea, that member of the Sanhedrim "who did not consent to the condemnation of Jesus," and after the crucifixion obtained permission to bury the sacred Body in his own new tomb in the garden of Golgotha.

This city has about the population of Lydda, its neighbor, but here is a Catholic congregation of 225 souls, with schools for both sexes, the boys being taught by the Franciscans and the girls by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Latin church of St. Joseph of Arimathea is at the extreme end of the town; it is supposed to occupy the position of the celebrated councilor's house. During the siege of Jaffa in 1799, Bonaparte and his staff lodged in this convent, the church being changed into a hospital. Besides the Latins there are a few Greek Catholics, one thousand Orthodox Greeks and a small number of Jews.

The most interesting monument and the one prominently seen from a distance is the white tower called the tower of the Forty Martyrs; it adjoins the Jamia el Abiad, the White Mosque; it is twenty-six feet square at the base, and one hundred and twenty feet high. According to the Palestine Exploration Survey it was built by Arabs from designs of a European architect about the year A. D. 1300. A staircase of one hundred and twenty-six steps inside the tower leads us to the top, from which we obtain an extensive view. The window openings are of various patterns but with pointed Gothic arches; many of them are closed up with masonry, which in some places has been broken out. Above the tower proper are the remains of a round turret, for the use of the Muezzin when this tower served as a minaret. The view is extensive. Toward the north we see below us the cemetery of Ramley, like all other Palestine graveyards, but so very different from the burial places of Christendom. There are the little round-domed *mukams* for prominent dead; there are the plastered headstones of all sizes and shapes; there are the prostrate slabs and all lying helter-skelter without any plan or arrangement, but even here human affection survives as elsewhere, and there are usually mourners sobbing where their dear ones are laid. Listen! and even now, from yon prostrate heap of rags, an ululula goes up as weird as it is sad. Still further north we see the town of Lydda in its coronal of green with its minaret, the one beautiful feature that Mohammedanism has given to architecture, piercing the sky, and beyond it the plain of Sharon stretching along the seaboard as far as Carmel.

From our vantage tower we look to the south, over the country we traveled a few days ago, away to the sands of the Nejib and the wells of Beersheba. To the west is Jaffa and the Sea, and eastward the mountains

of Judea up through whose Bâb el Wâd or gate of the valley our course lies to where Jerusalem sits on her mountain throne.

Descended from the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, supposed by Christians to be the forty martyrs of Sebaste (though why these martyrs should be honored here I could never learn; the Mohammedans simply call it the Tower of the Forty Champions) we must visit the large vaults beneath the court; the one on the west is seventy-five feet square and twenty feet deep, and the roof is supported on nine square columns; the one under the south side is a hundred and fifty feet by forty and twenty-five feet deep, the third is parallel to the first and resembles it in details. There are other small ones. Why were these built and by whom? All is conjecture! Perhaps for store rooms! This would indicate a greatness and importance that we have no history of. Round the court-yard there are remains of a Crusading church and monastery or perhaps a later day Khan.

We return to the Franciscan convent. We are always delighted to get in with these good men. Modern hotels are now rising in all the principal towns of the Holy Land, but up to quite lately the monastery offered the best and only hospitality, and I for one will not desert them, even for the more luxurious beds and tables of Cook's hotels.

The principal Mosque is Jamnia el Kebir. The Moslems here are fanatical and will not always permit Christians to enter. Lieutenant Conder gives its measurements: 150 by 75 feet with nave and two aisles and transepts and seven bays with clustered columns. There are quite a number of pretentious stone houses and many fine gardens, but the staple export of the town appears to be soap, thus utilizing that part of the olive crop too poor for commerce. The former soap factories of Lydda have been absorbed into these in Ramley.

After leaving Ramley the road runs south, the train passes the insignificant villages Annabeh and Naaneh, and about five miles from Ramley, Akir is seen to the west; it is now a Jewish colony numbering twelve hundred souls, founded by Baron Rothschild in 1884; it shows no mentionable ruins, but is the site of the Philistine city Ekron, that held the Ark of the Covenant, till scourged by God they returned it to Bethshemesh. The site of this latter city, which means "House of the Sun," is marked by the modern Ain Shems, "Spring of the Sun," which we will find further on. Both of these names point to the sun-worship of the Canaanites introduced from Babylon. Ekron is mentioned in 2 Kings 1-2, as the dwelling place of Baalzebub. Azariah offends Elias by putting his trust in the false god: "Is there not a God in Israel, that ye inquire of Baalzebub, the god of Akron?"

So this is then the route taken by the cows that returned the Ark of the Covenant to the Israelites at Bethshemesh. We need not wonder at the choice of the Philistines of cows instead of bullocks, for cows are still used in Palestine as draught animals. The Scriptures say they went along "lowing," doubtless for the calves left behind. That they could thus overcome the maternal instinct was evidence that they were guided by God. So do we often sigh in doing God's work.

Akir's principal staple is honey. Bees must have been plentiful in the days of Samson, that they chose even a rotting lion's mouth in which to build. The intense sun however soon shrivels up the flesh, and a corpse does not long give a disagreeable odor, which is fortunate in this land innocent of sanitary laws or health officers. The hives are mostly cones of mud, like an inverted basin; the honey is gathered not only from the fruit orchards when in bloom, but from many varieties of wild flowers, and a great assortment of mints that give the honey a peculiar tang and flavor.

Lower down in this valley which goes to form the Nahr Rubîn, is el Moghar, the Makeda where Josue had the five kings executed. "He smote them unto Makeda." Josue x. 10.

To the left, or east of the railroad, is Tell Gezer, with the white cupola of Abû Shushe gleaming in the sun, where a Mr. Bergheim, of Jerusalem, owns some five thousand acres and is transforming it into a farm. Tell Gezer has been identified with the scripture Gezer which identification has found confirmation in the excavations made by Mr. Macallister, of which we will treat in another chapter. At the twenty-fifth mile from Jaffa, Mansura is passed. As the train speeds along we enter the upper part of the valley of Sorek, now Surar.

After the station Sedjid, the road trends more east and commences the upward gradient, leaving Sorek, preserving the name of the valley to the left, to Ain Shems, the ancient Bethshemesh. Further on is Kirbet-Erma, which some identify with Kiriath Jearim; both of these villages at one time possessed the Ark of the Covenant, but at the former seventy men (by a mistake some versions say seventy thousand) perished for their audacity in looking at the Ark, 1 Kings x. Thompson says the present inhabitants act so irreverently that he is sure they would open the Ark if opportunity should offer. We will visit another and more plausible claimant to be Kiriath-Jearim on the wagon route to Jerusalem—Kuriet el Enab.

The next place as we climb higher is Beit Jemal, which may possibly be Kephrah Gamala, where Gamaliel the celebrated member of the Sanhedrim lived, who also buried St. Stephen, the first martyr of Christianity. Here the Salesian Fathers of Turin are settled on a farm, but add a common



RAMLEY

school education to the practical farming they give the pupils. There is a station at Deir Abân, meaning convent of the stone, and a village of thirteen hundred inhabitants climbs the hill to our right; this convent thought to perpetuate the Ebenezer, the "stone of help" which Samuel erected, "and the Israelites defeated the Philistines with great slaughter, even below Bethcar (most probably Ain Karîm) and Samuel took a stone and called the place the Stone of Help, for he said thus far the Lord hath helped us," 1 Kings vii. 12. From this stone comes the expression "to set up one's own Ebenezer," indicating conceited self-sufficiency. Three miles further into the hills is an immense cavern called Arak Ismail. The remains here show that it was once a *Laura* or abode of hermit monks, where each had his little dwelling instead of living in community. The cave has now for occupants only wild pigeons. The road makes many windings to follow the perplexing route through the hills, going considerably south of Jerusalem, so that we are near the cave of the rock of Etam, which Captain Conder and others consider the place where Samson lay hidden; the natives call it Mughâret Bîr el Hasuta, which, although not meaning anything in Arabic, in Hebrew would signify "Cave of the Well of Refuge." If the Captain's instinct is correct, it was from this cave in the hillside that

his countrymen delivered Samson into the hands of the Philistines. Judges xiii-xvi. The cave is well-fitted for a refuge, as it can only be entered by a small shaft and then extends two hundred and fifty feet under the present village.

The railroad now passes along precipitous walls of rock, winding upward through the Wady es Surar. The next station is Bittir, the furthest point south on the route and nearly opposite Rachel's tomb on the Bethlehem road.

This is Bether, spoken of in the Book of Josue xv. 60. Possibly Solomon refers to it (Cant. 1-17) where the spouse urges her love: "Hasten to me as a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

The village is a quarter of a mile from the station, and has a fine spring. Tell Bittir with a ruin called Khurbet el Yehud—ruin of the Jews—is well named, for here the last stand was made for Jewish independence from Roman rule. This was early in the second century, sixty years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, under the leadership of the Pretender Bar Cochba, who, if a fraud, was at least brave and wanted no cowards. He required that all who wished to follow him should be circumcised and in addition have one finger cut off. Over 200,000 are said to have submitted to this mutilation, and 200,000 more swore they would pluck up the cedars of Lebanon by the roots rather than waver in fight. So great was the enthusiasm that fifty strongholds were fortified and nearly 1,000 villages joined the insurrection.

For over three years they held out, but alas! 500,000 were slaughtered, according to Dion Cassius, and Khurbet el Yehud marks the ruin of the Jews. Here their independence was lost forever, Jerusalem changed its name to Aelia Capitolina and the son of a star was in derision changed into Bar Cosiba, son of a lie! We cannot but pity the Jews, who, still looking for a Messiah, accepted Bar Cochba, but the curse of their own calling down "His blood be upon us and upon our children," must still accompany them like Cain's condemnation till they "look to Him whom they have pierced," and seek pardon like the penitent thief.

Here the road turns northward, up the Wady el Werd—Valley of Roses.

The Origin of the Rose.

*Condemned to death of fire by slanderous tongue
A new Susanna stands in modest grace,
While sunset ray from heights of Bether flung
Transfigures with its glow the upturned face
While thus she prays: "O Spouse of chastity,*

*As I am clean and vowed to Thee alone,
 Look on Thy bride in this extremity,
 And to Thy praise, my innocence make known."
 Her look of purity pure souls may read;
 For baser intellects the marvel: lo!
 The blazing fagots turn to roses red
 Those still unburned to flowers white as snow;
 The first that bloomed on Judah's uplands fair
 Whose sisters yet perfume the evening air.*

A little further on is Ain Jalo, where a road to the right leads down through a vine-clad valley to Beit Jalla, the fine country home of the Salesian Fathers. Beit Jalla—the House of God. Bethshemesh is left behind—the House of the sun-god *versus* the God of Israel. Idolatry and God, an eternal opposition!

All southwest lies the Philistine country. Philistine is to this day the adjective that we use to designate a lover of the common, the sensible, the worldly. No high ideals in Philistia; they fight for the good things of earth. Behold the smiling plain we have passed over! No wonder Sir Philistine held on to it, his god is not a god of the serious, laborious hills; not a deity of lofty views; he is Baal, the smiling sun-god.

We ever see that those in mountainous regions are noble minded. Switzerland keeps its independence of spirit; the Highlands of Scotland retain their Catholic Faith.

Beit Jalla lies on the declivity of a prominent hill, and is a village of 3,000 inhabitants, four or five hundred Catholics, the remainder Greeks. Here Mgr. Valerga, Archbishop of Jerusalem in 1889, established a Seminary for the education of native clergy. It is now the country residence of the students in Jerusalem.

Beit Jalla is probably the ancient Gelmon, where the infamous counsellor of Absalom, Archithophel, hanged himself.

Dr. Robinson's guide was from Beit Jalla and he regaled the Doctor with a sad tale of the way the village was taxed: "Besides the customary government taxes, each she-goat and ewe was taxed, and so was every donkey, mule, horse and camel. Every yoke of oxen was taxed one hundred and fifty piastres; every olive tree was taxed, and upon every *feddan*—about half an acre—of fig orchard or vineyard thirty piastres were levied and the village had to pay two thousand five hundred piastres for wine and *arak* (brandy) for home consumption, whether they used it or not." This is a sample of how the poor are still oppressed under the unspeakable Turk.

Ain el Haniyeh is passed, a claimant to be Phillip's Spring, which can only be maintained if Bether is Bethsur, which we found south of Bethlehem. The tradition for this locality only dates from the 12th century, before that the spring on the road from Jerusalem to Gaza was considered at Phillip's fountain.

But here at least is a notable *Sebil*, with good architectural appearance, a half circular niche, flanked by pillars, with Corinthian capitals—an inviting place withal to be baptized, or to drink. A rude aqueduct, moreover, leads the water to irrigate the neighboring gardens. Baptists will find little consolation here, for there is evidently not enough water to dip a man in, and though the servant says: "What hinders me from being baptized, lo! here is water," and the gospel narrative relates "they went down into the water" this proves nothing. The Catholic knows that baptism by immersion was the manner most used by the first Christians, but his claim is that baptism by *pouring*, was also employed when necessary. Certainly there may have been more water here at the time of Phillip's journey, for the streams of Palestine are often "A deceitful brook," type to Jeremiah of the man who forsakes us in time of need.

At a league and a half from Hebron to the left hand near the road which leads from Bethlehem is a fountain Ain ed Dirweh, which Jerome and Eusebius seem to point out as the fountain of Phillip. Brother Lieven thinks they may be correct, and the Madeba map confirms this opinion, which was common up to the 12th century. Thomson places it near Ashdod Azotus, relying on Acts viii. 40, which, however, proves nothing, for distance is not measured by the spirits of God.

While we were speaking of Philistia, we have run into a shower that has come from beyond Jebel el Fureidis. How wonderful is rain in any land! How much more so in this parched thirsty soil! Yesterday everything drooped, everything was covered with white chalk dust, every animal panted; today the prayed-for showers have fallen, and the world is renewed. We address the welcome rain in the poet's words:

*Drunk is each ridge, of thy cup drinking,
Each clod relenteth at thy dressing,
Thy cloud-borne waters inly sinking
Fair Spring sprouts forth, blest with thy blessing;
The fertile year is with thy bounty crowned
And where thou goest, thy goings fat the ground.*

We hope it may not be a prolonged down-pour, for we are nearing the end of our rail journey. For when it continues persistently day after day, army

after black army marching athwart the firmament as the hosts of Assyria, or of Egypt, over those very fields in the long ago, then do we pray for release, and lo! "the bow appears in the heavens," as the harbinger of relief and God again makes and keeps His promise.

Proceeding, to the left is Esh Sharafat, and, better placed, Malhah, evidently very ancient, by the rock-cut tombs. The recent excavations here have confirmed its antiquity. Some of this pottery, thought to go back to Canaanite time, I was fortunate enough to secure from the Benedictine Fathers of the Dormition. Then Katamoun to the left, and Mar Elias to the right, and we are now in the plateau called El Bukeia, the Plain of Raphaim. A few more minutes and the station of Jerusalem is called, well outside the Holy City, on the western slope of the Valley of Hinnom, and, omen of fair weather! there over the Jordan appears a rainbow.

I recall my impressions of this journey before railroad travel. Pilgrims going to Jerusalem on horse, or in carriage from Ramley, pass the Mussulman cemetery, and a huge pool called "Buffalo Wallow," and through the ever present cactus hedges, reach the treeless country.

Tell Gezer rises to our right, we ascend the foothill to El Kubah, and off to our left are the two Bethhorans, now Beit Ur el Fôka and Beit Ur el Tahta, and Jalo preserving the name of the valley of Ajalon, so memorable in the warfare of Josue in his slaughter of the Philistines, where God prolonged the day that there might be more time for the complete overthrow. "Sun, stand thou still over Gabaon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon," Josue x.

That this may be considered a moral miracle and not necessarily an astronomical one, is indicated in the otherwise hopeless confusion of ideas in regard to the relative positions of these luminaries at the time, for (considering that Gibeon and the valley of Ajalon are where geographers have placed them) it would require the moon to stand over Gabaon and the sun in the valley of Ajalon, as that valley is west of Gabaon, we therefore read these words as meaning: sun and moon stand amazed and witness the great things of God in Gabaon and Ajalon. Thus could the day be prolonged in effect without any stoppage of the rotation of the earth. It is a miracle in any explanation, but miracles are not worked only for the immediate effect, they are to show the action of God, and that is best exhibited when the wisdom is seen with the power.

We descend again somewhat to call at Amwâs-Emmaus of the plain, called also Nicopolis, city of victory, for this is identified by Jerome and Eusebius as the Emmaus of the New Testament, where our Lord, after His resurrection, revealed Himself, in the breaking of bread, to the disconsolate

disciples, who were discoursing by the way and sorrowing over the events of Good Friday.

Without their being able to account for it, His very presence must have had the supernatural about it, for they remarked later "was our heart not burning within us, when He discoursed in the way," and yet their eyes were "holden" that they did not recognize Him till the supper table. We must believe that the glory of the resurrection had altered His appearance. During all the middle ages this was the traditional site. But there is a fatal objection. St. Luke says that Emmaus was sixty furlongs from Jerusalem, and Amwâs is one hundred and sixty, so that some commentators have changed Luke's sixty to one hundred and sixty; even that would not solve the difficulty, for the distance is too great for the disciples to have returned to Jerusalem after supper that same evening, being about twenty miles and over pathless hills, which they had traveled once already that day, so that Brother Lievan suggests Latron and Geikie, Colonieh, both of which would better correspond in distance. Robinson thinks that Kuriet el Enab was Emmaus, and Fr. Breen Abû Ghôsh, but all these have lately been supplanted by the excavations at Koubeibeh.

This Kuriet el Enab, village of grapes, has been identified with Kiriath Jearim where the Ark of the Covenant rested; but that would not prevent its being Emmaus, for the two places may be identical.

South of the village of Amwâs the Carmelite nuns of Bethlehem have a property whereon are ruins and a sanitary spring. There are still thickets enough to remind us of the meaning of *Jearim* to illustrate the "Field of the slothful man, it was filled with thorns and thistles, while he said, give me a little more sleep, give me a little more slumber." Prov. xxiv.

De Hamme and Robinson think Latron, or possibly Amois, half a mile east, was the Modin of the Maccabees, and De Hamme speaks of the foundation walls of a beautiful church at Amois, which was dedicated to the seven Maccabees, who, together with their mother, were martyred under Antiochus, 168 B. C., but Mediéh further north is now considered by the best authorities to be Modin. How sublime the words of the Jewish mother! (2 Maccabees vii.) as she speaks to her last, her youngest, dearest one:

*She looked upon him and he smiled;
Oh, will she save that only child?
By all my love, my son, she said:
The breasts that nursed, the womb that bore,
The unsleeping care that watched thee, fed,
Till manhood's years required no more;*

*By all I've wept and prayed for thee,
Now, now be firm and pity me!
Look I beseech you on yon heaven
With its high fields of azure light;
Look on this earth to manhood given,
Arrayed in beauty as in might;
And think—nor scorn thy mother's prayer—
On Him who said it and they were;
So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,
Nor, reckless, shun the glorious fight;
Behold, thy battle field is near;
Then go! my son, nor heed thy life;
Go! like thy faithful brothers, die,
That I may meet you all on high!*

*Like arrow from the bended bow
He sprang upon the bloody pile;
Like sunrise on the morning's snow
Was that heroic mother's smile;
He died—nor feared the tyrant's nod—
For Juda's law and Juda's God.*

These seven young men were of the tribe of the Maccabees, but must not be counfounded with Judas Maccabeus and his brothers, Simon, Jonathan and two others, whose tombs were at Modin, and for whom and their father, Simon Maccabeus had pyramids erected. Several sites have been claimed as Modin, but we quote Geikie: "In the year 1866 a German traveler proposed the small mountain vilage of Medieh as the true site, and its claims have been very generally recognized from that time. It lies six miles east of Lydda, on the top of a hill, separated from the hills around, on three sides by valleys with some mud and stone houses, and a population of about 150 persons in all. On a height over against it lie three mounds of ruins and a number of tombs, but these do not correspond to the requirements of the Maccabean sepulchre. Guérin, however, found ruins which appear to be those of the famous burial-place, on the top of the hill near the village, on the north side. Rising more than 700 feet above the plain below, the hill commands a view of the sea, which is one condition required for the true site. The foundation walls of a great rectangular building were, moreover, discovered by digging, with cells for burial inside, hewn in the native rock; some bones being found in them! A German architect, Mauss, has even made out the burial-spaces in these

tombs as exactly seven, the number in the Maccabean sepulchre. Sockets hewn in the rock show, still further, the spots on which pyramids connected with the original structure, mentioned in the First Book of the Maccabees, rested, and there are seven fragments of them lying around.

This, then, apparently beyond question, is the spot on which Simon, the last survivor of the glorious brotherhood, raised a grand tomb over the bodies of his father, mother and four brothers, reserving a space in it for himself—the seventh. A pyramid richly carved was raised for each of them, on an under-structure of squared, polished stone; other great obelisks, covered with carved emblems of the naval and military triumphs of the family, adorning the whole above. Never heroes deserved more truly a grand memorial. Their story still thrills the heart, for valor and genius must ever command the homage of mankind. Already prior to Architect Mauss, Father Forner O. S. F., had suggested *Medieh* as the site of *Modin*.

Further on we come to *Latron*. The modern name of this ruinous village is given to it from the tradition that it was the birth-place of the thief (*Latro*) who found pardon on the cross, Luke xxiii. Nor was his heritage of thievery ended with *Dismas*. A castle here served until quite lately as a nest of robbers, but was destroyed by *Ibrahim Pasha*. Since 1890 the Trappist priests have a convent on the slope of the hill. They, too, are most hospitable, and here, as everywhere, where a religious order comes, they have made the desert into a garden of delight, proving that all Palestine might be a land of beauty and plenty. The Trappist is a most austere order, keeping almost perpetual silence and abstinence from meat.

As we leave *Latron*, there are two springs of good water, one in this valley to the right called *Bîr Colonea*, and after half a mile or so of ascending the valley, now enamelled with flowers, is *Bîr Ayub*, the Well of Job. We had better take a deep draught, for we will find no more water till we reach *Abû Ghôsh*, three weary hours' ride. We will, however, break our journey at *Bab el Wâd*, the gate of the valley, from whence the road ascends to Jerusalem. Not far from the last mentioned place, where we stopped for a rest at a dilapidated coffee-house, we come to an ancient wine-press cut in the live rock; this reminds us that we are approaching *Kuriet el Enab*, village of grapes, and recalls the beautiful imagery which Our Lord speaks of Himself and of His passion: "I am the true vine, I have trod the wine-press alone." He is both the fruit that must be crushed for the Blood that will cleanse mankind, and He too is the vintner with garments red as the juice.



TURK AT HOME



TURK AT PRAYER

The loneliness of His treading is comprehended when we see a bevy of modern treaders dangling from ropes slung aloft, springing in a tarantella of delight; "dancing in the wine-press, the treaders sang and shouted." Is. xvi.

Let us dismount and examine the press. It consisted of two troughs hewn out of the rock, one higher than the other, and both well cemented on the sides and at the bottom. The grapes are cast into the upper one and trodden with the feet, so that the juice flows into the lower; old practice, so often introduced in Scripture, being followed at this day. The length of the trough was only about four feet, and it was not quite two feet broad and very shallow. The treading of the grapes is left to the poor, as in Job's day, when the lawless rich "Take away the sheep from the hungry, who make oil within their walls and tread their wine-presses, and suffer thirst." Job. xxiv. 11. The vintage, however, was always as it still is, a time of general gladness, merry songs accompanying it at times, while as in all joint work among the Orientals, the laborers encourage each other by shouts. Hence, even now, a period of national trouble, such as war, could not be more vividly painted than in the words of Isaiah, that "in the vine-yards there shall be no singing, neither joyful noise; no treader shall tread out wine in the presses; the vintage shout shall cease." Is. xvi. 10.

The presses are generally large enough for several treaders to crush the grapes in them at once, and to this circumstance, as will be remembered, there is an indirect allusion in the awful picture of Him who is mighty to save returning from the destruction of His enemies. The treading of them down is like treading out the blood of the wine-vat, but He had trodden it alone; He trod them (by Himself) in His "fury," and as the person and clothing of the treaders are stained with the red juice, so, He says, "their life-blood is sprinkled upon My garments and I have stained all My raiment;" words spoken in answer to the question of the prophet, "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel, and Thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat?" Is. lxiii. 2.

The vine has been cultivated in Palestine from the earliest times, and during the Hebrew period flourished everywhere over the land. Palestine is indeed peculiarly fitted for the grape, its sunny limestone slopes, through which the rains quickly percolate, leaving a dry subsoil. The heat by day and the heavy mists by night make it the very home in which the plant delights. Hence, long before the time of Moses, it was not only a land "flowing with milk and honey," but also famous for its wine, as we read in the annals of Thothmes III., in Egypt, who reigned 1,600 years before Christ. With the green and silver olive, and the dark-green fig

tree, the vine was the characteristic glory of the hill-country. Every hill-side was covered with vineyards, terrace above terrace, while wine-presses and vats were in great numbers hewn in the rock.

The grape is still cultivated largely on these hills; but under the influence of Mohammedanism, the olive is supplanting it, especially around the Mussulman village of Saris to our right. Not here the picturesque trellising of the vine that we saw in Italy with "the grape wedded to the elm," festooned from tree to tree; not here the pyramid habit of trellising of northern Italy, three strong corn-stalks being set in the ground like an Indian wigwam; not here the candelabra habit of France, with knobby branches; not here the dollar (\$) habit of training the grape as in Ohio, but the vines sprawl over the rocks as it best pleases them.

We continue to climb by devious paths and are fortunate enough to sometimes catch a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean, but here we are at Kuriet el Enab, and if our authorities are correct in identifying this place with Kiriath Jearim (*Yarim* meaning bramble thickets which in Arabic is still *Yar* or *War*) the bramble has given way to the grape (Enab) as it does in Western civilization, but there are still enough thorns and thistles to remind us of Prov. xxiv, "I passed by the field of the slothful man," or if we take *Yarim* to mean "wood" we recall the words of Is. x. 18, "The glory of his forest and of his beautiful hill shall be consumed, and they that remain of the trees shall be few in number, a child shall count them." The present untimbered state of Palestine may well be considered a continuance of the curse.

Here then came the Ark of the Covenant and for twenty years it remained in the house of Abinadab, till David transported it amid sound of harp and psaltery to Jerusalem, about 1030 B. C.

Adjoining it to the east is the modern village of Abû Ghôsh, which takes its name from a banded chief or sheik who lived here and levied tax on all passers, till dislodged in 1830 by Ibrahim Pasha.

Here were recently discovered the remains of a Byzantine church. France has purchased the site and Benedictine monks are restoring it.

As we look at these dilapidated walls, fallen into heaps, we recall the words of Ezekiel xiii, "Because they have deceived my people saying peace when there is no peace, therefore have they built a wall with untempered mortar. Say unto them that daub without tempering that it shall fall!" Though lime and cement are both used in the better buildings there are thousands of dwellings with nothing but mud or cow-dung for mortar.

Leaving Kuriet el Enab there is a high hill off to the right—Suba. About one mile onward is a spring of fresh water—Ain Dilb; further on

Ain Naa, whose water lends fertility to the valley, planted to fig and olive. An old ruin here is called Deir el Benat, (convent of girls) perhaps from Crusading times. On a conical hill stands Kastal. A few scattered hovels, inhabited by fellahin, are seen along our way, and having climbed a pretty steep ascent we are favored with a wide outlook over the hills of Judea.

To the north is Neby Samwil and to the south is Ain Karim, St. John of the Mountain. We now descend by windings and zig-zags to Kolonieh, in the Wady Hanîna, this being the upper end of the Wady Sorek. These wadies are most perplexing subjects to master the geography of, opening out interminably, and each one so similar to others, made up of hillside terraces and torrent beds. Here pilgrimages are met by delegations and processions from Jerusalem; here we halt and enjoy the cooling drinks, the sherbets of the East. Another pilgrim party having just arrived from Jaffa, we will wait and join them for the entry into the Holy City. While the others rest we wander off down the wady, for according to some authorities (Lievan De Hamme among them), here is the valley of Elah, which the Vulgate renders turpentine tree, and the Protestant Terebinth (*Pistacio Terebinthus*) where David obtained his five smooth pebbles for his sling and Goliath's undoing; this location, however, seems improbable from 1 Kings xvii, which points rather to the Wady Sunt, the Arabic for Accacia; this valley is twenty miles southwest and running down to the sea, north of Ashdod. All the names point to a tree as being a conspicuous object and in Wady es Sunt, below Beit Nettif, Dr. Robinson says is the largest terebinth tree in all Palestine.

Gage says the Hebrews were on the north and the Philistines on the south side of the valley. It was after this battle, Lightfoot says, that David wrote the ninth psalm. "I will praise Thee O Lord; for Thou hast maintained my right and my cause. Thou hast rebuked the Gentiles and the wicked one hath perished." It is doubtful if David composed the psalm so young, but it is appropriate, for the fight was really a duel, an ordeal for the justice of his cause.

Every one will use, either for building or for fighting, those materials nearest at hand. It is not to be wondered at that in those dry wadies—torrent beds that have large morains of stone—the sling should have come into primitive warfare. Even today when the sling has given place to the musket and the khanjar, it is employed, as Thompson asserts, in the mimic fights at Hasbeiya on Mt. Hermon: "The deep gorges of the Busis divides Hasbeiya into two parts, and the lads were accustomed to collect on opposite sides of the gorge and fight desperate battles with their slings."

Coming up from the Jordan we found boys with slings: they sell them for souvenirs, and they are expert marksmen. Mystic theology and piety will find an analogy between the five stones of David's sling and the five wounds of our Lord, He who was the son of David—there must be a similarity in their warfare, doing great things with insignificant means.

In Judges xx. 16, we are told of seven hundred left-handed Benjamites 'who could sling stones at a hairs breadth and not miss. It must have required great practice, and doubtless the young David, while guarding his flock among the hills would be practicing. The sling in David's time was evidently not used in regular war, but only in guarding the flocks from the dogs and jackals, for Goliath says: "Do you think I am a dog that you come against me with a sling?" It would be used more to scare than to kill—accuracy of aim probably not being expected in the days of the Kings, as it was in the days of the Judges.

A delegation having arrived from Jerusalem headed by the monks and augmented by students from the different monasteries, we proceed on our journey. We are now again truly pilgrims and not sight-seers. Geikie, wanting to locate Emmaus at Kolonieh, which we are leaving, points to the fact that it is a favorite walk of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, being about four miles distant. On the day of Atonement the girls of the city came hither to meet the young men looking for the tender sympathies of human friendship after the penances of the occasion. The place, too, as Geikie writes, is, for Judea, very beautiful with the green refreshment of patches of grain. The winding of the hills and valleys prevent any very distant view but heightens so much the more the feeling of happy seclusion. No place near Jerusalem has charms more likely to make it a favorite haunt, and if we interpret Emmaus as meaning "warm spring" this would indicate that it was a place of resort, and there are no fewer than six springs in this vicinity; one of them, Ain el Jisr, spring of the bridge, being very copious.

Pace Mr. Geikie, however, we would not want to consider Emmaus a place of public resort, but we are delaying our readers from Jerusalem and all our pilgrims, especially those who are here for the first time, are eager to press forward to the goal of their journey.

We cross a bridge and ascend a hill expecting to have Jerusalem burst upon our view, but alas! not yet! We see Neby Samwil but no Holy City. Beit Iksa is visible and Lifta, a village spread over the valley and hillside to our left, encircled with its terraced vineyards. The fountain of Nephtoa, spoken of in Josue xv. 9, was here and is still a copious stream. At the Jewish House for the Aged at the left, opposite the Jewish Insane Asylum,

the road branches to the right for Ain Karîm. We begin to see Jerusalem, but not as we wished, revealed as a whole and at a glance, but we recognize the mosque of Omar and the Russian tower on Olivet, but far more prominent are the Russian buildings between us and the city, with their fine modern cathedral of Byzantine Muscovite architecture.

Mar Elias on the road to Bethlehem and the Greek Monastery of the Cross toward St. John in the Mountains are also visible. The dome of the church of the Sepulchre appears quite insignificant, which is a disappointment to the eye. We must trust to its spiritual eminence to compensate us. In approaching Jerusalem from this side we rejoice that on an earlier visit we saw it first from the north. But we are now at the New Gate, which is our well known rendezvous. We enter Jerusalem and take lodging again at the Casa Nuova. For ten days we have been with the Old Testament, and we are glad to get back to the New, to the foot prints of Jesus. We are rejoiced to get back to the good Franciscans and are soon anxiously inquiring for our letters. Some of us are disappointed; at what post office should we inquire? Our eyes are opened to the fact that at least six nationalities have their own separate post office, with their different postage stamps; Germany, Italy, France, Austria, Russia and the Ottoman Empire. This alone shows one the sad state of government.

CHAPTER XIX

JEHOSAPHAT

We begin a series of excursions in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Excursions! There is the joy of expectation in the very word, and indeed it is a delight to get out of the narrow, dirty, precipitous streets of Jerusalem; outside everything has more of the stamp of God upon it, the hills, the trees, the water-pools are so much more like what the eyes of Jesus rested upon than the modern buildings of Jerusalem, sacred as are the sites they hold, and the histories they commemorate. Our flight to-day will be to the valley of Jehosaphat. Out of the gate of Sitti Miriam we go, and what a rosary of monuments is strung out before our gaze, what a series of mysteries, joyful, sorrowful, and glorious. Beginning at the northward, though the site is much disputed, but somewhere yonder was the hill called Nob, probably what is now Scopus, there Sennacherib stood and threatened the city. Is. x. 35. But even in this terrible prophecy the larger hope was extended, which makes the prophecy even more wonderful when we see Sennacherib's hosts lie prostrate in death. "Oh, my people be not afraid of the Assyrians, for the Lord of Hosts will break the earthen vessel with terror, and the tall of stature shall be cut down, and the thickets of the forests will be cut with iron, and Libanus with its high ones shall fall." Isaiah ch. x.

Poetic fancy has pictured this valley of Jehosaphat as the scene of the Last Judgment; indeed the name means Judgment of Jehovah, and that doubtless gave origin to the belief. Well we know that the final assize will not require locality, leastwise an earthly one; well we know that this valley, yea the whole earth, would be too small to contain those "of all tribes and peoples and tongues," the product of perhaps millions of years, if our bodies retain material extension, when they rise to judgment; but the image is not without its influence, for Wisdom says: "Remember thy last day and thou shalt not sin." I have read of a man, who being in this valley and hearing it mentioned as the place of the Last Judgment, said to himself: "All shall be present, I will sit on that stone;" but soon his flippancy gave way to serious thought: "What shall I answer? How will my record show?" And he became a saint.

Opposite us is the Mount of Olives with its three mounts, the Russian

church of St. Mary Magdalen conspicuous in the foreground part way up the hillside, which on both slopes is a veritable necropolis. Below us in the valley, which is about three hundred feet wide, we see the Church of the Assumption of Our Lady, with its low façade and Gothic arch, like the entrance to a cemetery vault, the walls around the grotto of the Agony and the walled enclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane. Where the Mount of Olives, having dropped to the southward to accommodate the road to Bethany, rises again toward the Mount of Offense, we see in the rocky hillside, all adjacent to one another, the Tomb of Jehosaphat, the Jew-hated monument of Absalom, the Tomb of St. James, and the Tomb of Zachariah. Then the Mount of Scandal itself, with a small village clinging to its precipitous sides, called Siluan.

Such is the view; now for the visit! This will be a day of sepulchres. But the first one, how glorious, for it saw the Assumption of Our Lady, as Joseph's new tomb saw the Resurrection. El Jesmanieh, the church of the Blessed Virgin's Tomb, being all underground, is outwardly simply a stone façade, showing a large arch walled up with a smaller arch, and still lessened to a third, till small enough for the doorway; this doorway faces south, and leads down by the forty-seven wide marble steps to the large chapel in the possession of the Greeks. About half way down is a landing, with altars to right and left, two on the right, the tombs of St. Joachim and St. Ann, parents of the Blessed Virgin, and on the left one, the traditional tomb of St. Joseph, her chaste spouse. Whether they are the real burial places or commemorative is disputed. Near by is a larger opening, probably the burial place of Melissinda, wife of King Fulke of Jerusalem.

We descend the steps. Arrived at the bottom, to our right, is the altar of the Greeks, and then the chapel stretches out a hundred feet into two wings. To the east the sarcophagus of Mary, a chapel cut entirely in the rock, and probably covering a rock-cut tomb, but no sarcophagus it proved, no flesh-devourer, for it is the scene of the fourth glorious mystery, the assumption of the Virgin into Heaven. This has never been defined as an article of faith, but what Catholic would think of denying this glory to Mary? And has not Titian proven it to our sight in the sublime figure with the swaying upward movement in the Academy at Venice? The traditions are most ancient and most venerable that the Mother of God was buried in the Garden of Gethsemane, and that when the Apostles opened the tomb three days after at the request of one who was absent, the grave was found empty. So the tardy coming of Thomas again confirmed the faith of all, and the peasants related how they had heard angelic music and seen her "that goeth up from the desert leaning on her beloved" (Cant. viii. 5.)



LEPERS

ascending to the skies. In later times the Greeks accused the Catholics of having carelessly allowed the body to be stolen.

In front of the sarcophagus is the Armenian altar, and to the north is the chapel of the Syrians; to the south is the *mihrab* where the Mohammedans sometimes pray. The Abyssinians have an altar in the west transept. All are represented except the Catholics! Here we are not even allowed to say Mass but may come to pray, and our consolation must be found in the consideration that these Orientals too honor our Lady, for here functions are kept up almost perpetually. The workmanship that has made of this underground cave a beautiful church resplendent in light of hanging lamp and gleaming marble, dates back to Crusading times, and was probably due to the Melissinda mentioned above, in the twelfth century. We pass the Garden of Gethsemane to our left and leave below us the grotto of the Agony. We reserve it for another time.

The next monument as we descend the Kedron valley is Absalom's, he of the beautiful hair, and of the wicked rebellion against his father. We read in the second book of Kings, xviii. 18, "Now Absalom reared up for himself in his lifetime a pillar which is in the King's Dale, for he said I have no son, and this shall be the monument of my name, and it is called the Hand of Absalom to this day." This is surely the King's Dale that stretches south from here, but this is more than a pillar; however, what Absalom had begun, David may have finished, or later centuries may have augmented, for although we read, 2 Kings, xviii, "And they took Absalom and cast him into a great pit in the forest, and they laid a very great heap of stones upon him," I cannot think but that David would send privately and have him brought from across the Jordan and accorded decent burial, for the Jews ever respected the dead, and Jehu who had Jezabel thrown out of the window, ordered even her remains to be gathered up, saying, "she is the daughter of a king," so Absalom really may have been buried here, but not to his veneration.

*Vain-haired rebellion, thy short day is over.
No worship thine of discalced foot, or head
Earth-bowed.. In wrath at thy unfilial sin
No righteous Jew esteems thee hallowed,
But passing, spits, and throws a stone therein.
In our own youth an Absalom, I see,
And cast a stone, America, for thee.*

A large pile of these stones is now gathered there inside and at its base. How many a Jewish child has had the fourth commandment instilled into



TOMB OF ST. JAMES AND ZACHARIAH

his conscience in presence of this monument. It is indeed a remarkably beautiful one, and the most conspicuous in this part of the valley, where we are in a notable group of tombs, peculiarly interesting in this, that they all ante-date Christianity, and that therefore the eyes of Christ must have rested upon them; they are remarkable also in being cut from the native rock, either excavated as Jehosaphat's and St. James', or by cutting the solid hill away and leaving the monument, as in the case of Absalom's and Zachariah's.

This monument of Absalom is chiselled out of the solid rock with the base a square twenty-four feet on a side, adorned with pilasters on each angle, with a quarter column attached to these and two half columns with Ionic capitals surmounted by a Doric frieze, and an architrave with triglyphs and guttæ. Above this is an Egyptian cornice. Thus far is the only part that is cut from the rock, forming the first story as it were, on which rises a plain square attic, seven feet or more in height, of large dressed stones; on this again a circular attic with cornice and a beautiful cable-moulding running round the top, while the whole ends in a concave cone. The structure rises fifty-four feet above the present grade, and it shows a strange mingling of architectures but cannot be of the time of Absalom.

Behind this monument of Absalom, in the rocky partition formed by isolating this last, a door crowned by a rich pediment gives access to a Jewish sepulchre consisting of several mortuary chambers; it is called the tomb of Jehosaphat. Jehosaphat was one of the good kings of Juda; he was a contemporary of Achab of the northern kingdom of Israel, and of the prophet Micheas. He was buried in the City of David (Kings xx.), but that term may have included the hill Siloam as well as Zion. The tomb is subterranean, but the fronton is visible, cut out of the rock and consisting of three panels and cornice, supported by Ionic pillars. In late years the Jews have blocked up the entrance.

The tomb of St. James is higher up in the rock hillside, and bears a family resemblance to that of Jehosaphat, being a fronton with two Ionic pillars and two half pillars at the ends, supporting a Doric architrave, all cut out of the native rock. The tomb extends forty or fifty feet back into the mountain and is sometimes used at the present day for stabling sheep and goats. The entrance is not by the front, (which is in the perpendicular cliff, twenty feet or so above the road), but to the right near the tomb of Zachariah by a passage through the rock. These excavations were doubtless the refuge of the early Christians during the persecutions, and St. James the Less was first Bishop of Jerusalem; but there is no certainty in the tradition that he was buried here. He was a brother of Simon and Jude, all cousins of our Lord, and received his martyr's crown by being thrown from the parapet of the temple, over yonder to the west. This was in 62 A. D.

Zachariah's tomb is another monolith cut in cubical shape from the mountain on all sides, about twenty feet square, with two columns in the middle and pilasters forming the corners. A simple Egyptian cornice terminates the cubical portion which is surmounted by a plain pyramid. As the Arabs call the monument of Absalom Pharaoh's cap, and the tomb of St. James Pharaoh's divan so they style this the tomb of Pharaoh's wife. They none of them can have any connection with the Pharaohs of Egypt.

The monuments of Zachariah and Absalom depart from the simplicity of Jewish burial places and may have occasioned the reproach of Jesus: "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Who build the tombs of the prophets and adorn their monuments; but ye fill up the measure of your fathers who killed them that upon you may come all the just blood shed on earth from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zachariah the son of Blessing whom ye slew between the Temple and the Altar."

Alas! He knew that shortly they would clamor for His Blood also.



THE KING'S DALE

It is not wrong to honor and praise the worthy dead, but oh! how much better to support them in life.

It is uncertain to which Zachariah this monument was erected—but certainly not to the father of John the Baptist.

How the tombstones crowd around us here, hardly a blade of grass finds opportunity to spring. We proceed down the valley, and the hill of Olivet, that had gradually dwindled apparently for the modern carriage road to Bethany and the Dead Sea, now rises again to the rocky terraces of the village of Siluan; the side of the hill is covered with Jewish graves, and the houses themselves that rise tier above tier, have tombs for their rear apartments.

This is the Hill of Scandal, where Solomon had temples erected for the worship of his idolatrous wives. Here Moloch and Astarte disputed sovereignty with Jehovah. The town is almost entirely Mohammedan, and the inhabitants are said to be very fanatical, but in 1903 the French Benedictine nuns of our Lady of Calvary built a convent on its summit, where they gather the orphan girls of the vicinity. There is also a seminary of the United Syrians, so that now again the true sacrifice is here offered, with every sunrise, not to Baal but to the Sun of Justice. At the

south end is the Turkish Leper Hospital, whose inmates we notice so plentifully lining the roadside between Bab Sitti Miriam and Gethsemane. It is managed by the Sisters of Charity.

There is no sight in all the world that touches the heart as one stricken with leprosy; and to see a whole community of them! This disease attacks first the extremities, ears, fingers, lips. Here are beings like ourselves with members literally eaten away. They stretch out arms for our pennies, arms perhaps without fingers, the little collection-can is slung to the stump; they hiss rather than speak, for palate and lips and tongue are gone. Leprosy has from the earliest times existed in Palestine; we read of it in the sacred Scriptures. The first mention is in Leviticus ch. xiii, where instructions are given for its diagnosis, isolation and treatment. Although Tacitus relates that the Jews took leprosy to Egypt, we never read of it until after the deliverance from that country. We have in the Law of Moses the most minute directions for the treatment of the disease in its different forms, and for the testimony necessary before one, once a leper, could be taken into society.

Not useless the segregation, not inutile the injunction of the warning voice "Unclean! unclean!" not unnecessary the command "Go show yourselves to the priest," which even Jesus requires after He has cleansed the ten. Fitting type of sin, this leprosy, that eats into man unconsciously, for leprosy is well-nigh painless; so, not less insidiously does sin creep into and destroy man's soul; but how hideous does it make him to those who can see and not less ugly in the sight of God and His saints is the soul in sin. Leprosy is manifold; Scripture speaks of the leprosy of garments, and dwellings, as well as in the mortars and stones of the house, so the coming of sin into the world has made even the irrational creation at enmity with man. Leprosy has always been considered incurable. So Joram, king of Israel, when Naaman the Syrian general came asking cure, says: "Am I God to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" 4 Kings v. 7. When, reluctantly obeying Eliseus' command, "wash in the Jordan," Naaman is cured, it is referred to the Almighty power; "Now I know there is no God in all the earth but in Israel." 4 Kings v. 14.

But although not to be cured except by miracle in those days, God's providence works also in the slow advance of science, and there are well-authenticated cures in New Orleans and elsewhere, and doubtless an enlightened government could effect much here in Palestine. Leprosy is communicable mostly by heredity, so are we born in the sin of our first parents; it is contagious also, so from conversing with sinners, we sin. Two forms



TOMB OF MARY

of leprosy are recognized, tubercular, in which festering sores are developed, and smooth leprosy, in which the skin turns ashen grey and which ends with the mortification of one limb after another.

How wonderfully beautiful is the skin of man's body! Like charity covering up what is ugly, expanding with its growth, blushing with its praise, or paling with its fear, and "guarding its life with sentinel beneficence of pain." If we shudder as we see these creatures and drop our pity into their little cans, how would we feel if these beings, who appear scarcely human, were our very own, whom we had loved and cherished as mother, wife, daughter, loved through years of mutual acquaintance with their virtues, sharing their joys and their sorrows;—or known even through the few hours that make us love the characters in a well written book. Read *Ben Hur*, the masterpiece of Lew Wallace, and feel the thrill that comes over you in Chapter Two of Book Six, when came the terrible words of Tirza and her mother: "We are lepers!"

In the middle of the west side of Siluan and well up is a bare plateau of rock called *Ez Zehwele*, which is thought by competent authorities (Clermont-Ganneau, Wilson, Warren and others) to have been the site of the rock *Zohelath* which was near the Fountain of Rogel, and to our

right where Jerusalem comes down in the spur Ophel, is the Fountain of the Virgin, Ain Umm ed Deraj—the Mother of Steps; this would then in their opinion be En Rogel. With it is connected the Pool of Siloe. Others, as we shall see, fix on Bîr Eyub as the Hebrew En Rogel.

We are reminded here how lacking in true local color all writing must be not done on the spot. "By cool Siloam's shady rill," says the hymn; which is suitable to some American or English glen-brook, but very untruthful for this stream, neither cool nor shady, coming down from the Virgin's Fountain to the Pool of Siloam; there is not a bush nor tree visible, excepting one lone mulberry tree lower down in the valley, where tradition says the Prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder by order of Manasses. Milton's "Siloah's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God," is better, for the Temple doubtless was in connection with this living spring. These waters we will examine later.

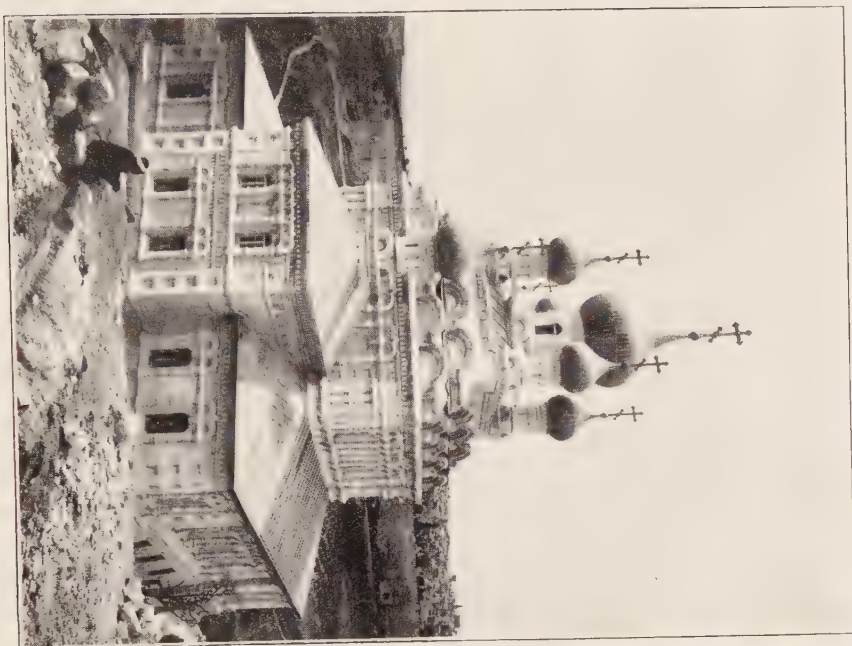
Here the valley of Jehosaphat is joined by the valley of Hinnom and downward to the Dead Sea is called the Wady en Nar, valley of fire. The rocky Haceldama is before us with the hill of Evil Counsel behind.

To visit the "burial ground for strangers," so intimately connected with the treason of Judas, we cross the water course of the Wady er Rabâbi where it loses its name for that of en Nar.

The hill is steep and difficult to climb, steps being cut in the rock to facilitate ascent, and honeycombed with rock-cut tombs. It gets its name from the tradition that on this hill Caiphas had a residence, as also that here Judas committed the crime of suicide, a sin that alone could not be forgiven, for even deicide, had he repented, his Master would have pardoned.

The Greeks have a tasty chapel and convent of St. Onuphrius in a fine commanding position on the eastern promontory. Adjoining it is a large cave, where, according to a late tradition, the terrified Apostles hid when the braver Maries and John stood under the cross.

The cave is adorned with frescoes and rock cut columns, mouldings and friezes. There are several chambers furnished with both shaft and niche tombs. It reminds one of the tombs of the Kings, north of the city. This is held by the Greeks to be the "Field of Blood" bought with the thirty pieces of silver that Judas could not enjoy after he had gotten them. "I have sinned, betraying innocent blood," Math. xxvii, "and they bought with them the Potters field to be a burial place for strangers." Then was fulfilled the prophecy of Jeremiah: "And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him who was appraised and gave them for the Potters field as the Lord appointed me."



RUSSIAN CHURCH



GROTTO OF THE ASSUMPTION

Another wonderful correspondence between the prophecies concerning the Messiah and the life of the Christ! "And he went away and hanged himself." Math. xxvii. 5.

There in yonder field is the traditional locality; our imagination can picture him, dangling low. "*Crepuit medius!*" He broke in two! From here he descended "*ad sua*," "to his own." To that Satan "Who with his bloody and black mouth give back to him the kiss that he had given to Christ."

I have read a very ingenious justification for Judas' suicide; he wished to hurry into hell for he knew that Jesus was to "descend into hell to liberate those in prison!" 1 Peter, ch. iii.

The part of this hill where the western Church locates Haceldama is slightly further west, and there is a large ruin, partly masonry, partly native rock, covered by a circular arch broken in. A very charnel house where, until lately, bones were visible, and there is said to be six feet deep of them under the sand. As if in irony of its repulsiveness the Arabs call it el Fardous, Paradise.

It was from this hill that St. Helena had earth transported for the *Santa Croce* in Rome, and from here the Pisan ships procured the soil to make their *Campo Santo* cemetery. Truly holy earth!

Here circumspection or rather infraction is requisite among these rock-cut sepulchres. We feel the force of the words of the Psalmist speaking of slanderers: "Their mouth is an open grave," with its treachery and its stench. In no other land are open graves found.

This is a favorable opportunity to see Bîr Eyub. We wander down the valley watered by Siloam's stream. It is dedicated to market gardens and we revert to the time when it was the Garden of the King, where the vegetable dainties for King Solomon were raised. Josephus mentions that he had other gardens at Etham, whither he rode in his chariot. At the bottom of the valley is Bîr Eyub.

CHAPTER XX

MOUNT OLIVET

Back again in Jerusalem, we have an embarrassment of riches as to where we shall go next. Having visited Bethlehem, where the Babe first opened His divine eyes, we decide to make our pilgrimage today to the spot on which His gaze last rested when He ascended to the Father. We go to the Mount of Olives. With several others in Palestine it goes by the name of *Jebel et Tur*, principal mountain. It has three summits, that to the north called *Viri Galilæi*, from the injunction of the apparition in white garments to the wondering apostles: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up into heaven." Quaresimus, however, thinks it got its name from being the camping ground of those coming from Galilee to the great feasts. The center summit is not so high as *Viri Galilæi* but is more venerated and is distinguished by the church of the Ascension. The southernmost elevation holds the tombs of the Prophets. Passing out of the Bab Sitti Miriam in the city's east wall we descend into the valley of Jehosaphat, and when near to the Kedron torrent bed, a white rock is pointed out as the site which, since the year thirteen hundred, was considered as the place where St. Stephen was stoned; this is, however, one of the sites that recent investigation has disproved, as it is now evident that the death of the proto-martyr occurred outside of the Damascus gate. Having crossed the bridge over the Kedron, we pass the church of the Assumption and the grotto of the Agony to our left and the Garden of Gethsemane to our right, and begin the ascent of Olivet. Just enough olive trees remain to justify the name, although how they obtain nutriment among these stones is a mystery; doubtless, "their roots are wrapped about the bones" of the countless generations buried here awaiting the Archangel's trump. There are numerous paths leading to the summit of Olivet; we take the one past the sumptuous new Russian church, that has so often attracted our attention with its bulbous towers and domes glittering in the sun. The Emperor Alexander III had it built at his expense in 1888 in memory of his mother, who desired to be buried here, which wish, however, has not been carried out. It shows some tolerable paintings. We go past the Greek Gethsemane and visit the church of the *Pater Noster*. This is in the hands of the Carmelite nuns, an enclosed order, who keep perpetual silence, except when necessity requires, or when they chant the Divine praises. The spirit that animates

them is expressed on the walls of their abode: "How vile the earth seems to me when I gaze on heaven."

Although Christ taught the Disciples to pray on the Mount of the Sermon and the Beatitudes, there is a tradition that He enforced it again on Mount Olivet. From very early times there was a church here commemorating it, and in 1869 the Princess of Auverne, Aurelie de Bosso, purchased the site south of the church of the Ascension and restored the church, which was in ruins, only the apse being discovered.

The good French lady had many almost unconquerable difficulties to overcome, and she was over sixty years of age, and only after ten years of negotiation (which illustrates the abominable system of land tenure) was she able to install the Carmelite nuns in the home of the *Pater Noster*. In 1869 the corner stone was laid and in 1874 the sisters took possession, although the convent was in an unfinished state. Many remains of the ancient church, mosaics, tiles, stones, capitals, columns, and so forth, were found. The convent in outward appearance is of plain modern style, but the cloister inside round the court-yard plat of grass is a fine Gothic design, almost a copy of the Campo Santo at Pisa. It is about one hundred by seventy feet. Extensive excavations have been made recently (1911) in the grounds of the sisters' cloister, from which some conjecture that here was the church of the Ascension of Constantine, but the arguments are very far from satisfactory; so the summit still holds possession.

This lady mentioned above was a cousin of Napoleon III, who while she was still living had executed in white marble a mausoleum, with the princess dead and lying in state and erected where she wished to be buried. She died in 1891; her remains have not, however, been interred here. Her father's heart is in a black marble urn above the monument which is in the south gallery. Others have desired that their mortal part should be buried here—the heart of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, was being brought hither in 1830 by Sir James Douglas, but encountering the Saracens in Spain he threw the heart into the enemies' ranks exclaiming: "Go before me, heart of Bruce, as thou wast wont to do; go before! I follow thee!" and he followed to his death.

In the garden below us another Heart beat for our salvation; are we ready to follow it?

There is a cloister to be traversed before entering the church, and on the cloister walls in large tablets is the Lord's Prayer in thirty-six different languages. The communion of saints is exhibited not only in these numerous tongues but in the nationality of the nuns, for here you see black ones on an equality with their white sisters. The languages in which this



TABLETS IN CHURCH OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

prayer appears are: Latin, Greek, Syrian, Chaldean, Armenian, Georgian, Coptic, Ethiopian, Old Slavonian, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, French, Celtic, German, English, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Turkish, Kurd, Tartar, Tibetanese, Chinese, Sanscrit, Hindostanee, Hebrew, Arabic, Samaritan, Gaelic, Slav. The author has since had another added, in the Chippewa Indian; the only representation from our country, or as the nun writes: "of the ancient American language."

Beautiful testimony, this church, of the obedience of the world to the command: "Thus shall ye pray"! Striking proof, too, of the catholicity of the Church. It is not every one who can formulate a good prayer; how many of the devotions in our English prayer books *will not pray*; they contain too much theology, philosophy, history and biography, or they are stilted and exaggerated in expression. A prayer should be natural, it should be heart-throbs, not mental deductions. Such is the Lord's Prayer; such also are the many beautiful prayers of the Church, the crystallized piety of the ages. How wonderfully Jesus is the advocate and example of silent prayer to "the Father who seeth in secret," of meditation and commune with God, but also of that perfect ceremonial prayer that is used in all lands, a prayer of universal brotherhood, as children of one father. Why

do we find it so hard to pray? Gossip is easy between neighbors; if one realizes the nearness of God, communion with Him becomes natural. This mingling of the divine with the human is not miracle, and therefore we are not required to hold that such expressions of Scripture as "The Lord said to Moses" are miraculous revelations any more than is the phrase, "I had an inspiration to do so and so." To ask a grown-up person, did you say your prayers, is an unfortunate expression; it should be: did you pray? for this is the obligation Christ laid on the Christian, this is the need of the Christian soul to intelligently and personally converse with God. Formulas of prayer have their place and use. They are necessary for prayer in common; they are the beautiful expression of the aspiration, adoration and petition of the centuries and their repetition may be praying, but it too often is only *saying* prayers. Our Lord warns all against this danger of thinking "they shall be heard for their much speaking." Matthew vi. 7.

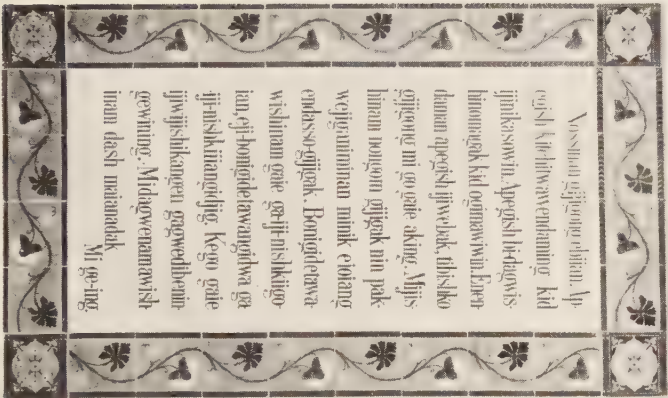
Our Lord did not even intend to be fixing a form of words, He wished to state what our prayer should embody, namely: adoration, veneration of His name, desire of the extension of His kingdom, and the fulfillment of His will, petition for corporal and spiritual nourishment and for pardon for sin, and the spirit of forgiving others and deliverance from evil.

Continuing our walk, about thirty paces to the west we come to the spot where, according to tradition, the Apostles composed the Creed; that formula of faith that has been universally on the lips of believing humanity ever since; originally there was a church here dedicated to St. Mark; Brother Lievan de Hamme testifying that the remains of twelve niches for the statues of the twelve apostles were visible here as late as 1854, and that the stones were after that sold to the Jews, who employed them in their cemetery.

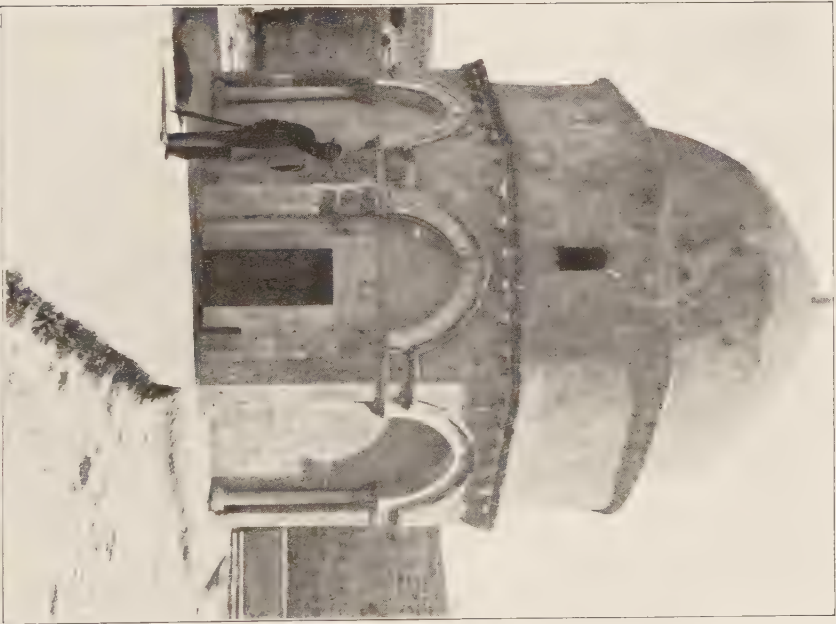
As when obedient to the wind the billow rolls against the shore, another follows, and another and another, so when the divine breath came to them, did the Apostles speak the *Credo*. Not theirs the grip of secret society or hidden pass-word. What shall be our platform? The glad tidings to all. What our watch-word? Jesus crucified. How shall we be known and know? By our faith.

It is indeed fanciful to attribute the different articles of the Creed to the different members of the Apostolic college, but it is not irreverent nor useless.

A man stands up: "I believe in God the Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth." It is Philip. It was he who begged: "show us the Father." We would have expected Peter to make the start, but movements for reform do not always come from the head; revolutions as well for good



OJIBWAY TABLET



MOSQUE OF THE ASCENSION

as for evil come from below, and wise will be the head if it knows how to direct them.

But Peter is not far behind. "And I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord." It is a repetition of his declaration, "Thou art Christ, Son of the Living God;" he cannot find anything better. It is reparation for having denied Him in the atrium.

Rapidly follow the others. Yes, that Jesus "who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary;" this is James, himself a cousin of the Lord, but who thus professes the virgin birth of the Son, and the subsequent virginity of the mother.

"He who suffered under Pontius Pilate;" this is Matthew the historian.

"I believe that He rose from the dead," this is Thomas, who had touched His glorified wounds.

"I believe that He ascended into heaven" to take His place at the Father's right hand and to prepare us a mansion; this is Bartholomew, who on earth was not even left his skin.

"I believe He will come to judge the living and the dead," this is Jude, whose battle cry was "Behold, the Lord cometh to execute judgment upon all." Jude i. 14.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost," and that His dwelling place is the Holy Catholic Church. This is St. James, the son of thunder; how he rolls it along, for the terror of future schismatics and heretics!

And in milder accents comes: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church which is the communion of saints;" the communion with love divine; and the brotherhood of man. Who could this be but the Beloved Disciple John?

"I believe in the forgiveness of sins;" this is Simon the zealous one, eager with the hunger and thirst after sanctity; the type of a confessor.

"I believe in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting;" this is Andrew, who when Philip declined, was brave to ask Jesus to speak to the Gentile visitors; "Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remaineth alone; but if it die it liveth," and Mathias, as coming later, chimes in with a hearty "Amen," as if he said: Yes, all this must be preached to the end of time, and behold to show that the Apostolate is self-perpetuating, here am I to succeed the traitor whom we shrink to name.

It is an epic, pronounced with all the fervor of a convert. And what a treasure-house of intellectual thought! It contains the whole scheme of Christianity. The existence of a personal God: the Divinity of Jesus Christ; the Reality of the Incarnation: the Virgin Birth: the actual Death with redeeming sacrifice: the historical Resurrection: the veritable going



MOSQUE OF THE ASCENSION

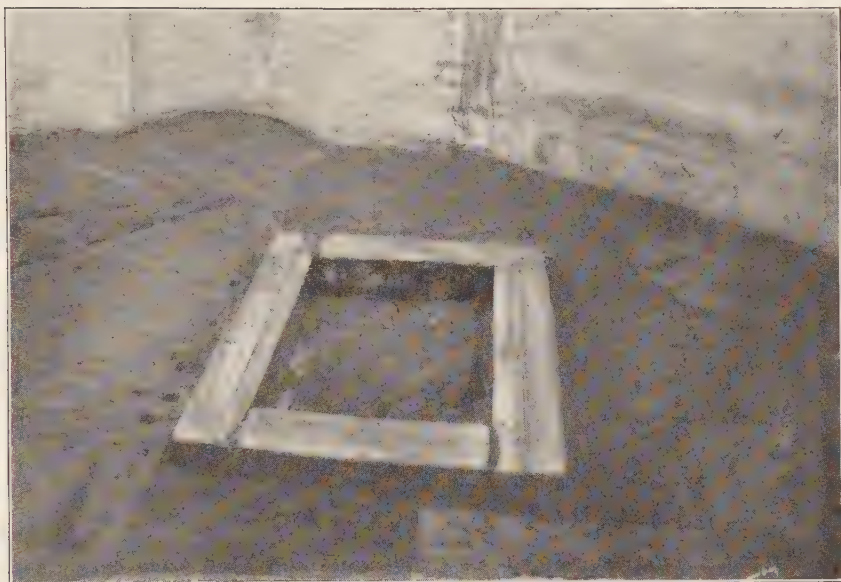
up: the equality of the Son at the right hand of the Father: the retribution of the judgment for men: the rule of the Spirit: the kingdom of the Church: the communion of saints in the one fold: the possibility of all to hear as from the lips of Christ, "Thy sins are forgiven:" the immortality of man, body as well as soul.

We find this church of the Credo in a cistern. This surely is confirmation for the theory that the early Christians noted some object that could not be removed, cave or cistern, as the marker as nearly as possible of the site of events, for surely the Apostles did not go into a cistern to recite their *Credo*! This water reservoir is, however, not so small, having been sixty feet long by twelve wide, and is still connected by a canal with a larger one. Originally open to the sky, it was later covered in with stone slabs, supported by a row of little arches, and lined with cement.

We now continue our route towards the site of the ascension of our Lord. We look downward and backward where lies the Gethsemane of the Agony. How like to our journey towards heaven is this morning's climbing of Olivet! Many roads, paths rather, and all narrow and rugged and tortuous, some going the straighter and steeper route, like the death of the martyr, some the circuitous one of the feebler Christian, and all of them full of the danger of stumbling over rocks of scandal. But, *in monte Deus videbit*, yes! and *videbitur*. Climb, Christian soul, if thou wishest to see God! But before this scene lend too somber a complexion to our thought, we revert to the upward slope. Not for nothing does the mount of triumph tower above the vale of suffering and the gloom of betrayal. Every life has its Gethsemanes, every life its Olivets. As we toil up its precipitous sides we picture to ourself the incidents that have occurred here. The red cow was here sacrificed in fire by the Israelites, the cow whose ashes were used in the lustral water of Jewish personal purification after

touching a corpse or a grave. Numbers ch. xix. St. Paul speaks of this when he says the "ashes of a heifer being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, how much more will the blood of Christ sanctify man and cleanse our conscience from dead works." Tancred is said to have been attacked here by five Mussulmans when he came to view the city, all of whom he routed, killing three with his own hand. Here came the Crusaders chanting the litanies, and here they listened to the fiery appeal of Peter the Hermit.

The whole ascent of Olivet is seamed with stone fences, very loosely piled together, separating, I suppose, the holdings of different owners. Many of the enclosures are banked into terraces, on which grow almonds, figs, olives and vines. Flowers fill the untilled portions and the clefts among the rocks. The blood-red adonis, the larger and more ostentatious anemone, the hairy bugloss, and the retiring little blue eye of the Syrian veronica, the speedwell. Having reached the summit, we again look backward towards the city. Gethsemane is below us, we have ascended to purer air. The night is past, the day is at hand, and the Agony is ended in the brightness of the cloud. The present church of the Ascension is quite modern. Church has succeeded church as they were in turn destroyed, on this very spot, since the time of Constantine. In a large walled enclosure stands the present church, itself quite small, only twenty feet in diameter, a small octagon domed edifice, and marking, according to tradition, the spot of our Lord's last touch of earth. Now, although we do not claim that there is any infallibility in the tradition, it is ridiculous to see the persistence and the assurance of sectarians asserting that this is *not* the spot. How do they know it is not? Their very anxiety to assert is evidence of a conscience, habitually, though perhaps not consciously, astray. Those who seek to weaken the authenticity of this site of the Ascension of our Lord, make great capital of the words of St. Luke: "He led them out as far as Bethany;" but we must remember that many codexes have the reading: "He led them *towards* Bethany;" also, that even if the former reading were the truer, the Bethany of that day may have come much further west, nor must we forget the less ambiguous words of the same Evangelist in Acts i. 12, when speaking of the events immediately after the ascension, "They returned to Jerusalem from the Mount that is called Olivet." Certainly His sacred feet have trodden here, and if the footprint in the rock shown to pilgrims was not made by His foot, shall we refuse to think that He could leave the impress of His tread on a world, where He has left the impress of His life? And is it not a great want of charity to call it a "forgery," as Thompson does? It may be an error without being meant to deceive, for how



FOOTPRINT

natural is the desire to find remembrances of those we love, and surely this localizing of events brings our devotion to a focus.

*My eyes cannot refuse to see
The broken fragments round me lie
Of one who was so dear to me,*

is the language, not of superstition, but of reason affection-touched.

On Ascension Thursday the Latins are permitted to erect two altars and to introduce a melodeon to the little mosque of the Ascension. Here the celebration begins on the evening before the feast with solemn vespers and compline. At midnight they arise to take part in the midnight office; after the conclusion of which the Holy Masses are read, which often last, especially when the Latins are able to celebrate alone, until nine o'clock in the forenoon. When other rites, however, celebrate, Catholic services must be commenced by half past six to make room for the other denominations. After High Mass, a procession is formed to the place *Viri Galilæi*, the opposing summit of Mount Olivet. About six o'clock the Schismatics began the celebration of the Ascension; to the south of the small cupola the Greeks have erected a large tent and altar; to the north were the Armenians, and between them the poor Copts and Syrians pitched their modest tents. I

entered one of the latter, they were singing and praying; in a corner on a pillow an old priest was cowering, and before him some of them were squatting on the floor making their confession; then another followed him. Confessionals are unknown to the Orientals. First in order the Greeks began their liturgy; the so-called great procession, that is, the solemn transference of the offerings from the table to the altar proper, this year made its way round the Chapel of the Ascension. After the Greeks come the Armenians, then the Copts and the Syrians. The Russians are permitted to celebrate in the Greeks' tent-chapel; these ceremonies occupy the whole forenoon. The increasing number of men of every description, of well-meaning Christians, as of frivolous scoffers, soon so thronged the precinct, that one is glad to seek the open air.

But we must ourselves view this shrine. We have to wait some time until a boy brings the key of the little mosque. "Are you going to kiss the print in the rock floor?" sneers our pessimist friend; we answer "Most assuredly, yes." Not indeed for the sake of the rock, for that has long since been chipped away, but to venerate the feet which stood so often on this hill, and "went about the country doing good," feet beautiful upon the mountain bringing good tidings; feet that ascended to heaven to prepare us a dwelling place. Why should this be considered superstitious or useless, if thereby our love is inflamed and our lives made more eager to tread in His steps? We enter the little sanctuary. The traditional footprint is enclosed in a square frame considerably below the level of the floor. It is not very remarkably like a foot, but we may well consider that pious vandalism has not hesitated to chip off portions of the surrounding stone. This church is in the hands of the Moslems, but they allow Catholics to say Mass here for a small money consideration, and on Ascension Thursday the Franciscans have the place to themselves, the different schismatics celebrating on altars in the court outside as described above.

I have remarked often before that the Turks are much more accommodating to us than the Russians are, and the poor Jew appears the most hated by both. Our thoughts go back to the day of the Ascension and to the Bible narrative, so short and still so instructive: "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" The Disciples, even the Apostles, had not got beyond the idea of an earthly kingdom. It required the promised Paraclete to enlighten them. Acts ch. i. "And lifting up His hands He blessed them, and while He was yet speaking He was raised up and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And behold two men stood by them in white garments who said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up into heaven? This Jesus who is taken up into heaven shall so come even



GREEK CONVENT—OLIVET

as you have seen Him going into heaven." No good in standing gazing; fall to your task, that the Lord on His coming may find you so doing.

Only pedestrians or the faithful donkey can climb by the road we came. There is a carriage road, however, that, circling north of the city and passing the Dominican's establishment and the American colony called Spaffordites, turns sharply round to the south and crosses over the upper part of the Wady Kedron, here called the Wady el Jôz, valley of walnuts, and passes the villa of Sir John Grey and crosses *Viri Galilæi* with its large Greek convent.

Oh, holy Mount Olivet, ever dear to our memories! Mount that saw the earthly glory of the ascending Lord! How wonderously mountains take part in the glorification of God. It was on Mount Sinai that His law was given; on Mount Horeb that God appeared in the burning bush; on Mount Pisgah that Moses saw the land promised by Jehovah to His chosen people; on Mount Hattin that Jesus Christ spoke the wonderful "sermon on the Mount," that sermon reversing the blessednesses of the world; and on Mount Tabor that He was transfigured. And as if the crucifixion should take its place, not among the humiliations but among the glories, He was crucified on Mount Calvary.

Looking below us here we find a companion thought in the consideration that humiliation is connected with gardens: in Eden the Fall, in Gethsemane the bloody sweat; but the garden of Paradise saw the disobedience, the garden of olives the submission; "Not my will but Thine," and the olive cures the apple. A garden witnessed the shame of David and Bethsabee, a garden was the place of the entombment of the dead Christ. Thus are humiliation and glory, sorrow and joy, pain and pleasure, the constant attendants of man's life; and if we sink discouraged in the Gethsemanes we have but to lift our gaze to the Olivets close by; if Good Friday's gloom oppresses us we have but to look for the near Easter brightness.

From here the Apostles departed to execute the commission: "Preach the Gospel to every creature," and to fulfill the prophecy, "Into every land is the sound gone forth." We look with telescopic soul into the future and out over the world.

Who is this writing from the Roman Babylon, drunk with the blood of the saints, and from his inverted cross, proclaiming with his own blood, "Thou are Christ, Son of the living God," as once he did on the slopes of Hermon? It is Peter, the chief.

Who is this by the deep purple of Corinth's gulf in the shadow of Helicon and Olympus, proclaiming to the Achaians the glad tidings "Redemption through the Blood?" It is Andrew stretching out his hands in joy to the cross. "Hail, precious cross! I come to thee exulting, may He who redeemed me on thee receive me by thee."

Who is this by the sacred river Ganges, on Coromandel's coast, on the Plains of India preaching to the mystic Brahmins a new but practical mysticism? It is Thomas the erstwhile unbeliever, now the strongest in faith.

Who is this of short stature, but of distinguished mien, standing on Acro-Corinth's brow, or pleading on Mars Hill with the wise philosophers of Athens? It is Paul, the last but not least, though he would claim that title.

Who is this in the land of the lion and the sun, preaching the "Lion of the fold of Juda," and "the Sun of justice," to the fire-worshippers of Persia? It is Matthew, the first to immortalize in written language the Life and Words of Jesus.

Who is he of the flayed skin—like Marsias—with wind-blown garments on the plains of Parthia and Phrygia, giving his life in great Armenia and his body finding ultimate sepulture on that fair little island in the Tiber at Rome? It is Bartholomew, son of Tolomeus.

Who is this with hand outstretched from Patmos' lonely isle, and

with quill plucked from the eagle's wing, writing, "in the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God?" It is John the Beloved.

Who is this among the savage people of Cappadocia, and the savager coasts of the Caspian? It is he who filled the place of Judas the Betrayer! It is Matthias.

Who is he of the erstwhile disgraceful name, which loving history translates into Thaddeus, he who stayed nearer home and scattered the seed in Judea and Samaria and northern Syria? It is Jude of the Catholic Epistle.

Who is he who stays nearest to the field of our Lord's activity—in Jerusalem itself—the city of His death—and is not ashamed to preach where Jesus Himself has spoken, because he has heard the words, "He who heareth you heareth Me?" It is James, first bishop of Jerusalem.

Who is he, the zealot where all were zealous, preaching to the darkened Egyptians, and to the ever-unfortunate inhabitants of Sarmatia, perhaps even to our British ancestors far afield? It is Simon.

Who is he, who, relinquishing connubial happiness and three lovely daughters, "Lights of Asia," leaves all and with his white hair traveled the uplands of Phrygia? It is Philip, who has seen the "Father" in the Divinity of Jesus.

Who is this preaching to the Jews of the Dispersion; then penetrating into Spain and among the sunny vales of Andalusia spreading the sunshine of God's grace, and laying his bones in holy Compostello of the pilgrimage, and giving to their soldiers the war-cry, "Santiago for Spain?" It is James, son of Zebedee, sharing with his brother John the title Sons of Thunder, sharing also the blame of sleep in the garden, sharing the glory of Tabor.

And so the seed is scattered to the uttermost part of the then known world, even as yon thistle down is whirled westward by the wind from the Jordan valley.

A good view may be obtained from the minaret of the mosque of the church of the Ascension, but a still better one from the Russia tower. We go eastward along a fine walk through a grove of firs and cypresses, a pleasing diversion in the barren landscape, and from the top of the tower have a most magnificent panorama. We have ascended by two hundred and fourteen steps, but are well rewarded. Jerusalem itself, the city on the hill, is nearly four hundred feet lower than where we stand, the valley of the Kedron more than another hundred feet, and the valley of the Jordan with the Dead Sea thirty-nine hundred feet below us. Turning to the city, the most prominent object is the mosque of Omar, with its great enclosure and dome,

and, not far removed, the mosque of Aksa, glittering in the sunlight, the sea of low domes like hummocks in a swamp over all the city, with slender minarets rising like ship masts from the sea, and the crescent above the tomb of our Lord. Alas, how long shall the uncircumcised triumph!

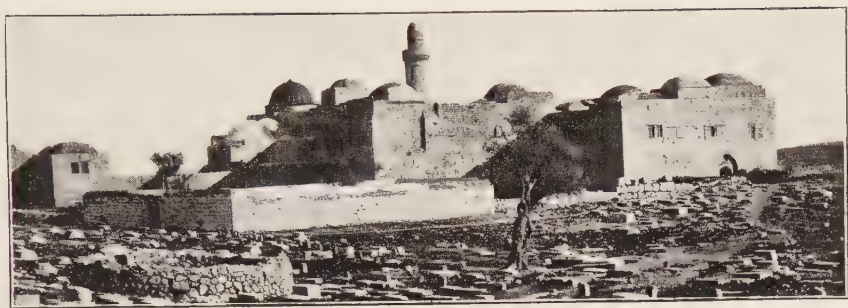
The high city wall surrounds all, and encloses many a green spot, which one would not suspect as he treads the dark stony streets, but which are visible to our bird's-eye view—as the higher charity sees good even in sinners.

To the north we see the new portion of the city, the hospices of the French and of the German, the convent of the Dominicans, with the church of St. Stephen, and still further northward the eye rests on Neby Samwil on its commanding height of nearly three thousand feet above sea level. More to the left is the sumptuous Russian cathedral and their hospices, and still further to the left, the glittering new church of the Benedictines on Mount Zion, eclipsing the Tomb of David and the Cenacle. Southward is the Frank Mountain, and southwest the convent of St. Elias with the Hill of Evil Counsel in the nearer foreground.

The most distant and most wonderful view, however, is eastward, with the Jordan like a thread of silver in a green ribbon, descending from the fastnesses of Hermon to lose itself in the Dead Sea. As we stood looking south, on our right hand was Jerusalem, on our left that Dead Sea, the valley of Sodom and Gomorrah. This is the correct position to behold them; the city of peace on the right, the cursed cities of the plain on the left. And between them what a panorama of desolation, an angry sea of breakers, pitched about in every direction, then petrified into crags and ridges, and seething caldrons, with ledges of iron and wavy undulations of billows, foam-crested. Beyond the Jordan the dark mountains of Gilead over which the westering sun has builded a rainbow arch—"the lip of God as he stoops to drink."

The Greek church of the Ascension is north of the Mohammedan Mosque on Olivet towards *Viri Galilæi*; the Orthodox Patriarch of Jericho resides there. But we will rather return by the way of the Grotto of St. Pelagia, the sinful woman of Antioch, who is said to have lived here. From a dark vestibule twelve steps lead down to a chamber seven by six feet, but large enough for penance. It seems to have been originally a tomb, some surmise of the Prophetess Hulda. 4 Kings xxii.

Where the road leads down from *Viri Galilæi* to Gethsemane there were as late as 1882, remains of a chapel, mentioned by early pilgrims as occupying the spot where the Angel Gabriel (he of the annunciation that



TOMB OF DAVID—MOUNT ZION

God would come to her) announced to that same Virgin that she was to go to God after three days. This is mentioned in the Apochryphal Gospels.

There is a spot somewhere on this hill of which is related: "and seeing the city He wept over it." Almost any part of Olivet would be fitting for such a sight and for such a sorrow. There is, about two hundred paces below the Church of the Carmelite nuns, a ruin where in the twelfth century stood the church of *Dominus Flevit*. In 1891 the Franciscans erected the present modest chapel; ten years later the heart of the Marquis of Bute, he who gave English-speaking folk the Roman Breviary, was buried beneath it. "And Jesus wept!" What pathos in that word! It is touching to see the strong sex in tears; what to see a God? And what was the occasion? The Disciples had been exultant, so that the Pharisees were scandalized at their joy, and asked Christ to rebuke them; but, taking their part, and saying that the stones of this stony mountain would take up the song of triumph if human lips were stilled, He who sees farther than the present moment, weeps over the city that will not know the things that are for its peace. There are here the ruins of a mosque. But looking westward the city is all before Him; its houses and palaces and temples, apparently piled one on top of another; strength to crumble before Titus, beauty to be blotted out in blood. So does the eye of God see a soul that falls into mortal sin, so does the church weep over the ruin and loss of men.

We descend by the new Russian church, built at the expense of the Czar, in 1888; it is by far the most imposing structure on the slope of Olivet, in typical Russian style, its bulbous towers and cupolas catching the last rays of the sun, wonderful in its newness where all else is old.

CHAPTER XXI

MOUNT ZION

Mount Zion! The very name has been a fascination from youth.

We pass out at the Jaffa Gate, in the settlement over yonder the German Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo have a small establishment with a pretty little garden attached; it is a retreat for the aged poor. These Sisters also attend the German and Austrian hospices. We proceed down the valley of Ben Hinnom, the children of groaning, for here in this valley so quiet now with the olive and the fig climbing the terraces, and the grain bowing as the wind coming up the valley pursues it, here was the altar of Moloch. These hills reverberated to the groans of the living victims, the "children passed through the fire," drowned by the louder cries of the priests, and the drums of the soldiery. And this was done by the very Israelites who had known the true God. But the day of vengeance comes and Josiah the king, and Helkiah the high priest, have a busy day, a day red with slaughter, of the sooth-slayers and idolatrous priests, of Baal and of Moloch, of Astarte and of Chamos; a day loud with the curses of those defiled localities, with the sepulchre of the man of God alone exempted, dim with the dust of overturned altars. Can we wonder at the names of this valley? Wady en Nar, the fire; Hinnom, the Hell: Tophet, the abomination, a place to be spat upon, which action is still common among the zealous Jews when they pass this and other abhorred spots. Is it strange that this should be taken as a synonym of hell, Gehenna?

Let us turn and look up the valley. Jerusalem is to our right, Gehenna to our left—the city of Peace and the hell of discord. But by what a trifle divided—that wall alone. We think of Christians and of infidels and ask ourselves if there is really any difference between the baptized and the unbaptized. It is a mere thread, a little stream of trickling water, a word, and yet like this wall how much it means. It is not a mere sentimentality, it is Christ's *fiat*. How wide the divergence, the wall of faith is between—to those within a protection; to those without, an exclusion.

Ah! who has not known friends, lovely, kind, virtuous as the world goes, and yet there is the terrible wall of unbelief forbidding us to take them to our hearts as we so desire to do.

No, Hinnom is not Salem! The world may say what it will, the counterfeit religion is not the true, however like it in outward appearance, the man in the state of sin is not the same as the one in the state of grace, albeit the difference is visible only to angel eyes. From thee, Gehenna, we turn; to thee, Jerusalem, we cling.

We pass Bishop Gobat's school on the declivity of the hill, then through the large Greek cemetery, south of which is the Protestant one, and north the United Greeks and the Armenians. Under the ramparts of the city wall the Armenians have another, and there also is the Latin cemetery. They all appear to be creeping toward the Tomb of David.

Ah, more is interred on this mount than Greek and Latin, Armenian and Protestant; the hopes of the Jewish nation are here buried.

Jerusalem was built on two hills, separated by the Cheese-mongers' valley, Moriah of the Temple and Zion of the city of David, the city of the palace of Solomon. The two names dispute in our memory for pre-eminence but Zion prevails, till it comes to stand for the whole city, and include the Temple. Dr. Breen judiciously remarks that it was not Zion that absorbed Moriah, but the Temple; till the latter absorbed Zion and took its name. So it is of Zion that prophets speak, it is for Zion that exiles yearn, it is for Zion that the psalms were written. The Tyropœan or cheese-mongers' valley that separated the two hills is now almost entirely filled up, covered over with the most squalid of habitations, for this is the Hebrew quarter.

The joining of Moriah with Zion began even under Solomon and David, who would naturally desire easy communication with the Temple, so we read in 2 Kings v. 9; "David built round about from Millo and inward," "and Solomon built Millo and closed up the breach." Now Millo means a filling up and unmistakable evidence of a causeway being necessitated by the depth of this valley between Zion and Moriah have been discovered.

Most remarkable are the arches of masonry, that are called for the discoverers, Robinson's arch and Wilson's arch.

The first is the spring of an arch 44 feet wide coming from the southwest corner of the Harem Enclosure of enormous stones and piers reaching far down, which rest on the pavement of a street under which are the remains of a still more ancient bridge. This is thought to reach back to the time of Solomon, and be the Millo or *fill* that connected the Temple with Zion.

Wilson's arch is in the vaulted chamber 70 feet long underneath the Ottoman Tribunal, which by the closing up of the ends with masonry

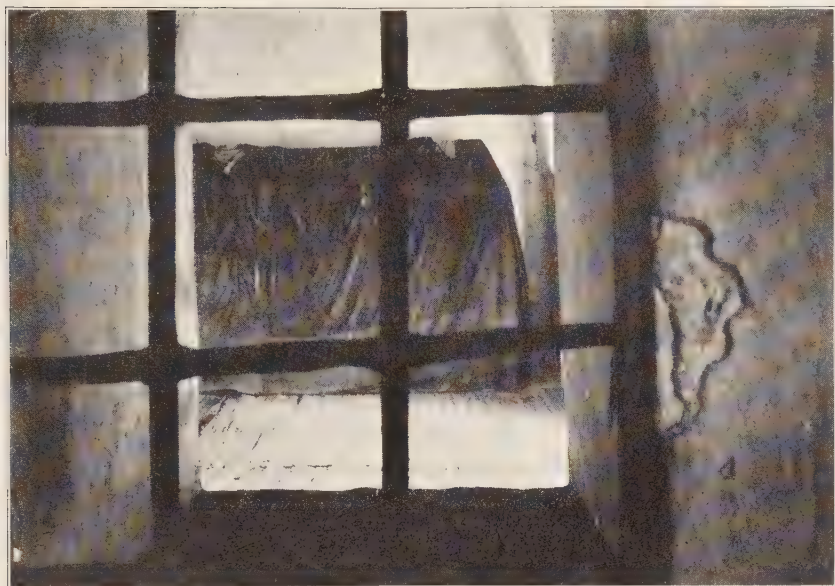
was used as a cistern. The arch in question is 42 feet in span, 24 feet high and 40 feet wide. It is under the street that comes from Bab es Silsileh. Major Wilson conjectures it to have been to give passage under the causeway that connected the two hills, and to carry the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools to the Temple Area.

For centuries this Mount Zion has been the most neglected portion of the city, indeed it is still for the most part outside the walls, and covered with weeds where it is not cropped. "Zion shall be plowed like a field," has been literally fulfilled, and for long has held but one prominent building, that nondescript group—bewilderingly like the Mosque of the Ascension on Olivet—The tomb of David, Neby Dâûd.

This conglomeration called the tomb of David is eagerly desired by both Jew and Christian, but is held by neither. indeed it is with reluctance that the Moslem possessors allow us to enter at all.

They too consider David as a great Prophet; but how the Jews would revere it, for underneath is believed to be the tomb of the holiest of Old Testament kings, the man after God's heart; how Catholics would venerate it as the site of the Upper Room of the Last Supper, and of the Descent of the Holy Ghost; the witness of three great Sacraments—the Priesthood, the Eucharist, the Holy Comforter.

The Scriptures attest that David was buried on Mount Zion, "so David slept with his fathers and was buried in the City of David," 3 Kings ii. 10. The same is said of Solomon; why is Solomon so forgotten? Probably because he fell into idolatry. Good authorities with Mühlau are satisfied that it was on Mount Zion that Solomon's palace stood—the House of Cedar. It seems more probable, however, that it was in greater proximity to the Temple—doubtless on the south point where Moriah runs down in the promontory of Ophel. The Moslems hold that David's tomb is one of the many shown here, and the whole building goes by the name of Neby Dâûd, rather than by any name that would indicate the place of the Last Supper. But it may well be the site of both. Indeed that Jesus could command the use of this place for eating the Pasch with His Disciples is an argument in favor of it being connected with His family, for He was a descendant of David. There is a tradition that Joseph of Arimathea owned the Supper Room, where the apostles were directed to prepare the Pasch, Luke xxii. 10. And it is evident they had permanent possession with security from molestation there. We are told it was a large upper room and furnished, it was inside the walls at the time of our Lord, the walls, namely, built by Herod, but the wall then



DAVID'S TOMB

enclosed the whole of the southern hill or promontory, so that there is nothing to gainsay this as the true locality.

No Christian is allowed to enter what the Mohammedans venerate as the tomb of David; the daughter of Dr. Barclay, however, had the rare good fortune to be secretly introduced into the tomb by a Moslem lady and she thus describes it: "The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but is furnished very gorgeously. The tomb is apparently an immense sarcophagus of rough stone, and is covered by green satin tapestry richly embroidered with gold. To this a piece of black velvet is attached with a few inscriptions from the Koran, embroidered also in gold. A satin canopy of red, blue, green and yellow stripes hangs over the tomb; and another piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, covers a door in one end of the room, which they said leads to a cave underneath. Two tall candlesticks stand before this door, and a little lamp hangs in a window near it, which is kept constantly burning, and whose wick, though saturated with olive oil—and I dare say a nauseous dose—my devotionally-minded companion eagerly swallowed, muttering to herself a prayer with many geneflections. She then, in addition to their usual forms of prayer, pros-

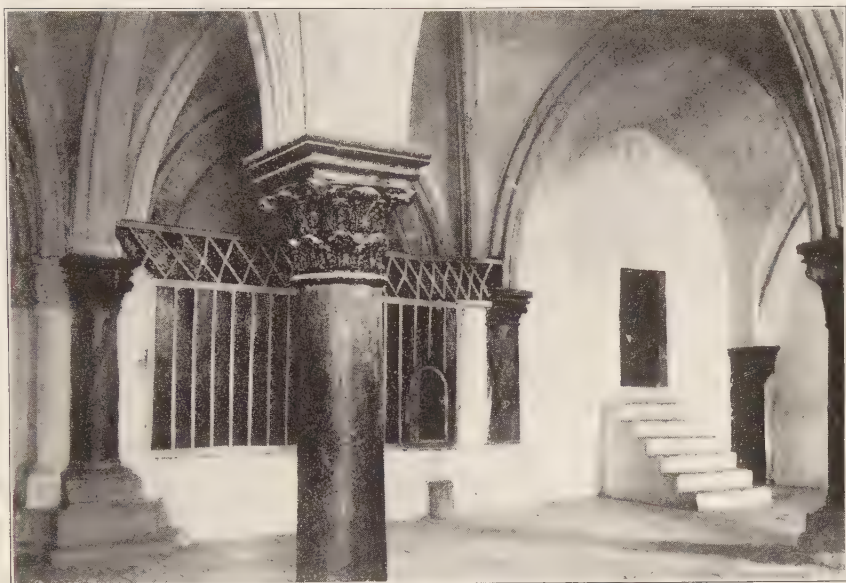
trated herself before the tomb, raising the covering, pressing her forehead to the stone and kissing it many times.

"The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered with blue porcelain in floral figures. Having remained here an hour and completed my sketch, we left; and great was my rejoicing when I found myself once more at home, out of danger, and, still better, out of my awkward costume."

And Thompson attests that, having personal acquaintance with her, he has full confidence in the description, and admits that it is quite possible that the tomb of the Prophet, Psalmist, King may be under this heap of buildings. He remarks further that the sepulchre of David was known at the time of Christ, as St. Peter on the Day or Pentecost says: "His sepulchre is with us unto this day," Acts ii. 29, which words might indicate the proximity to this spot.

As we are not allowed to descend to the tomb of David, we ascend to the Cenacle or upper room. What proof have we that here was the Supper chamber? Before critical examination we kneel and recite the prayers in order to obtain the plenary indulgence granted on this spot, which the Church regards as being so prominent in the last events of our Lord's life. I make no apology for this unphilosophical attitude—"I believe in order to know," says St. Augustine.

The present building is comparatively modern, not dating back further than the fourteenth century, but it probably preserves sufficiently the resemblance to the ordinary supper chamber of our Lord's day for our piety to possess a visible presentment. The building has two stories, the lower one being used by the Turks as a harem, the upper story is an apartment about fifty by thirty feet, divided into three by the heavy beams of the ceiling. It is entirely empty, being in the hands of the Mussulmans, but the Catholics are allowed at certain times (for a good fee, naturally) to erect an altar here, and offer the unbloody sacrifice, here where our piety pictures to us, that all those wonderful actions of our Lord took place. The historic evidence is perhaps not of the most certain, but that does not prevent us from taking great spiritual nourishment and elevation of heart from a site which has been held authentic since the fourteenth century at least. The Rabbins remark that "where David hath laid the foundations of his kingdom, from thence the kingdom of Jesus of Nazareth began to spread." As early as 350 A. D. St. Epiphanius records that when Adrian came to Jerusalem in 135 A. D., "the Christians still possessed the little church in that place in the Cenacle (the upper room) where the Apostles assembled. It stood in the quarter of Zion that was spared when the city was des-



THE CENACLE

troyed." St. Cyril of Jerusalem corroborates this by speaking of "the Upper Church of the Apostles where the Holy Ghost descended on them."

In the fourth century a great basilica was built here, a hundred by a hundred and eighty feet in extent, with eighty columns. The Armenian Pilgrim states that the hall of the sacred mysteries adjoined, and that the cupola had a representation of the Last Supper. The Crusaders rebuilt the church, and remains of this have been found in recent excavations.

This hill of Zion beheld both Covenants. The sealing of the first was in Egypt. "This is the Blood of the Covenant. Let every man take a lamb without blemish; a male of one year; and they shall take of the blood thereof, and put it upon both door-posts, and dipping a bunch of hyssop in the blood, sprinkle the lintel of the door—for the Lord will strike the Egyptians, and when He shall see the Blood He will pass over that house and not suffer the Destroyer to smite you." Exod. xii.

But this Covenant comes to an end in this very Jerusalem that saw its splendor and we hear Jesus say: "This is My Blood, the Blood of the New Covenant, which shall be shed for you." Luke xxii.

If the identification is correct, what an assemblage of holy memories throng this spot. Here was eaten the Paschal Lamb for the last time legally, here that sacrifice was abrogated and another instituted in its

place. Here we behold that group so well known in da Vinci's masterpiece of Our Lord at supper with the Twelve. Here the words were first spoken: "This is My Body, this is My Blood." Here for the first time uttered, but to be spoken every day thereafter to the end of time by thousands of lips consecrated and enjoined to pronounce them by the command "Do this in commemoration of Me;" this that I have done. And what had He done? If His words are not lies, the bread was transformed into into His Body, the wine into His Blood.

But this is not the moment taken by da Vinci. At first one wonders at no expression of surprise from the Apostles at the words "This is my Body," and no attitude of adoration, which, although exhibited in modern paintings, has no warrant in history. Da Vinci takes the dramatic moment, "One of you will betray Me," and he is right. It is more pictorial—the Apostles had been prepared for the legacy of the Bread, the Bread which was His Flesh, by a promise. They had lived too long in the atmosphere of miracle to wonder now at the performance, but that one of their number was a devil, that is startling, impossible. How implicit was their faith in His veracity when even the most innocent-hearted inquired: "Is it I Lord?"

Here, too, that tenderest ministration of Christ toward the Twelve, the washing of the feet, fitting lesson for those who were sent with so much spiritual power and authority, not to exalt themselves, but to be ready for the most menial services in their ministrations to men.

Here the heart-breaking announcement: "He who dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same will betray Me,"—and the sop was given to Judas. Was this to publish his guilt? Far from the heart of the merciful Jesus was such a thought. We know that in some uncivilized nations, the food must even be chewed for the privileged guest. In these Oriental lands it is a mark of special favor, of particular love to give a morsel chosen from a common dish. It is then as if Jesus would give Judas a last opportunity to be won by love. When it is lost on the heart of avarice, Jesus says, "What thou doest, do quickly," and, the grace refused, Satan enters into Judas. Oh! do we realize what it is to spurn the love of God? It is an invitation to the Devil. "He went out, and it was night." Oh! the blackness of that night into which the soul goes that leaves its God.

In this upper room assembled, with the doors closed in their terror, the risen Saviour appears to the Disciples unimpeded by the locked entrances. We have here the subtlety of the glorified body as we saw its lucidity on Tabor. Here He shows them His hands' and His side, here St.



THE DORMITION

Thomas regains his lost faith. Oh, for the greater vision, a vision of Christ to restore the gift of faith to them who have lost their belief. But its return must be by kissing the wounds. The worldling usually comes back to the faith through suffering, by coming nearer to Jesus, not by staying away, by putting his finger into the wounds, his hand into the side. It is in the revelation of the sweetness of God that faith revives, for "Who loveth and hopeth, not long will doubt."

Here He says "Peace be with you." No true peace except the peace from Christ; no lasting peace, except in faithfulness; no joyful peace, except in sinlessness. "Peace," He repeats again; "My peace I leave you," and that it might be truly left He joins to that word the commission to the Apostles: "Whose sins you forgive they are forgiven," and *masaleme!* is still the salutation of this land!

Of all the legends that Christianity has given us, none is so universal, none has entered into literature and art to the same extent, as the Holy Grail. It is the name given to the dish used at the Last Supper, differently identified with the *Catina* of the Paschal Lamb, and the Cup of the Eucharist; or rather the two are confused together.

Joseph of Arimathea appears as the first possessor, which would fit in with the belief that the Upper Room belonged to him. In some accounts it is of precious stone "fallen from heaven," into which every Good Friday an angel deposits a consecrated Host; in others it is of crystal. It was carried into foreign countries and hidden away in the castle of the Grail, in the mountain of Salvation, where it could only be found by those perfectly pure, or, in some recitals, virginal. Hence literature is concerned chiefly by the quest of the Holy Grail for which a special Order was founded, the Knights of the Grail. Thus we have the legend of St. Percival in the Arthurian legends, beautifully told by Tennyson, and Lohengrin and Parsifal in the music of Wagner. The legend is also found among the Norwegians of the north, and the Portuguese of the south.

We note here the threefold value of the word tradition. (1) There is the tradition that is dogmatical; when it relates to truths always taught by the Church, tradition in this sense is often our guide in the meaning of Scripture. Christ says: "Do this in commemoration of Me," and He says "Ye must wash each others feet." How do we know that one is a sacrament for all time, the other only a holy custom, for a special occasion? Scripture is silent—tradition comes to our aid. (2) All through our journeying we have spoken of *traditional* sites, that must stand or fall with the critical evidence. Here tradition is only verbal history. (3) In folk story tradition has a lesser force, but it is not valueless.



POTTERY

*Whate'er hath greatness
Kindles some legend round its onward way
Through the gross ether of the popular mind.*

This Holy Grail, San Grail, Sang Real, blood of the King, according to the medieval derivation, speaks loudly of the universal belief that Christ's Blood was really in the cup when He said, "Drink ye all, of this." That the quest of the cup required a pure life confirms St. Paul's words, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh condemnation to himself." That virginal knighthood was its keeper, points to the celibate clergy, the priests of this Mystery.

*Three angels bear the Holy Grail,
With folded feet, in stoles of white
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah Blessed Vision! Blood of God!*

* * * * *

*All 'round I ride, whate'er betide
Until I find the Holy Grail;*

* * * * *

*So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.*

So chants Sir Galahad.

In the Cenacle St. Mathias was chosen to fill the place of Judas, and St. Stephen and six others made Deacons, and St. James later made Bishop of Jerusalem; early proof, consequently, that from the very first the perpetuating of the hierarchy and of the Apostolic succession was recognized

as necessary. But what a strange way of choosing to cast lots and leave it to chance! But was it left to chance? They left it to the guidance of the Holy Spirit for they prayed, "Show us, O Lord, which of these two Thou hast chosen. And the lot fell to Mathias." Acts i. 26. This may mean that he received the greatest number of votes, as in the election of a Pope today. Even if it were left to the chance of a lottery we must excuse it from gambling by the custom of the times, and justify it from superstition by the desire thus not to show partiality.

Here in this Upper Room the Apostles waited the visible outpouring of the Spirit that would manifest to the world that they were the chosen messengers of the Christ. We cannot think that the Holy Ghost was not the indwelling spirit of the Church as soon as Christ ascended; we cannot think that even for those ten days man was left orphan—our piety sees the dove descending from the feet of the rising Saviour—but for the solemn Epiphany of the Paraclete the Apostles waited, assembled in that Upper Room. "And there came cloven tongues of fire that sat upon every one of them," and filled them with the spirit of wisdom, and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of piety, the spirit of godly fear also.

Ah, these gifts that came with the rush of the wind and parted tongues of fire! What would man be without them? "Child of the worm and brother of the clay," but with them he is the Temple of the Most High.

Here in the Cenacle where Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist, comes a thought of the advantage to men of the Real Presence that has not been often enforced by writers, namely: the focusing in one point of the adoration that man must give to God. He is everywhere; a magnificent ideal, but for finite minds too dissipating; while looking everywhere we look nowhere; our adoration is scattered and takes on the vagueness of the Pantheist. But in the Holy Eucharist we have God brought to one point, and our worship is intensified. I know of at least one who was brought into the Catholic Church just by this consideration. Let no one say that this is dwarfing the Deity, it is only carrying out His great condescension in taking human form where in the language of the Apostle, He "emptied" Himself. If the Jordan was the birthplace of Baptism, the Cenacle is the cradle of the Blessed Eucharist and the Cathedral of these Sacraments that require a Bishop—Confirmation and Holy Orders.

While there is as yet perhaps no convincing proof that this building occupies the site of the "upper room," the probability for it is very great. The tradition is venerable, going back to St. Epiphanius, the most learned

writer of the fourth century, who tells us it was not destroyed by Titus, and that Adrian found it intact. Nicephorus relates that St. Helena built a church here, and St. Jerome that St. Paula found here the pillar still stained with blood to which our Saviour was bound during the scourging, half of which is now in the Holy Sepulchre, half in St. Prassede in Rome. Augustinian friars kept up the tradition in the time of the Crusades, and from 1333 to 1558, when they were massacred, the Franciscan Fathers held the spot. Since then it has been in the possession of the Moslems. Poetic justice would surely give it to the Catholics, for to whom is this spot so sacred? To what locality do our heart-strings more yearn? We, who have still the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist, we, who still possess the Holy Ghost in the Church, the Holy Ghost, that perennial fount of its authority, its infallibility, its indefectibility. But we must bide God's time, perhaps we are not yet worthy, perhaps it is to show us that justice is not to be perfect on earth, and reconcile us to the smaller personal injustices that each one of us encounters.

"And having sung a hymn they went out." They had not, as yet, our glorious "*Lauda Sion*," and it was probably the Passover hymn that was chanted; this had been the annual remembrance of their delivery from Egypt, for forty years it was their song of hope, to the Jew today it sounds as the heart-breaking sob of a hope never to be realized, except they obey the voice of lamentation, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem return to the Lord your God."

We give a paraphrase of this Jewish Passover hymn: "This is the bread of affliction, let all who are hungry come in and eat; this year here, next year in the land of Israel; this year slaves, next year in freedom; this year in the wilderness, next year in the land of promise." What great words! How thrilling in Egypt; how sustaining in the wandering; how pathetic in the mouth of scattered Israel today! and so we leave the *habitat* of the third glorious mystery of our rosary and pass out through barley fields shaking their bearded heads over the buried glories of Zion!

CHAPTER XXII

VIA DOLOROSA

The sorrowful way which we tread in spirit as we pray the "Stations of the Cross" in lenten time, is only a part of the journey our Lord made from the betrayal to His burial—the day journey of Friday, from Pilate's Hall to Calvary; we will take the night journey of Thursday from Gethsemane to Pilate's Pretorium. This was preceded by the walk from the Cenaculum after the Last Supper. They would pass out at the gate then called the Fountain Gate, being near the fountain of Siloam; then would turn northward up the Kedron valley to their accustomed place for prayer. It probably belonged to one of His disciples or was then unfrequented.

We make our visit to the Garden of Gethsemane purposely at dusk that we may better enter into its spirit.

Leaving the city by the Bab Sitti Miriam, we cross the brook Kedron, a water-way only in the season of rain; now a waterless gully,—this brook so often passed over by our Saviour. Further down we are shown the print of His knee as the soldiery pushed Him against the rock of the stream into which they had thrown Him—the rock less obdurate than the hearts of men, as Catherine Emerich says, acknowledging His Divinity and yielding to His pressure. This pious tradition rests on no authority.

In 1848 the Fathers of the Holy Land, who from time reaching beyond remembrance or records had always owned this part of the valley of Jehosaphat, found themselves compelled to enclose in a strong wall a space of eighty yards square in the originally larger area of the olive grove of Christ's time. This was done to preserve quiet and solitude where we most desire it, and was necessary, too, in order to preserve the ancient olive trees. The entrance is through a narrow door in the east wall.

For prayer in a crowd Lourdes is pre-eminent in the world, but for solitary prayer no spot on earth is like Gethsemane. This enclosed Garden of Gethsemane is only open to the public in the forenoon, but by special arrangement and favor we are permitted to enter at night. With what thrilling souls we kneel under these trees! After all the havoc of centuries there are fortunately eight of them remaining, trees the most venerable, and for the Christian, the most sacred trees in the world; for though we may not know the exact spot of the bloody sweat, every rood of this valley has seen Him in prayer. "Jesus often came there with His disciples," John xviii. 2, so Judas knew where to find Him. "It was His custom to

come hither to pray," says the Evangelist Luke ch. xxi. 39. These trees are of immemorial age. Even if they do not date back to Christ, they are the successors of those that paled at His agony; for the olive grows up perennially from the root-stock and the trunk becomes a great wicker-work basket, filled in the middle often with stones and shored up round about with the same materials. The circumference of these tree stems is from twenty to thirty feet.

It is amusing how sceptics will deny the possibility of these trees dating from Christ's time, and will yet point to the giant sequoias of California saying from their ringed almanacs: "Before Abraham was, I am."

One cannot fail to be much affected in this Garden of Gethsemane, so connected is it with the redemption of man. To this garden came the Saviour and His Apostles after the Last Supper. The light of the Easter moon would gild yonder Mount of Olives and a portion of the valley of Jehosaphat—but there would be also a portion over which the gloomy shadows of Moriah would fall, and into this darkest shadow He withdrew from His Disciples—He who willed to take the sin of the world in all its blackness.

Here "He trod the wine-press alone." Gethsemane means indeed "the oil-press," for here the harvest of the trees was turned into useful commodity, and it was the blood of peace and the submission to the Father, peace-bringing.

Through the mist of our tears we almost fancy we see the kneeling Saviour and the chalice snatched away by the Angel. We cannot formulate prayers, or, rather, that one perfect prayer absorbs all others and we keep repeating: "Not my will but Thine." The olive leaves are pale and trembling in the evening breeze, and behind the summit of Olivet the Easter moon, "at the height of her mutable glories," peers into the garden and shuddering hides her face in cloud. It is only afterwards that poetry comes limping behind to express the highest throbbings of the human heart, even as Petrarch after the death of his Laura inhalos her memory with sonnets. The Protestant hymn gives us:

*'Tis midnight! and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight! in the Garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
'Tis midnight! and from all removed
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief nor tears.*

And Mary C. Reid:

Come hither thought!

*Not in thy pride, but humbly to adore,
And weigh the price at which our peace was bought;
While love recounts these nameless sorrows o'er.*

Behold that head!

*The holiest! of its native glory shorn;
The throbbing temples wreathed with pain instead,
And regal with a diadem of thorn.*

Ah me, those eyes!

*To gaze on which our own may well grow dim;
What power within their heavenly sweetness lies
To melt the heart and turn it unto Him.*

And lips so pale!

*Whence words of mercy and of wisdom gushed,
Whose accents live though heaven and earth should fail,
How are they now in voiceless anguish hushed!*

Save that one prayer!

*The type of all! in which the sentient clay
Shrank from its captor Death; while triumphed there
The will resigned to suffer and obey.*

After our prayer in this favored spot, which ought to enable us to accept God's will for the remainder of our lives, we notice the garden. Against the inside of the surrounding wall are fourteen shrines, with the stations of the cross in *alto rilievo* but of no artistic merit. The spaces between the old trees are filled in with walks leading to a fountain, and with trimly kept flower beds of verbena and candytuft, of geranium, stock and larkspur. How much we would prefer to see it in its wildness! But it is impossible and the flowers are given away by the Franciscan Brother with generous hand as mementos.

In the eastern wall is a fine bas-relief of the school of Canova, representing Christ praying in the garden.

This site has received added credence. In August, 1910, the Franciscans laid bare the foundation of the ancient church of Our Lord's Agony, which stood on the southern side of the sacred garden. The beautiful mosaic floor was covered with earth and rubbish for centuries. Everything has now been cleared away and the whole site is open to view. In the middle of the choir, which extended into the body of the church, is a stone slab marking the spot where our Lord prayed in His Agony. Thousands



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

of pilgrims have watered this sacred stone with their tears, and we fervently hope that before long the Christian world will enable the Franciscan Fathers to rebuild once again this venerable sanctuary, wherein they may celebrate the memory of our Lord's agonizing prayer.

Leaving the enclosure by the same little "needle's eye" of a door the rock in front of us marks the traditional spot where Peter and James and John slept when our Saviour said: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay here and watch, and He withdrew a stone's throw from them and kneeled down and prayed saying: Father, if Thou wilt remove this chalice from Me, nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." Luke ch. xxii. It would be back to this point that He returned and found them sleeping. "What! could ye not watch one hour with Me?" But love finds the extenuation: "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak." This distance of the stone's throw would bring us exactly to the grotto of the agony. We are unprepared to find a cave in the earth as the scene of the agony and the sweat of blood. There being no tradition that this occurred in a cave we are justified in holding, as stated before, that the fixing on a cave was to have something that could not be removed or obliterated, and would be a landmark even after war and desolation had destroyed everything else.

Jacob Abbott expresses it somewhat differently; in his memoirs of the Holy Land he suggests "That those on whom depended the keeping up of the places made holy by our dear Lord's life were Anchorites, and that, requiring a shelter, they occupied the nearest of the grottos or caves of which this land is so full, and thus the grotto itself, though only *near* the spot, came to be venerated as the exact locality;" and this may very well be taken as an explanation in cases where the event itself does not require a cave, notably that of the Agony in the Garden, and the site of the Credo.

The agony was under the stars—those same stars that stud the heavens tonight. It was under the trees—the olive trees that still tremble and grow pallid at the remembrance.

*Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him, last,
When out of the woods He came.*

So sings Sidney Lanier our Southern poet, whose flute-voice was stilled all too soon for our materialistic age.

It is not heathen mythology, it is not Darwinism, it is not Pantheism, that has given us the poetry of the kinship and sympathy of nature with man, and of men with God. It is He "who being in the form of man thought it was not robbery, not lie, to say He was God."

We enter the grotto, so called, of the Agony. It is spoken of by writers of the sixth century as being the place of a supper and washing of feet on the evening of the Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.

The road having been raised the grotto is now much lower down than in the time of our Lord. It is still a cave in the natural rock but now lighted by a round orifice in the roof, which is supported by six stone pillars. The cave is about sixty by thirty feet, of oval shape.

There are four tablets in commemoration of the four "couches" spoken of by Theodosius as having been here, each accommodating three persons,

to suit the number of the Apostles. We were fortunate enough to be able to say Mass here later, as it is the exclusive property of the Latin Catholics. The ceiling has marks of ancient frescoes.

Here prayer comes natural. Here He prayed who taught us prayer. Here the perfect prayer, "Father, not my will but thine." Here the world is shut out. It is doubtful if our Lord actually prayed in this cave, but it was near it and a grotto in the living rock preserves a locality, as no erected structure can—and the loneliness and darkness of this praying place may well have been taken by Christians in self defense against the babble of the world outside. Indeed Abbe Felix in the sixteenth century states that all round this locality the Moslems defiled the ground and the stones, smearing them with the most loathsome filth to prevent Christian pilgrims from kissing this hallowed earth, and Father Breen remarks it may have been to avoid these inconveniences that the faithful sought the grotto.

According to the Evangelist it would not be far from the spot where the disciples slept, when He came to them the third time, that the betrayal took place; "While He was yet speaking behold a crowd, and He that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them and said 'Hail Rabbi, and he kissed Him, and Jesus said 'Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?'" This spot is pointed out a little to the south of east from the inclosure of Gethsemane and is called *Terra damnata*, and is hated by all.

In his righteous indignation Peter cuts off Malchus' ear, but Christ heals it and refuses to let the Apostles resist. "Could I not ask My Father and he would send me twelve legions of Angels? but this is the hour of the power of darkness and how could the Scriptures be fulfilled?" He refers to all those prophecies that proclaim Him the Victim of our ransom; and so with a flare of torches in the darkness and hatred in the hearts of the rabble the pageant proceeds to the city—an entrance so different from Palm Sunday's.

We leave this olive grove with chastened thoughts. Every life has its Gethsemanes where the struggle is fought between our will and the will of God. Happy they who say: "Thy will, not mine."

"He has taken upon Himself the iniquities of us all" says Isaiah liii. 6. See the crowds that throng Jerusalem during this week: Men of every nation under heaven, as on the first Pentecost; of all conditions, of all classes; rich, poor, sovereign, serf, in every variety of dress with every tone of language known to earth—and what a thought that not only each one of these but the millions before and after the world's population were present to the heart of Jesus as He knelt here and was bowed under the

weight of their sins. Yes, you and I, however insignificant, had a share in augmenting the weight; but O joy! a share in the reconciling prayer!

Long do we remain here in meditation. In meditation and prayer where He so often prayed for man, till avarice sold Him, as avarice has ever bartered away man's highest good; till envy and hate crucified Him, as envy and hatred and bigotry have ever persecuted the just.

Where was love born? Was it on the steeps of Sinai amidst the thunders and the flashes when the rocks melted under His feet? Was it born on Tabor amidst the splendor and the Voice? Ah, no. Love was born even here in this Gethsemane, in the silence, in the gloom, in the suffering, in the bloody sweat, in the perfect prayer. And we start when we see the little Adonis flowers among the grass verily like drops of blood. Heathen mythology says they sprang from the blood of Adonis, but how much more suitably they symbolize the blood of the Saviour. Yes, His Blood still reddens in the roses as His pale Body still whitens in the lilies, and wondering angels still tremble in the olive leaves, and still do life's flowers spring from His agony.

Two millions are said to have perished in the terrible siege of Jerusalem under Titus, and before the Crusaders gained possession in the Middle Ages they rode knee-deep in blood, but above all this outpouring, the Blood of the Crucified, in the center of the history of murder the greatest of all murders, cries aloud, not for revenge but for pardon. Under these trees knelt the Man-God.

*There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling, touched thy prostrate brow;
One angel knows it; Oh! might prayer avail
To gain that knowledge!*

The exact spot we know not, and it does not matter. "Father, if this chalice may not pass, Thy Will not Mine be done." "Then came an angel comforting Him." The comfort comes when the resignation is perfect, and when human consolation is wanting, angelic help is near. Are these the very trees under which He prayed? It is quite possible. An authority on arboriculture says "there is no inherent reason why a tree need ever die of old age, for all its living parts are annually renewed, some dragon-trees on the island of Teneriffe are estimated as over five thousand years old, and our own redwoods of California are probably half that age," which would make them anterior to our Lord.

Job was evidently speaking of the olive when he said: "A tree hath hope; if it be cut it groweth again; if its root be old in the earth and its

stock dead in the dust at the scent of water it shall spring." Job xiv. 7. Nothing more wonderful than the vitality of the olive tree; its stock appears dead, it is rifted and riven into many pieces, sometimes it appears simply as a mesh of hollow bark, but how persistently it lives; its little



OLIVE TREE IN GETHSEMANE

twigs are young and its leaves and flowers do not share the age of its trunk and root.

"They took Him first to Annas, who was father-in-law of Caiphas, the high priest of that year." John xviii. 13. Annas seems to have been the instigator of the arrest. To go to the house of Annas they will consequently drag him across the Kedron brook, at this fourteenth of Nisan probably full of water, but later only a dry stream-bed. Tradition points

out opposite to the Golden Gate of the Temple, area the spot where they threw Him into the water, and piety even shows the mark of His hand where He supported Himself in rising.

Did David long before write of this when he says: "He shall drink of the torrent in the way"? At any rate we may well reflect that all must pass through the waters of tribulation who follow Christ. They would ascend the hill to Jerusalem, not to the Golden Gate, but would keep to the left through the giant cactus thickets to the gate of Zion on the other side of the Tyropæon valley, from the Temple. The path is still very steep. Entering the city at this Zion gate, we remark the portion of the Mount that is at present outside the walls. Besides the prominent building—the tomb of David—we descry to our left over where the Mount drops into the valley Hinnom, Bishop Gobat's schools, built in terraced structures. They have a flourishing establishment and from a walking acquaintance, I must bear witness the children spoke the best English of any of the Jerusalem youth.

The traditional spot of Annas' dwelling is at the chapel of the Orthodox Armenian Sisters, *Deir es Zeitounieh*, not far from the church of St. James in the Armenian end of Mount Zion. This chapel is called Chapel of the Angels, to commemorate the legend that when our Lord was struck the angels in heaven covered their faces, that they might not witness the indignity to that face on which they loved to gaze.

The next stage of the journey is recorded. "Annas sent Him bound to Caiphas;" for the latter was officially the high priest, though Annas, who had been deposed, was still a "power behind the throne." The site of the house of Caiphas is very conjectural. The Pilgrim of Bordeaux places it between Siloam and Zion, east of the Cenaculum, and in 1162 Saewulf writes that here was a church—St. Peter in *Galicantus*, of the Cock-crow. "The cock crew and going out he wept bitterly." The Assumptionists have acquired property here and discovered much that relates to the time of our Lord, and even throws light on the building of the walls by Nehemias. Others place the house of Caiphas quite near to the church of St. James, in the Armenian convent. This church of St. James is just as suitable as any spot to re-live in spirit that Thursday night of darkness and derision watching for the convening of the Sanhedrim at daybreak.

In this place would have been the court where Peter warmed himself at the campfire and denied three times, at a servant-girl's inquiry, his knowledge of Jesus. Here is a semi-circular stone forming an altar table; it is over four feet long and is venerated as half of the "stone that was rolled from the door of the sepulchre" by angel hands, or, let us say, by the power of

the rising Christ Himself. If not authentic it is at least a good example of what these sepulchres were closed with. We can see the rolling doors still in the Tombs of the Kings.

The Sanhedrim is assembled by Caiphas and condemns Christ to death for blasphemy in that "He said that He was God." It appears that there was a divided authority; the Jewish people could condemn to death, "According to our law he must die who makes himself God," but they could not execute the death penalty; Christ must therefore be taken to Pilate, the governor. This necessitates a journey to Pilate's Pretorium in the neighborhood of the castle of Antonia (so called by Herod the Great to honor Mark Antony), north of the temple enclosure. To reach this Pretorium of Pilate we must go to the northwest corner of the Harem area, now the Turkish barracks, traversing the most thickly built-over portion of the town—the most squalid too, being Jewish.

Not to contract legal uncleanness the Jews will not enter the Pretorium—Pilate comes out to them. When he takes Jesus in, he finds no fault in Him, but outside, he joins hands with the rabble: O human respect, that can so make a man a coward!

Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, is lodged where now stands the orthodox Greek Deir el Adas, northeast of Antonia, or according to others in the palace of the Asmoneans, just west across the bridge spanning the Tyropœon valley, and Pilate, ever a temporizer, sends the Saviour thither on hearing that Christ is a Galilean. Perhaps kind-hearted Pilate thought Herod would use his influence to save a countryman.

This journey would take us back by the same route westward towards Annas' house, but at the end we would keep to the right. We should take occasion to visit the church of St. Thomas of the Germans; it is propped up with beams of wood. One hundred and eighty paces northeast from this church is the site of the house of Mary the mother of John Mark, where Peter took refuge when liberated from prison by the angel. This church of St. Mary-Mark, as it is styled, is the property of the Syrian Jacobites. If the prison of St. Peter was, as they thought in the twelfth century, southeast of the Muristan, and the city wall of that time went pretty nearly straight east from the citadel, the "iron gate" which opened of itself to Peter and his companion angel, would not be far from where tradition places this house of Mary-Mark. Herod is curious to see Christ, and expects Him to work miracles. Disappointed at His silence Herod mocks Him, but will not take the responsibility of either defending or condemning Him. And so, clothed in the white of derided royalty, He is sent back to Pilate but with no crime found in Him. At Pilate's hall human respect

triumphs. "If you acquit this one you are no friend to Cæsar," and the King of Rome is preferred to the King of the Jews, who is the eternal King of heaven and earth.

The next day we come again to the *Via Dolorosa*. We are favored by being able to make the Way of the Cross here on Good Friday itself. We think of all the great streets travelers boast of having trodden, the *Via Appia* with its memories of Roman triumphal home-comings; the *Via Toledo* in Naples; the *Ring Strasse* in Vienna; *Unter den Linden* in Berlin; the *Prado* in Madrid; *Broadway* in New York and the *Rotton Row* or *Thames' Embankment* in London. What are they all in comparison with this one that our Saviour trod! They are the roads of life that end in death—this the journey of death that ends in Life.

This road is not so extensive as our imagination has pictured it; it is its moral importance that makes it seem long. According to Padre F. Cassini, this street is intolerably long; he says that the *Via Dolorosa* for the human race began in Eden, when Adam was condemned to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, and all men traveling along it from that day to this have had their "stations" of sorrow and of suffering. A beautiful thought!

Mr. Bartlett, the author and artist, thus describes the *Via Dolorosa*, which he pronounces to be "the most gloomily impressive street of any within the precincts of this melancholy city:"

"The pavement is rugged and slippery as a mountain road; the prison-like walls on either side are only pierced here and there by a small doorway or grated window or a wooden 'jalousie.' In the shade of the archways the passenger stumbles over heaps of stone or rubbish, or is half blinded with clouds of dust, while vapors indescribably fetid escape from holes and corners and assail his nostrils. As may be supposed, at twilight these archways are involved in utter darkness; and, unless provided with a lantern, it is difficult to grope one's way without treading upon a sleeping dog, or coming into violent collision with some invisible passenger."

Some improvement has been made in the street since then, but still the *Via Dolorosa* is gloomy and narrow—descending rapidly in some places, entirely arched over here and there, sometimes open to the sky, or divided by a succession of flying buttresses.

But we must not lose the Christian in the historian and geographer. We must really "make" the stations, entering into the spirit, gaining the attached indulgences. No certain prayer is needed, but only a meditation that no feeling soul can omit. Is it not a privilege to make this sorrowful journey just on this day, and just in the very steps of the Saviour?

Although the street is now much raised from what it was in our Lord's



GROTTO OF THE AGONY

day, and doubtless somewhat changed, yet practically we walk the same road. Nor need we hesitate to kneel here nor elsewhere; even the Moslems are men of prayer and are often seen praying in public; but to-day the road is full of pilgrims led by a son of St. Francis. There are many of them in tears. Is that to be thought wonderful? Is the surprise not rather that some are unmoved by the remembrance of that first making of the way of the Cross? The first station is at the Turkish barracks, where was Pilate's hall. The place that the holy narrative mentions as *Lithostrotos* was a stone-paved court, east of the *Ecce Homo* arch which is seen in the convent of the Daughters of Zion, and was a monumental portal to the fortress, with three gateways. It was in this court that Pilate received the Jewish priests and people who brought Christ and accused Him. The Jews would not enter Pilate's Hall, for that would render them legally unfit to celebrate the approaching Pasch. Two of the stones of this pavement are supposed to be built into the arch that spans the street at the convent of the Daughters of Zion adjoining, one on which our Lord stood, and on the other Pilate, when he spoke those pathetic words: "Behold the Man!" A part of the *Lithostrotos* extended under the convent named above and has been lately uncovered. It is several feet below the present level of the modern street. The chapel of the condemnation, a perfect square of thirty-

six feet each side, was unearthed a few years ago adjacent to the church of the Flagellation.

Adjacent to the site of the first station are grouped several other chapels; the chapel of the Crowning with Thorns, and the chapel of the Flagellation (these form indeed but one church, a different part being apportioned to these two acts in the drama of the crucifixion). The former is twenty-one by twenty-seven feet surmounted by an octagonal drum supporting a cupola. Nearby, was, up to the seventh century, a superb basilica dedicated to St. Sophia, the eternal Wisdom. We brought here a crown of *Ziziphus Spinia Christi*, woven by the Daughters of Zion and laid on the altar and pressed it to our head, remembering, however, that perfection consists in accepting the sufferings God puts on us.

We are told by the Evangelists that they put a reed in His hand as a mock scepter; some artists represent it as our cat-tail, but I think the reed was the small bamboo, of which I gathered samples on the banks of the Jordan, and which is used still, like quills were used by us, for pens; indeed the Greek word for both is *Kalamos* and the Arabs still say *Khalem* for a pen.

The church of the Scourging, very plain and unadorned, has a convent of the Franciscan Fathers adjoining, and we had the privilege of saying Mass during this week commemorative of our Lord's sufferings. We chose the Mass of the Most Precious Blood. How necessary that Blood for our redeeming. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin," says St. Paul, Heb. ix. 22. We think of Its uniqueness: "I have trod the wine-press alone." Is. lxiii. 3. We think of Its prodigality: shed so often and so generously, from the knife of circumcision to the sword of Longinus. We think of Its efficiency: unlike the "blood of goats and of calves, or the ashes of heifers sprinkled." Heb. ix. 13. We think of Its empire: a world redeemed, mankind washed in this Red Sea and not overwhelmed, but saved.

The Turkish legend states that Mustapha Bey in 1618 turned the church into a stable, but that the following day, finding all the horses dead, and the next morning the same, he sought the reason, and was told that the Christians held this place in high veneration because "Issa" was scourged here. The General then returned it to the Franciscan Fathers. Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, furnished money to restore the building in 1838.

Station I. We join a party of pilgrims making the Way of the Cross. The first station, the unjust condemnation of our Saviour, was within Pilate's Hall; there it was that the governor tried to wash the responsibility from himself, a thing he could not do, he being the one in power. As the site of the Pretorium lies within the barracks of the city soldiery it is some-

times impossible to obtain entrance; in such a case we content ourselves with the site a few steps to the east of the Holy Stair down which He descended; which as you know is in the *Scala Santa* church at Rome, which we have ascended on our knees. With a fervor that should inspire all future praying of the stations, we kneel as the good Franciscan Father entones "We adore Thee O Christ and we bless Thee!" And we pray for strength against human respect.

Station II. This is but a pace or two from the foot of the stairway; there Christ received the cross. It was customary among the Romans that the condemned should carry the instruments of his execution. We are always amused and sometimes provoked, at the long-lived and scoffing statement from Protestants that there have been enough fragments of the true cross given away to build, as they state it, "a battleship of the line," or a "Noah's ark," as Thompson words it. The fact is there are not in existence, and never were known portions enough to make a cross one quarter of the size necessary to crucify a person on. The largest portion of the true cross is in that church in Rome called *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, and it is not more than eighteen inches long. If one only investigates how small are the portions that are given away and only to very distinguished personages, and will then make an arithmetical calculation, how many could be obtained from only a cubic half foot,—the pieces being hardly ever larger than a square sixteenth of an inch and as thin as this paper,—he will be surprised to find that he could supply 7,053,528 persons—vastly more than ever possessed a piece of this sacred wood. Behold the gullibility of sceptics! and the innate impossibility of truth entering the minds of those who do not love it. We pray for courage to carry our cross.

A very short way west of the second station several arches span the street, some of them merely like flying buttresses, one of them, however, surmounted by a small building with two windows; this is the *Ecce Homo* arch into which are builded the two stones spoken of before. Pilate showed the Man of Sorrows, thinking by His sufferings to make the Jewish people cry "enough;" but they cried out the more: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" In the seventeenth century Thevenot saw sculptured beneath these windows "*Tolle! Tolle!*" We are well aware that none of these buildings can have been in existence in the time of Christ; the present street not even being on the level of that along which our Saviour trod, but this *Ecce Homo* arch is embedded in the wall of the church and convent cared for by the Daughters of Zion, an order of sisters founded by Abbé Ratisbon, and these same good sisters took me one day into the excavations fifteen feet or so below their convent, and there one can see the original street, with the

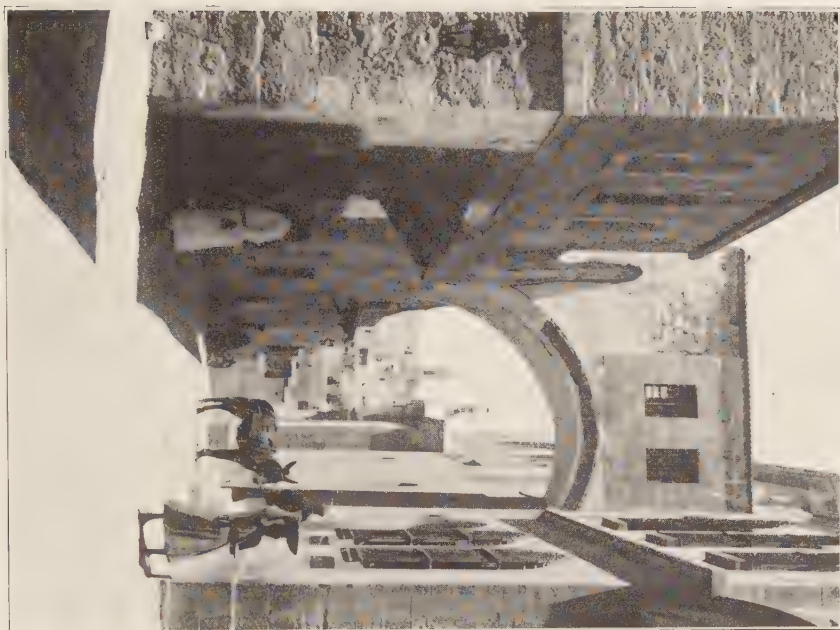
springs of the arches and probably the original pavement; it is striated to prevent slipping, and on the stones of a court was an incised board like for our game of *Mill*. No one should omit to visit this excavation to inflame his devotion by standing on the very *Via Dolorosa*.

Station III. Going westward about three hundred paces, we reach the end of this street, which now merges into that going northward, to the Damascus Gate. We turn down the other way nearly south, and to the left of us is a broken pillar, leaning against the wall, which marks the place where our Saviour fell under the weight of the cross. That he fell exhausted so soon is certainly reasonably accounted for by the fact that before He received the cross He was already worn out by suffering. The canonical gospels do not relate this fall, but it is suggested by the fact that the Jews must call in Simon, shortly after, to assist Him, and the Apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus tells how the mother of our Saviour took occasion from the delay caused by this fall to pierce through the crowd to mingle her tears with the blood-drops of her Son. So stations three, four and five will be and are in close proximity to each other. We have mentioned the word "Apocryphal." These are writings that the Church has not judged worthy to be placed among the inspired books; they have, however, a human value, inasmuch as they record the early traditions. We pray for grace not to fall into sin; or, having fallen, to rise from it.

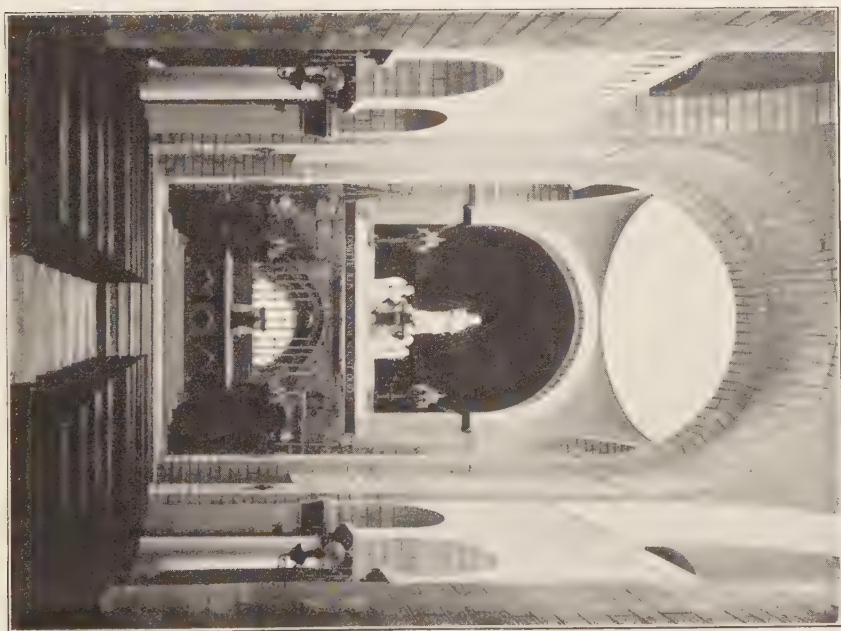
Station IV. About forty steps further onward a lane turns off to the east and opposite to it is the traditional site of the fourth station, where Jesus meets His Blessed Mother. The presentment of this meeting is the subject of one of Raphael's great paintings, *Lo Spasimo*, and here the Armenian Catholics have lately built a beautiful little church, Our Lady of the Spasm, which reminds us that this was called "the place of the *near-death* of the Virgin." In the crypt which is on the level of the ancient street, has been found a great piece of mosaic, showing a square in the center of which are two little shoes placed together, their toes to the north-west; this mosaic is thought to be prior to the seventh century. No one has ventured any explanation of them; but how many eyes have filled with tears at the sight of little empty shoes long unused by dead darlings! We pray for stricken mothers.

Station V. Coming in at the Fish gate a new crowd had joined the rabble on that first Good Friday, among whom was a man from Cyrene. Turning again westward we go about the same distance, thirty or forty steps, and a small excavation in the wall marks the site of the fifth station, where the Jews, fearful that Christ would expire before He reaches Golgotha, compel the Cyrenean Simon to carry the cross. In the southern

ECCE HOMO ARCH



DAUGHTERS OF ZION CHURCH



angle formed by the Millo Valley street, and the Tarik es Serai the Franciscans have built an oratory in memory of Simon of Cyrene whose name has been worthy to come down in the sacred narrative; as all those will be in the book of Life who carry the Lord's cross. This Simon is thought to have been one of the Greek colony who, guided by Lybian natives, planted themselves at Kyre, an oasis watered by a spring that they named for Apollo. May we accept our cross as cheerfully as Simon.

Station VI. A hundred paces further on, a little west of an arch of a stable in the street, a piece of a pillar incorporated in the pavement indicates the site of the house of Veronica. Out of that little door we can imagine the compassionate woman emerging with the *sudarium* or napkin with which she wiped the sweat and dust from the Divine countenance, and was rewarded by the impression of His face. We know not what her name was before, but after that she was Berenice or Veronica, the true image. This napkin is preserved in St. Peter's church in Rome. Was this impression on the napkin a true portrait of the God-Man? The reproductions of it would make one answer "No!" but we must remember that the reproductions are made mostly from remembrance how the napkin used to look and also that our Saviour during his passion was "without beauty and comeliness." Have we any authentic portrait of Jesus? If you speak of an exact likeness, I would again say No; but if you mean have we any idea of the cast of face that would allow us to distinguish Him from other men, I would say Yes! If we look at the portraits of Christ by the greatest artists, Titian at Madrid, Veronese at Dresden, Da Vinci in Milan, Fra Angelico at Florence, Signorelli at Castello, Ghirlandaio and Michael Angelo in Rome, we will be struck by the fact that they are all a type of face influenced no doubt by the individual artist's devotion, taste and skill, but all with a family resemblance to the earliest mosaics of St. Pudenziana and the frescoes of the Catacombs, which themselves have a wonderful likeness, though artistically improved, to the traces of the face of Christ on Veronica's napkin. On the site of Veronica's house, half underground, the united Melchites have a touching little chapel where strangely dressed nuns offer little souvenirs of this episode of the sorrowful journey. Earthenware pipes bear evidence that here was a Jewish dwelling at the time of our Lord. Our prayer is: May our lives reflect the face of Jesus!

Station VII. In the neighborhood of seventy-five paces from here was situated that city gate called Gate of Judgment, so styled, I presume, because the writ of judgment was affixed to one of its columns. Here the mournful procession would come outside the city and turn to the left; this is the place that tradition relates our Lord fell again, exhausted. And here

it would also be in the vicinity of the gate, which from time immemorial was the rallying point for gossipers, and where, opening into the wider country, there would be more room, that the women of Jerusalem would be congregated, hence it is here that we have

Station VIII. "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children," says Jesus, as he sees the tears and hears the lamentations of these compassionate women. "Weep for yourselves;" here is expressed the necessity for the sense of sin in everyone, and for the tears of repentance that alone will insure pardon. "Weep for your children," expresses the solicitude that parents must have for their offspring. We think of the little ones by the roadside, with heads dashed against the stones of ignorance, with bodies scantily covered, and with souls unwashed, and we pray for more women like the Daughters of Zion, who will gather together the little ones and whose tears will turn to works of saving. In the wall of the Greek convent of St. Coralambus is a stone marking this eighth station. We pray for parents.

Station IX. Our way is now impeded by buildings belonging to the Russian church, and we must retrace our steps sufficiently to pass round them and over the rubbish that is accumulated here, among which two columns of porphyry attest the ancient basilica of Constantine. Here is where Professor Schick has been excavating, and has had the good fortune to discover traces of the second wall, which excludes Calvary from the city of our Saviour's time. We have in his discoveries ample warrant for believing that the traditional site of Calvary and the Tomb is authentic. Close to the convent residence of the Coptic Patriarch a column in the wall indicates the site of the ninth station, where for the third time our Lord proved his human nature by falling prostrate to the earth. The remaining five stations are found in the enclosure of the basilica of Calvary and the Tomb. To reach the square in front of the Sepulchre we are obliged again to retrace our steps, over the accumulated rubbish past the pillars of Constantine and take the street to the right formerly called Palm street. This hill, Golgotha, or Calvary, has doubtless been much cut down, since that terrible first Good Friday, bringing the hilltop and the garden's new-hewn tomb nearer on the same level. The sky alone overarched this plateau when the sun himself shrank from the spectacle of the death of the God-Man, the most sublime of the tragedies of time; now it is roofed in by the great dome and the many roofs of the adjacent buildings. Thus are Calvary and the Tomb in the same building, though on different levels, and both in the original rock.

We enter the basilica, whose portal has become so well stamped on our

mind's eye, and turning to our right through a long dark passage we ascend the steps of Calvary's rocky hill. Just at the top of the steps is

Station X. Here is where they stripped the Saviour of His garments and offered Him vinegar and gall. In some translations this vinegar is styled wine, and was probably the common sour beverage of the poor. The gall, or, as sometimes translated, myrrh, which is the happier version, reminds us of the words of the Psalm lxxv. 8. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, it is full of mixture." We pray for temperance.

Additions were often made of spices to make it more palatable; often other ingredients, to make it more deadening; this drink was probably given in pity to lessen our Lord's sufferings, for we read that He refused it.

"And upon His garments they cast lots" was literally fulfilled, for St. John relates that the soldiers to whom the criminal's clothes were given, said of the seamless tunic of our Lord: "Let us not cut it, but cast lots for it." This seamless garment is said to be preserved at Treves in Germany.

Station XI. Six or seven feet east of the last station is marked the spot of the Nailing to the Cross, as it lay on the ground. This altar belongs to the Catholics. One of the nails is still preserved in Rome, another was thrown into the Adriatic Sea to quiet a storm, a third incorporated into the crown of the Kings of Italy, called consequently the "Iron Crown of Lombardy." Were there three nails or four? The latter seems more probable, for it would have been extremely difficult to have fastened both feet with one nail, and in fact tradition comes to our assistance and speaks of a fourth one that was made into a bridle for Constantine's horse. We would now think this desecration, but it was doubtless done in a spirit of piety. This does not quite settle this dispute, for one of the nails may have figured in two instances. "With Christ I am crucified," we pray after St. Paul.

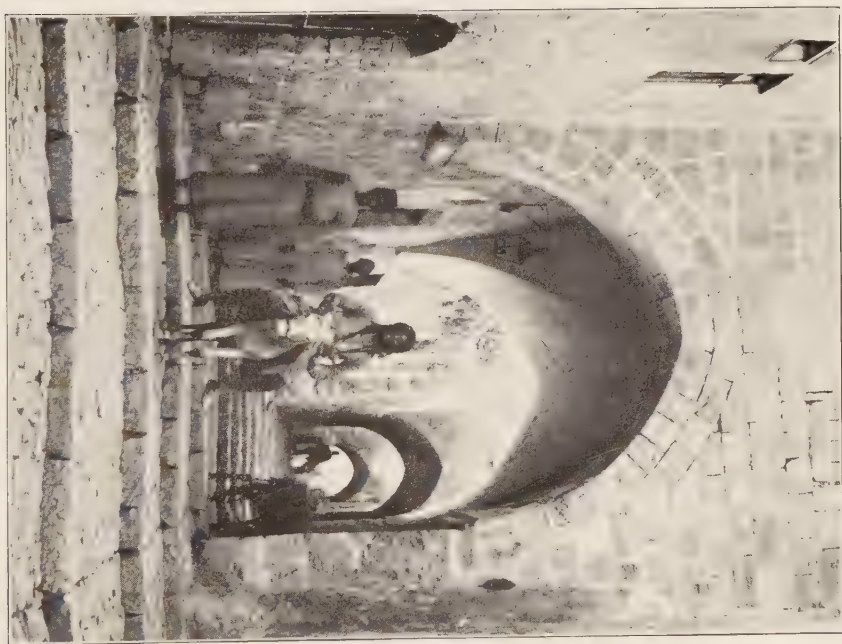
Station XII. The Greeks are in possession of the site of the Elevation of the Cross. Near their altar is a large opening in the rock where the cross was erected. The crosses of the two thieves were to the right and left of this but further to the east, consequently somewhat behind the Saviour's cross, for He faced westward, towards our favored land, whither Christopher was to be the Christ-bearer—toward that Rome that was to be the center of the Christian world. Why should He face eastward, He the Orient?

Two round stones, of a blackish color, mark the traditional spot of the crosses of the two thieves. "And Pilate also wrote a title and put it on the cross," and the writing was: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, and it was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin," (John xix. 20) the three lan-

TOWER OF ANTONIA



JERUSALEM STREET



guages of the then civilized world; the language of Religion, the language of Art, the language of Power. "And there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His mother and the sister of His mother, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen and the disciple whom He loved." John xix. 25. Brave love! and from the Cross of pain came the last messages of love.

Ah! those incomparable seven words! They are our meditation here where they were spoken. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." To understand all is to forgive all; and so with the large charity of complete knowledge Christ prays.

"This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." One malefactor is forgiven that no one may despair; only one, that no one may presume.

"Woman behold thy son—son behold thy mother." Thus is Mary given as humanity's parent.

"I thirst." The fever of suffering naturally brings a thirst—but ah! the thirst for souls!

"*Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani,*" the nearest to the very accents of our Lord that we anywhere possess. Here we cannot use our own English, too precious is the privilege to whisper these syllables.

"It is consummated." The great work for which He came—Redemption. "Father into Thy hand I commend my spirit." And bowing down His head He gave up the ghost—real death, the parting of soul and body, which physicians say had all the symptoms of heart-break.

None of the Evangelists give all the words, but among them we obtain the perfect octave. How touchingly Mrs. Browning commiserates human mothers "whose sons, not being Christs, die with their eyes turned away and no last words to say."

A short distance from these altars there is a small altar called the *Stabat Mater*; it is walled off from the rest of Calvary and marks the spot where the sorrowful mother stood with St. John. This is the peculiar property of the Latins, and it and the altar of the Erection of the Cross, owned by the Greeks, are the only two that stand on the original rock of Calvary, the others being supported by artificial masonry. The living rock and the miraculous fissure, of which the Gospel speaks, "the rocks were rent," can be examined between these two last-named altars. It is, however, much more plainly seen in the Chapel of Adam, below; and, in the Greek convent, it is large enough for a man to enter.

Here then was accomplished the Atonement. What is that Atonement? Was it only to leave us an example? The three and thirty years accomplished that. Was it only to show His divinity? The miracles and the ful-

filment of prophecy would have sufficed. Was it only to give us new maxims? The Sermon on the Mount would have been enough. No! Atonement is something more; it is *suffering for sin*. His death was a substitutional one—a victim in place of another. As on the scape-goat were loaded the sins of the people, so it is written: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all." Isaiah liii. 6.

In Abraham's case the ram was sacrificed in place of Isaac, as indeed, many Old Testament sacrifices were instead of human victims, but here it is reversed—the Son is slain for the slave. We now understand St. John the Baptist's words: "Behold the Lamb of God! Behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world!" Lamb is here no endearing epithet, but denotes a sacrifice.

Non-catholic speculation on the Atonement offends either by defect or excess. One camp rejecting the possibility or the propriety of vicarious atonement, the other proclaiming loudly "atonement by His Blood has been made for all; but we have only to lay hold of it, and believe that Christ is our Saviour and that we are saved," with no emphasis given either to the means by which that Blood is applied to the individual soul, or to the disposition of the sinner, through contrition, amendment and satisfaction. The Catholic position includes all.

As sin is soil, that death is a cleansing, when applied through the sacraments; as sin is a crime, that death is a punishment, through love taken by One innocent; as sin is a debt, that death is a satisfaction; as sin is a slavery, that death is redemption; as sin is an enmity between God and man, that death is an atonement—at-one-ment—reconciliation. That the chastisement of the Deluge or of Sodom and Gomorrah might not make us picture Jehovah as a God of hate, that death is a proof that "God is love."

Station XIV. To reach this last station of our pilgrimage we must descend the stair and visit again the ever-hallowed sepulchre, that wonderful tomb in which He rested in death, He who was the Resurrection and the Life. It is more than mere historic fact. What wonder that God could not be held by the grave! But the great thing is that *we* rise with Him. "O Grave where is thy victory!"

No wonder that this devotion of the "stations" touches every sympathetic heart. No wonder that the Catholic Church allows the erection of these memorials in every church and dowers them with the same indulgences as those gained in Palestine itself, for not every one can make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Along the *Via Dolorosa* of life all men must pass, but He has gone before us. The veneration of Catholics for this "Way of the



ROAD TO BETHANY

Cross" does not depend upon the authenticity of these spots that we have described. Topography has nothing to do with it; it is founded in the facts of our Saviour's life and death. Did He bear the Cross? Then He left us the example that we also may tread His footsteps. Did He shed His blood? Then are we redeemed, if we allow that blood to drop upon us. Did He fall under the cross? Then we may rise. Did He rise from the tomb? Then is our hope not vain.

Night has come upon us and our *Via Dolorosa* is ended. Humanity's sorrowful way is a *gradual*, from the most insensate mortal,

To the thorn'd brow that makes the Heavens pale.

There is something indescribably solemn about treading the streets of Jerusalem after dark; but the stations of the Cross are in every Christian's life; the unjust judgment, the burden of pain, the frailty of fall, the anguish of parent and child estranged, the crucifixion of the will—but in everything Christ has gone before us, and in all the sorrows that life may still hold, we will remember that for a few rapturous moments we have knelt on Calvary where stood the Dolorous Mother.

CHAPTER XXIII

BETHANY

Our excursion to-day will take us further afield than we have yet wandered on our Jerusalem rambles. We will make a pilgrimage to Bethany, Sweet Bethany! whither our minds have so often accompanied our Lord. Bethany where our hearts tell us He found a temporary solace from the labors of teaching and from the persecution of enemies. It must be a perennial source of joy to womankind that it was from them that He accepted the only human consolation.

Bethany, by the easy route of the depression between Olivet and Siluan, is a good two miles, but we will take the shorter and steeper route over Olivet for the sake of visiting Bethphage, and because the easy route south of Bethany was only opened by Abdul Melik in the seventh century, and consequently Our Lord did not travel it, coming from Jericho. The Roman road to that city turned northward on Olivet, passing near Anatoth, as we read that Antonio of Piacenza, in 570, coming from Jericho, "was obliged to turn to the left to visit the tomb of Lazarus." This is confirmed by all the earlier accounts.

We will not linger, though we fain would, in the Garden of Gethsemane with its sorrowful memories, but climb the stony path leaving the church of the Pater on our right hand, and the church of the Ascension on our left, admiring the Russian buildings in their fir and cypress avenue, we soon begin to descend and on the eastward looking slope of Olivet arrive at ruins and memorials that declare unmistakably that we are in the vicinity of Bethphage.

The exact site of the village has not been perpetuated; for the early Christians were more concerned to mark the spot where Our blessed Lord mounted the ass and commenced His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

Dean Stanley describes it finely: "Two vast streams of people met on that day: the one poured out from the city and as they passed through the gardens, whose clusters of palms rose on the southern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches as was their wont at the feast of Tabernacles, and moved upward toward Bethany with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus. The road soon loses sight of Bethany; it is now a

rough, but still well-defined mountain track winding over rock and loose stones, a steep declivity below on the left, a sloping shoulder of Olivet above on the right; fig trees below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the branches which they cut as they went along, or spread out a rude matting formed of the palm branches they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those, perhaps, who escorted Him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders and stretched them along the rude path, to form a momentary carpet as He approached. The two streams met midway. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed. Gradually the long procession swept up and over the ridge where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the southeastern corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hidden by the slope of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion, now for the most part a rough field, crowned with the Mosque of David, and the angle of the western walls, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the castle of Herod, on the supposed site of the palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically The City of David, derived its name. It was at this precise point, as He drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives—may it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them?—that the shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude: ‘Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh of our father David. Hosanna, peace, glory in the highest!’ There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and, as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained, He pointed to the stones, which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately cry out if these were to hold their peace.

“Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the Mosque of Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveler stands on the ledge, so then must have risen the Temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills; so then the magnificent city, with its background—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the valley of the Kedron,



TOMB OF LAZARUS



HOUSE OF SIMON—BETHANY

here seen in its greatest depth as it joins the valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem, seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of an abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road—this rocky ledge—was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and where He, when He beheld the city, wept over it.”

If we could neglect the fact of the Roman road trending northward from Olivet’s summit, we would favor, by all means, the entry round the south spur of Olivet. But since the time of Stanley proofs have accumulated that though there was a road to Bethany from Jerusalem that way, the road from Jericho passed Bethphage, and left Bethany to the left; the evangelists always mentioning Bethphage, before Bethany, in the journeys of Our Lord from the Jordan.

Antiquities too, since then have been unearthed, that confirm this locality where the Franciscans, continuing the custom of the Latin kings, commenced their Palm Sunday procession.

In 1877 there was accidentally discovered by Brother Lievan, a cubical block of stone, deeply embedded in the soil, about five feet by four by three, the four sides covered with most delicate paintings. On the north side is represented a castle, a group of men and an ass with her foal; on the east side are people bearing palms; on the west, where the figure of the Saviour would be, the painting has been removed, whether by vandalism or piety is not known; on the south, towards Bethany, Martha and Mary are prostrated at the feet of Jesus, and in the background is depicted the raising of Lazarus. The inscription is very imperfect. There are the words “Bethphage” and “when He was led to Jerusalem on an ass,” and a few isolated letters.

The find is indeed of prime importance; it commemorates two events very near our affections, the two occasions of Our Lord’s tears—on the death of Lazarus, and on His entry into Jerusalem. For there had been a journey from Jericho to Bethany, previous to Palm Sunday. “Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick,” was the message Our Lord received beyond the Jordan, and although He delays four days, He says later, “Lazarus is dead, I go to wake him.” John xi.

The exact spot where Martha met Jesus coming from Jericho to raise her brother is not known.

Deceived by the present road, the Greeks have erected a church beyond Abû Dis, east of Bethany, at Borj el Hammar—Tower of Asses. A picturesque object on the brow of the hill, the natural place, if the old road were there, where an extensive view is obtained along the present

highway, winding down to the Apostles' fountain and Jericho. Picturesquely it suits perfectly, but with the lack of evidence of this having been the road, yes, with the almost universal testimony that the Jericho road kept north toward Anatoth, we must reject the Greek locality, and hold to this spot of ruined churches, and of the *stèle* of Bethphage, spoken of above. Here then, in all probability, is the locality of the meeting of the mourning Martha and of the compassionate Jesus. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died," "Where have you laid him?" "Come and see." This was the conversation, "and Jesus wept." John xi. "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, that you may believe."

In the conversation between Martha and Jesus, He brings out the doctrine of the resurrection through Himself, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live." To prove that He refers to the resurrection of the body as well as to the life of the soul, Lazarus is called forth from his tomb.

The other event is joyous. "When He was come to Bethphage, unto Mount Olivet, Jesus sent two Disciples, saying to them, 'Go ye into the village that is over against you and immediately you will find an ass tied and a colt with her, loose them and bring them to Me.' " Math. xxi. Then followed the triumphal entry with branches from the trees and hosannas from the hearts. The branches were doubtless palm and olive—the ones named in our ritual of Palm Sunday—triumph and peace. Bethany, meaning house of dates, would furnish the triumph palms, Olivet the peace branches.

Although the date palm no longer shades the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, we have no reason to doubt that this village got its title rightfully, for the destruction of the trees was long ago foretold by Isaiah x. 18. "And the glory of his forest and of his beautiful hill shall be consumed."

Bethphage furnishes the ass, but no branches for His carpet—the name means house of green figs; its hard, scraggy branches are unfit for strewing; it was the fig tree that He once cursed, and its shade is not agreeable—by some it is thought cankering.

Leaving Bethphage we proceed southeastward to Bethany. The modern name of this dilapidated collection of hovels is El Azarieh, as if Lazarus, and not his sisters, was the most prominent personage; this is quite in keeping with the obscurity the Orientals impose upon their women-folk, but our affection will always rather see the home of the pious sisters who ministered to our God-Man. On the reputed site of their

dwelling and of their brother, there is now to be seen only the foundation walls of what was evidently a church. This site was owned, until her death, by a Madam Nicolay; it is now in the hands of the Fathers of Holy Land, who, it is hoped, will erect a suitable memorial. Surely this ought to be dedicated to a hospice, served by the Daughters of Zion.

As in the parable of the Prodigal Son, so in the ministrations of Martha and Mary, Mary appears to be praised. Mary the sinner (if indeed she be the same as the Magdalen of the Feast, in the house of Simon the Pharisee) seems to receive the commendation of our Lord, Martha, the blame. I therefore indited the following sonnet to those who do housework:

*Oh, Martha, of the kindly ministration,
The lowly pallet strewn, the meal prepared,
Read not dejected in yon declaration,
Censure from lips that have thy serving shared,
Whose deeper meaning speaks, if understood,
No blame to thee, but near beatitude.
"Thy part, Oh Martha! shall be taken away;
From hands the ache, from eyes the scalding brine;
The upturned face, the rest, these are to stay;
And Mary's part will soon be also thine."
But through this life must go the sisters twain;
While heedless souls from innocence stray,
While dusty feet and hungry mouths remain,
Still must our Martha work, still must our Mary pray.*

There was indeed reproach for those who make the outward things the most essential, and neglect to drink the hidden sweetness that can only come to the contemplative, but blame for work there was not.

In the time of Our Lord, Bethany with its olives, its fig and almond orchards, with its vine-clad slopes looking toward the rising sun and its shade of plummy palms, must have been a charming resort, most refreshing after the glare and dust of the toilsome up-hill road from Jericho. Thirty or forty huts, leaning against a hillside, are all that it contains at present, and these are inhabited by rather fanatical Moslems, although the women and children were friendly enough to allow me to group them for my camera; as usual I distributed backsheesh. There is a ruined castle-like structure which Thomson suggests may have been the nunnery established here by Melisinda, Queen of King Fulke, of which her sister Iveta was made Abbess. The nunnery may have been a Jewish fortress



HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA

converted. It was standing in 1114, and at that time was named after Lazarus and belonged, at that time, to the canons of the Holy Sepulchre, but later the pious Queen restored it and added a tower. Those tall ruins are probably the tower. The convent was destroyed by Saladin, and the nuns took refuge at St. Jean d'Acre.

In this sequestered spot, on the edge of the wilderness, our Saviour spent many peaceful hours. "Surrounded and tended by deep and faithful love, He often refreshed Himself here after His weary and disturbing conflicts with the pettiness and bigotry of the orthodox theologians of His people in Jerusalem. At home in the bosom of one of its families and well known in the hamlets around, He could send His disciples before Him, without pre-intimation, to ask for the use of the ass on which He was to ride into the city. Hither He came every night in the last week of His life, till He was betrayed, taking the footpath, one may suppose, over the top of Olivet, rather than the camel road round its south slope. He had no such true friends in Jerusalem as those on this spot. Bethany remains forever sacred as the home of tender, ideal friendship, realized in that of Martha and Mary for our Lord. One could linger, even among its present misery, to drink in the landscape around on which the eyes of the Redeemer must so often have rested; the blossom-

ing trees around the huts; the green hollow near at hand below; the reddish-brown slopes of the Mount of Olives behind, and, on the south, as one looks over a large tract of olive-trees below, the rough, barren, brown cone of the Frank mountain, and east, the pink hills of Quarantana, far down in the depression towards Jericho with the tableland of the Moabite hills, gray and indistinct—a nimbo-stratus cloud.

Not far from the traditional site of the house of Mary and Martha is shown the site of the house of Simon the Leper. Although the name of the owner of the house is mentioned by the Evangelist, it is not said that Simon was present at the feast, and some have supposed that he was the father of Lazarus, who having been cured by our Lord of leprosy, his house had become a place of refuge, where Christ would find hospitality. He is not mentioned elsewhere, for the feast in the house of Simon, the Pharisee, was near Naim in Galilee; there Simon was host. The feasts were different and the entertainments were different, though they are often confounded in the popular mind, but was it the same woman who ministered to our Lord on both occasions? One is called Mary of Magdala; the other Mary, the sister of Lazarus. The question is shrouded in obscurity; the most common sentiment is, however, to identify the two women. In the days of her sin, Mary is known in Magdala and the surrounding villages of Galilee; shame had driven her from her home in Bethany, but after her forgiveness she would return to the city of peace, and the old offering of ointment, out of the alabaster box, would still be her gift, "And Judas's sacrifice shall please the Lord as in the ancient days." Ah, me! The sinless John is not vouchsafed as near approach as the sinful Mary! Desert may not loosen His shoe-latch, repentant love may kiss His sacred feet.

At this banquet the baseness of Judas is for the first time revealed, his spirit of avarice is apparent, and one of the evangelists even says he was a thief, and one rendering of the words "he held the purse" is, "he appropriated to his own use the funds." Avarice is never far from dishonesty.

"It might have been sold for much and given to the poor." "These words," remarked the Doctor, "have been taken by the stingy as an excuse for not giving to religion." "And," continued the Professor—who is inclined to Socialism, "the answer of our Lord is taken as a justification for building expensive churches and cathedrals and making the poor pay for them." We knew we were in for an argument. The church-building pastor was ready. "Not to waste time on considering whether our Lord's or Judas' is the best philosophy, there is an economic side to the question, that, being overlooked, should be advanced. Every priest of experience

knows that the great run of people tolerably well-to-do will give five hundred dollars for a really fine place of worship quicker than ten to a shabby one; if the latter were decided on, the poor would have to give more than they do now, without the proprietorship in that wealth of beauty that is more theirs than the rich."

Our Lord takes Mary's part as He had done before, against Martha's complaint, and adds the significant comment "she has done it for My burial," hereby intimating that His coming death, which the Apostles themselves could not comprehend even after He had spoken of it so plainly, was understood by the more sympathetic female heart. Her reward is the reward of everyone who makes sacrifices for God. "It shall be known wherever the Gospel is preached." No good human action is forgotten in God's book. And our hearts go out to Mary, that most complex creature whom the artists are so fond of representing in productions which are often so unsatisfactory, "some looking as if they could never have sinned, and some as if they could never have repented," says Mrs. Jameson. Is the perfectly repentant Magdalen impossible of depiction? We could answer had Raphael attempted it—but he never has.

A church was early built on this site in honor of St. Mary Magdalen, and to-day a footprint is shown in memory of the sacred feet anointed. This church was converted by Saladin into the school of Maimoun; it is now an Arab pottery factory.

But we must not omit to visit the reputed grave of Lazarus; it is but a short distance from Martha's house; it is rather a hole in the ground than a tomb cut in the rock-face, as our picture bibles represent the raising of Lazarus, but St. John says it was a cave, and mentions that a stone was laid over it, not rolled into the doorway, as is customary where the sepulchre is in the hillside. There is not the same satisfactory authenticity for this spot that there is for many of the others; still it is probable, and at any rate the grave would not be far distant, and as a church was built over the spot, this would account for the arched vault. Not far from this cave there is part of an apse and the mosaic pavement of a church. St. Paula visited and venerated this tomb in the fifth century. To reach it we descend twenty-seven very ill-kept steps. Pilgrims should be well supplied with torches. Descended, we find a grotto hewn out of a soft, chalky rock; it consists of a vestibule nine feet square, whence we descend by a narrow staircase into another apartment some six feet square; this is the tomb properly so called, the vestibule in which Jesus stood when He commanded the stone to be taken away, and from which he ordered Lazarus to come forth. It was early transformed into a chapel, as is shown by the little apses and the altar that are to be seen there; the

sepulchral chamber itself is wainscoted with marble, and had also a little altar, according to the accounts of ancient pilgrims. This place is again in the possession of the Franciscan fathers and they, and with their authority other Latin priests, from time to time celebrate Mass, especially on the Friday of the fourth week of Lent, and on the feast of St. Lazarus, and of Mary and Martha.

Lazarus tells no secrets of his prison house—returned from eternity he knows no more its language. All is obliterated from his mind as a forgotten dream. Indeed it would not be intelligible had he uttered it—we are circumscribed by earth and by the senses.

How the events that transpired in this land form themselves into groups in our imagination! They become pictorial. Christ was beyond the Jordan, probably not far from the river, when Lazarus died; the sisters send that most touching message that asks for nothing and trusts for everything, "He whom Thou lovest is sick," a message that seems the echo of what the angels of earth reported in heaven on the fall of man. Jesus waits four days, again like the four thousand years of His delay to come to earth. Another group in our vision is the sisters looking with straining eyes eastward along the road climbing the Wady Kelt. He would come; of that they were certain, but, oh, with what long disappointed eyes! So do we wonder at the long delay of God in answering our prayers, but so also should we trust, "if Thou hadst been here my brother would not have died," and we, too, would hear the answer, "Thy brother shall rise again." The third group is at the tomb, the inquisitive bystanders, the suppliant sisters with hope in their eyes, the majestic figure of the Saviour, as with hand uplifted, He speaks the thrilling words, "Lazarus, come forth," and the shroud-bound corpse standing erect at the command. "How many profound, never-to-be-forgotten words He uttered during His life!" exclaims Matilde Serao; "yet one especially vibrates here more clearly than elsewhere: 'Thou dost trouble thyself about many things, Martha, one thing only is needful!' Only one? Is it no matter then if our wishes are unfulfilled, if our dreams are not realized? Does it not matter that our love should be unrequited, that our hate should be vain? Are the ties of family affection nothing? No, or but very little; one thing only is necessary, the life of the spirit—He who lay two days in the grave has said it."

We return to Jerusalem by the easier route. Towards the west end of El Azariah, on the ridge to our right as we face Jerusalem, is the convent of the Passionist Fathers, established in 1903.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WATER POOLS

With the one exception of the Virgin's Pool in the spur of Ophel, Jerusalem has no living water, and even that is so polluted by drainings from the Temple that no one would suspect it of being rock-gushing water. And yet Jerusalem has always been the best supplied of any city in Palestine; it would otherwise have been impossible for her to withstand so long the sieges that ultimately destroy her. It is accomplished by covered cisterns and open pools, both depending on rainfall, or on the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools. We have stated before that the whole Temple Enclosure is honeycombed with underground cisterns. These subterranean cisterns have been fully explored and it has been found that a great part of the Harem is hollowed out underneath into vast caves and grottoes; the largest and principal of the tanks is called "The Great Sea," or, by the natives, "Bîr el Aswad," the black well; it has numerous manholes in the roof, three of which are still in use. This enormous cistern is capable of holding at least two million gallons of water; another important cistern is that under the Mosque of Aksa, commonly known as Bir el Waraka—well of the leaf. This tank is forty-two feet deep, and it receives its name from a legend which says that in the time of Omar, Sheik Ibn Habashah let his bucket fall into this well and on descending to recover it, found at the bottom an entrance into Paradise, whence he brought back with him a leaf from the Tree of Life. In the southeast corner of the Harem Enclosure is another large cistern; it has a semicircular, vaulted roof, the eastern portion of which is entirely rock-cut; its modern name is Bîr er Rumanneh—the well of the pomegranate. These are only three of the thirty-seven in the Temple Area, and there are plenty of smaller private cisterns through the city. What interests us, however, today, is the visible ponds, in most cases open to the weather, and walled in with stone and cement, where the soil is too porous for excavation in the virgin rock to suffice. We will visit the most conspicuous.

I. Birket Mamilla. This lies about half a mile west of the Jaffa gate and somewhat north, surrounded by a Mussulman cemetery. This pool is, in round numbers, three hundred by two hundred feet in extent, and nineteen feet in the earth, partly hewn in the rock but mostly built around with masonry. The water is extremely dirty, and it is only full in the

rainy season; in the Summer it is quite dry. In March, when I visited it, only two-thirds of the bottom was covered with water; dilapidated steps lead down in the southwest corner; in the other end the steps are entirely gone. There was in ancient times a living spring whose water was brought hither, and from this pool an aqueduct connected it with the pool of Hezekiah inside the city.

This Birket Mamilla is supposed to be the upper pool of Gihon; if so, this place has seen tragedies, heard prophecies and witnessed regal pageants. It is supposed that here Solomon was crowned. There was a rival claimant to the throne of David, "of David old and stricken in years." Adonijah, the son of Haggith, beautiful and ambitious, "next in birth after Absalom," probably next in the affections of the soft-hearted David, favored too by Joab of the army and Abiathar of the priesthood. But Solomon has a mother, Bethsabee, who had David's promise that her son should reign; Solomon has also Nathan the Prophet and Sadoc the priest and Banaiah. They win over David; "And he said to them: Take with you the servants of your Lord and set my son Solomon upon my mule and bring him to Gihon, and let Sadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel, and ye shall sound the trumpet and shall say 'God save King Solomon.'" 3 Kings i. So it was done. "And all the people said 'God save King Solomon,' and Banaiah said 'Amen,' and the people played with pipes and the earth rang with the noise of their cry." It rang into the dismayed ears of Adonijah: he is checkmated, deserted: "of his guests every man went his way, and Adonijah took hold on the horn of the Altar." This was the privilege of sanctuary; it saves him for the present, but on his asking for Abisag, the Sunamitess, as wife, which is construed by Solomon as a covert attempt at the throne, he is condemned to death, and Banaiah says "Amen" to Solomon's wish, in a sword stroke.

It was at the "stone Zohemoth, near the fountain Rogel," that Adonijah was to have usurped the throne of David. His followers were having a feast. Suddenly interrupted, "What means this noise?" says Joab, when he heard the sound of trumpets. Supposing that the stone Zohemoth was at Siluan opposite the Virgin's Fountain, would they not be too far distant to hear the trumpets of Solomon's attendants, and must we not place the upper pool, as some have thought, at the Virgin's Spring, by many thought to be En Rogel? I think not. That would have been too near. In these valleys sound carries well, and moreover the coronization crowd would doubtless accompany Solomon to the palace of David, on Zion, where they would then be nearer the vicinity of Siluan.



AIN ES SULTAN, JERUSALEM



BIRKET MAMILLA

There are others that Solomon must get out of the way. Even David has counseled him: "thou knowest what Joab hath done to me, what he did to Abner and to Amasa, shedding the blood of war in peace, putting blood on his girdle and in his shoes; let not his hoary head go down in peace to the grave." 3 Kings ii. "Thou hast also with thee Semei who cursed me with a grievous curse when I went to the camp. Because he afterward came to meet me, when I passed over the Jordan, I swear 'I will not kill thee with the sword!' But do not thou hold him guiltless." This sounds like the injunction of the Scotch chieftain, who, when the priest told him he must forgive his enemies before he die, said: "If I must, I forgive them; but, Donald and Angus, (turning to his sons) D— you! if you ever forgive them." We do not need to attribute sinful revenge, however, to David. He knew these men would be dangerous to the peace of the state and the security of his sons. The law of olden times was just retribution.

Three hundred years later the holy record brings us again to this spot. "And the Lord said to Isaiah: Go forth to meet Achaz to the conduit of the upper pool, and thou shalt say to him, see thou be quiet and fear not, and let not thy heart be afraid of these two fire-brands (Razin, king of Syria, and Phacee, king of Israel), and on Achaz refusing to ask a sign the prophet rejoins, 'Therefore the Lord Himself will give you a sign: Behold the Virgin shall conceive and bear a son and His name shall be called Emmanuel.'" This has always been construed by theologians to be a prophecy of the virgin birth of Jesus: it may, however, as Kendrick admits, have had a more immediate application to the birth of some child in Achaz' household. The following words seem to indicate this: in saying that "before the child know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land which thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of her two kings." This child then could be called Emmanuel, as showing the intervention of God in delivering Jerusalem. Matt. i. 23, however, so emphatically interprets it as referring to the birth of Christ that it would be rash to restrict it to the case of Achaz solely, and not give it the wider prophetic application.

The son and successor of Achaz, Hezekiah, also witnesses in this district the visible protection of heaven. The army of the Assyrian monarch Sennacherib encamps here to destroy Jerusalem, "and Rabsacas took up his position near the channel of the upper pool, on the road to the Fullers' field."

He entices the Jews to the ignoble advantage of infidelity: "Do what is for your advantage; come out to me to eat every man of his vine, and

every one of his fig tree, and drink every one of the water of his own cistern." Is. xxxvi. It is the voice of temptation of the world; despise it and you shall see the wonders of God, as did Hezekiah.

The miraculous destruction of the army by some sudden pestilence is told in 4 Kings xix. The siege must have been a protracted one, for to the despondent Hezekiah God says: "Eat this year what thou shalt find and in the second year such things as spring of themselves, but in the third year, sow and reap; plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them, for the king of the Assyrians shall not come into this city; by the way that he came shall he return." "And it came to pass that night that an angel of the Lord came and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and eighty-five thousand." Byron is the poet of this event:

*The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.*

*Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with its banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.*

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!*

*And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.*

*And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.*

*And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the Temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.*

Neither does the destruction of Sennacherib's army lack profane confirmation. Egyptian monuments friendly to Assyria mention the disaster, and ascribe it to their bow-strings being eaten by mice (so Modernists shirk miracles!) The Assyrian records tell of the other towns captured and the King says, "Hezekiah himself I shut up like a bird in a cage in Jerusalem," but he speaks of no victory, which is negative proof, at least, that for some reason he was obliged to depart.

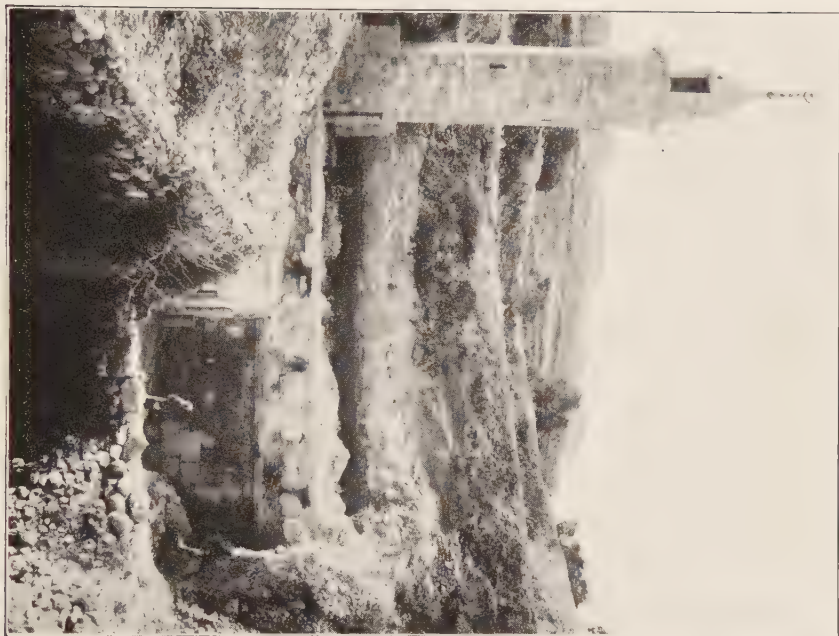
Everything considered, I incline to the opinion that Mamilla was the "Upper Pool" of Isaiah. Those who advocate the Virgin's Fountain and Siluan as the upper and lower pools have a very improbable place for such an army as the Assyrians to encamp.

His is a wonderful life, this Hezekiah, a life miraculously prolonged by God. "Behold, I will add to thy days ten years and this shall be a sign: I will bring the shadow of the sun dial of Achaz ten lines backward," Is. xxxviii.

Birket Mamilla has seen, too, its Christian tragedy. A document contemporary with the taking of Jerusalem by Chosroes, the Persian, states that at the pond called Mamilla, 24,518 Christians were crowded into the pond and all of them laid down their lives as martyrs to the faith. A church dedicated to St. Mamilla was here in the ninth century, but as there is no such saint recorded, Father Barnabas suggests that it means simply *Ma millo*—the water of Millo. In the west of the pond are traces of the crypt of the early church. Intrusion in this vicinity is sometimes resented, for all around lies the Mohammedan cemetery, nearly always with women mourning; there a huddled bundle of clothes prostrate on a grave; there another throwing dust over herself, reminding us of Job ii. 12. "And rending their garments they sprinkled dust towards heaven," and yonder a group of wailing ones, or farther on, of silent ones from whom grief has taken away the tongue. "They lifted up their voices and wept, till they had no more tears."

II. Birket es Sultan. Leaving Birket Mamilla we return to the Jaffa gate and keep south along the Bethlehem road down the valley of Gihon to Birket es Sultan, the modern name for the lower pool of Gihon, a larger and more irregular reservoir than the one we have visited, being five hundred and fifty feet long, two hundred and twenty feet broad, and forty feet deep at the lower end, where it is both deeper and broader than at the upper; it has been economically constructed by merely throwing two dams across the valley of Hinnom. The lower wall now serves as a causeway to the railroad station. This pool takes its name from the Sultan Soleiman, who, in the sixteenth century, restored it; it is now very little

AIN SILUAN

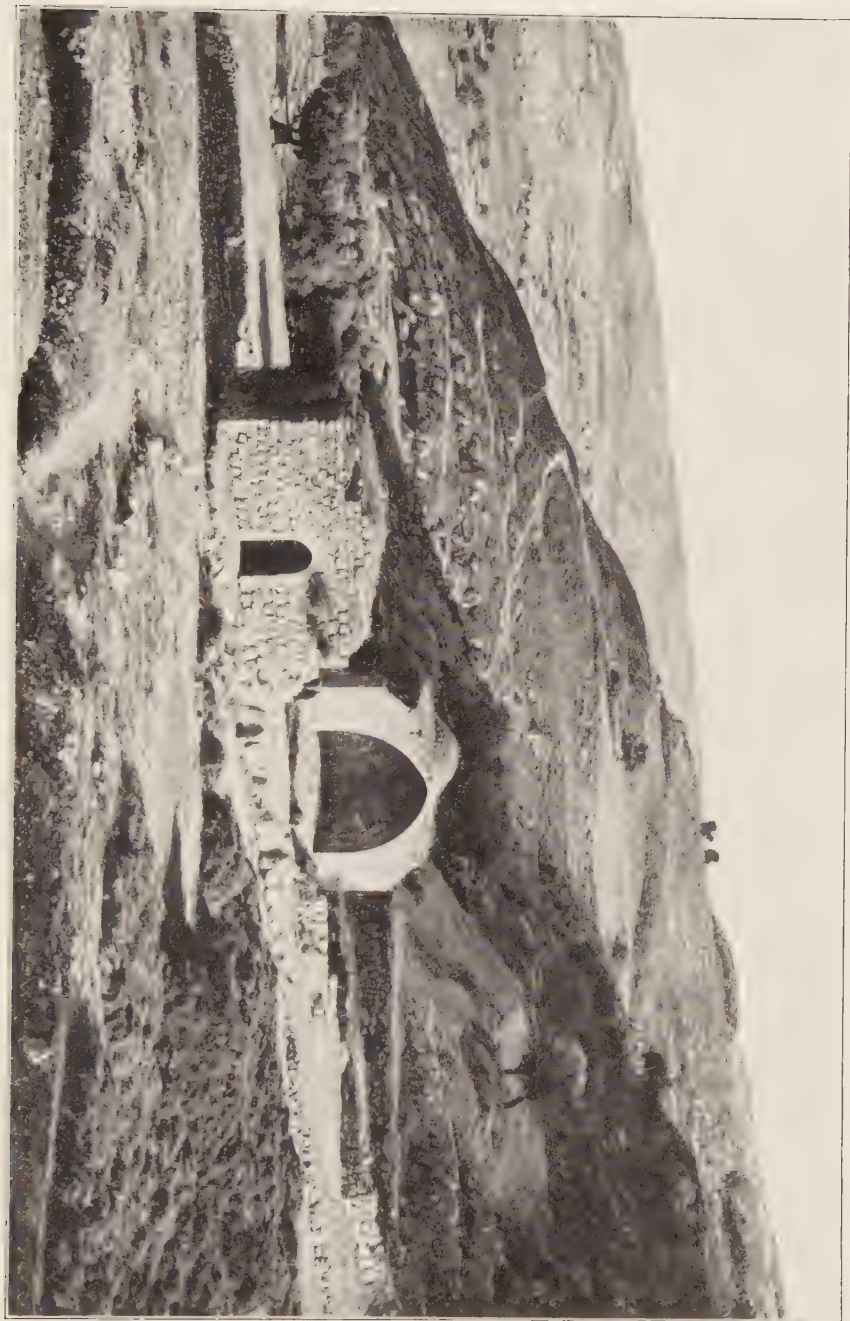


AIN SITTI MIRIAM



used; a considerable portion in the west end is in vegetable gardens, and I noticed some families living in the ruined stone walls. It is also used as a cattle market. Besides the surface water that it received, the aqueduct from Solomon's pool supplied it, which water now, however, is carried direct into the city.

III. Ain Siluan is really a pool, though named a spring, and probably was the pool of Siloe, where the man washed and came away seeing. John ix. 36. The present basin is fifty-four feet by eighteen wide, and twenty feet deep, and is surrounded by the ruins of the ancient pool; there are still several broken columns of the ancient portico that covered it. The meaning of Siloe, St. John tells us, is "Sent." Till one examines this site he is apt to connect the word with the sending hither of invalids. But here the meaning is plain, the water is *sent* through a winding, subterranean passage. You go down eight ancient stone steps to reach the water, which is used by the people for drinking, for washing their not particularly clean linen and for bathing. Everything around is dilapidated; the stones loose and in some cases fallen; the approach rough as the bottom of a quarry. At the north end a small tunnel opens in the rock, bringing water from the Spring of the Virgin, which lies 1,700 feet higher up the valley. This ancient engineering work is about two feet wide, and from two to sixteen feet in height, with a branch cut due west from it to a shallow basin within the line of the ancient walls, where a round shaft more than forty feet deep has been sunk to reach it. On the top a great chamber hewn in the rock, a flight of steps leading down to it, made it possible for the citizens, by covering over and hiding the spring outside, to cut off the supply of water from an enemy, while themselves, by means of this striking arrangement, enjoying it in safety, without leaving their defenses. A notable discovery connected with the cutting of the main tunnel, which, as we have seen, is nearly one-third of a mile long, was made in 1880 by a youth while wading up its mouth. Losing his footing, he noticed, as he was picking himself up, what looked like letters cut in the rocky side, and these on inspection proved to be an inscription left by the workmen when they had finished their great undertaking. It appears that they began at both ends, but as engineering was hardly at its best three thousand years ago, their course was very far from being exactly straight, windings of more than 200 yards, like the course of a river, marking their work. There are in fact several short branches, showing where the excavators found themselves going in a wrong direction, and abruptly stopped, to resume their work in a truer line. When at last they met they proved to be a little on one side of each other and had to connect their



BIR EYUB

excavations by a short side cutting. The inscription as translated by Professor Sayce is as follows:

"Behold the excavation! Now this is the history of the tunnel. While the excavators were lifting up the pick, each towards the other, and while there were yet three cubits to be broken through...the voice of one called to his neighbor, for there was an excess (?) in the rock on the right. They rose up...they struck on the west of the excavation, the excavators struck—each to meet the other, pick to pick. And then flowed the waters from their outlet to the Pool, for the distance of a thousand cubits and (three-fourths?) of a cubit was the height of the rock over the excavation here." Professor Sayce thinks this undertaking, so wonderful for such an age and for so small a people, dates from about the eighth century before Christ, and Professor Mühlau refers it to that of Hezekiah, while others think it, in part at least, a relic of the early inhabitants of Jerusalem before David. The depth of the tunnel below the surface, at its lowest, is 156 feet. The slope is very small, so that the water must always have flowed with a gentle leisure from the spring to the pool; a characteristic which reminds us of the words of Isaiah in his prophecy of the result of Israel's allying itself with Syria, instead of trusting in God, or, as he expresses it, in "the waters of Siloah that go softly." This unworthy confederacy would bring on the nation the overwhelming Euphrates-flood of an Assyrian invasion terrible to imagine, as a contrast to the placid flow of their gentle spring.

The Virgin's Well, from which the whole supply comes, lies at the bottom of two flights of stone steps—thirty in all—broken and partly ruined, and has the glory of being the only spring that rises in the Temple Mountain. Its basin is about twelve feet long, and five wide, and the bottom is covered with small stones; but it is no longer worthy of its fine name, for two men were bathing in it when I saw it last. The waters have the curious feature of overflowing into the tunnel at intervals; from three to five times a day in rainy winter, twice a day in summer, and only once a day in Autumn, while after a dry winter the overflow takes place only once in three or four days. Explanation is easy. A deep natural basin in the interior of the rocks is fed by numerous streamlets, but it has only one narrow outlet, which begins near the bottom of the basin, and after rising above the top of it, again descends outwards. Whenever the stream rises to the bend in the outlet it begins to flow through it, and continues to flow, on the principle of the syphon, till the water in the hidden rock-basin has been lowered to below the point at which the bend commences. It is very possible that this peculiarity marks it as the Dragon's



BETHESDA

Pool of Nehemiah; popular superstition supposing that the intermittent gushing of waters was due to a gigantic water-monster in the hill, which drank up the stream and vomited it forth, in turns. The taste of the water is slightly salt and very unpleasant, from its having filtered through the vast mass of foul rubbish on which the city stands, and which has been soaked with the sewage of many centuries. The sides of the tunnel are covered to a height of about three feet with thin red cement, very hard, and full of pounded potsherds, and exactly like that with which under the name of *homrah*, cisterns in Palestine are lined at this time. The bottom is covered with a black slimy deposit, two or three inches thick, which makes the water still worse at Siloam than at the Virgin's Well. Still from time to time water-carriers come to the one or to the other to fill their water-skins; and women with their great jars on their shoulders, like Hagar, repair to them likewise for their household supply. Yet Siloam must have been far livelier than now in the olden times, when a fine church rose over the spring, and pilgrims bathed in a great tank beneath it. Where this was there are now gardens. Already, in the days of Christ, perhaps from the thought of the healing powers of the pool as issuing from Mount Moriah, it must have been the custom to wash in it, else the blind man would hardly have been directed in so few words to do so. The Virgin's Fountain, Ain Umm ed Deraj, spring of the mother of steps, is thought to be En Rogel of 2 Kings xvii.

The friends of David here discovered the treachery of Absalom and Chusai the Arachite. "And Jonathan and Achimas stayed by the fountain Rogel" and a boy saw them and told Absalom. They were saved by being hidden in a well of a man in Bahurim, (thought to be on the road between Anata and Jericho), and their intelligence saved David who passes over the Jordan and escapes Absalom.

To return to the man cured at Siloam. Our Lord never failed to teach a lesson; He gives a pointed one here; "Did this man sin or his parents that he was born blind?" It is characteristic of uncharitable judgment to say of one afflicted, it is a punishment from God. Jesus rebukes this thought, "Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the work of God may be made manifest in him." John ix. Thus Christ heals minds while curing bodies. How well the tactics of modern unbelievers are exemplified in these Jews. First they deny that he was born blind. Routed from this position by his parents, themselves of the faction opposed to Jesus, they say: "God does not hear sinners: this man is a sinner; therefore he has not cured you. Technically perfect syllogism! Only—the minor premise is a lie! The impossible does not happen: miracles are impos-

sible; therefore the occurrences at Lourdes are fraudulent. Again a totally unwarranted assumption in the minor. Such is the logic of atheists.

Further down the valley the waters of Siluan were gathered into a pool, Birket el Hamra, which is now filled up; this may have been the



POOL OF BETHESDA

lower pool of Siloam. Still further on down the valley in the King's Vale is Bîr Eyub, the Well of Job, which is evidently a misnomer; probably it should be Joab. This is a deep well rather than a pool, but in rainy seasons it overflows causing days of rejoicing and festivity, it so fertilizes the gardens around.

IV. Ascending the Kedron bed between Ophel and Siluan, viewing again the Jewish monuments and tombs of Jehosaphat's valley, we visit the

three pools near the northeast corner of the Harem Area. Birket Sitti Miriam is outside the walls, and to the north of the gate of the same name. It is hidden away among the cactus thickets, and is a hundred feet long by seventy-five feet wide and thirteen feet deep, most probably of medieval construction and need not delay us.

V. Adjoining the Temple Area but just outside it is Birket Israin, Pool of Israel. We remark here the inability of the modern Arab to enjoy the charm of the letter L, which Tennyson employs to such an advantage, his ell-wand of magic. They change it into N. Thus we have Beitin for Bethel, and for Gabriel Jibrin. This Birket Israin is built with the north wall of the Harem Enclosure as its south wall, is three hundred and sixty feet long, east and west, and one hundred and twenty wide; it is immensely deep, and evidently has been constructed from the bed of a valley that was formerly here. Its bottom is eighty feet below the Temple Area but has been made the dumping ground for filth and is filled up to a depth of twenty feet; there was but little water in it, and that little too dirty to drink. In dry seasons garden truck is grown there.

Its interest consists in the fact that it has been long the traditional Pool of Bethesda, which had the five porticos where lay the great multitude waiting for the moving of the water, and he who first went down after the angel had descended into it was cured; and where the paralytic man, always forestalled by others stronger and more active, was cured by Jesus. This pool also went by the name of *Probatica*, or the Sheep Pool, having possibly been used for washing the animals offered in sacrifice. Was it fed by an intermitting flow of water, which was expressed by the descent into it of the Angel of the Lord, John v., or was its stirring miraculous? We do not know, it does not matter—the healing was equally from God. So does the Spirit stir up the conscience of the sinner, and only when the waters move is there healing. Here our Lord teaches the lesson that works of mercy do not violate the Sabbath: "Take up thy bed and walk." Bethesda means House of Mercy: and God is Lord of the Sabbath. He also asserts that He is the "Son of God," and the Jews understand Him, not as modern Unitarians insist on understanding the title, in a sense that any of us might be called sons of God; but His enemies say "He makes Himself equal with God," which is exactly what Christians believe.

VI. But there is another claimant that in late years has found favor with archæologists as Bethesda. To examine this we must call on the White Fathers at St. Ann's church across the street.

A convent was built here while the Crusaders held sway, and was inhabited by Benedictine nuns. When the Turks again took possession there



POOL OF HEZEKIAH

was an educational institution for Mohammedan doctors, which being abandoned in the fifteenth century, the Franciscans took it up and occasionally said Mass, till after the Crimean war when it was finally given to the French. These Fathers, also called Algerine Fathers, were founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, particularly for the African missions. They made eight hundred converts in Algiers, which is miraculous when one considers the difficulties of race and government and ignorance in the way. In all Syria conversions from Mohammedanism are few after all the hundred years that Christian missionaries have been at work. This church cannot be seen from the street, and, hunting for the Pool of Bethesda we missed our way ingloriously; we were led by an attendant with many bows and salaams; thinking there must be some misunderstanding, of which we were made sure when they gave us to understand by gestures that we must undress, we knew that we were in a Turkish bathing establishment, and beat a hasty retreat. Learning wisdom, we applied to the White Fathers. Entering the courtyard of St. Ann's Basilica we see priests and seminarians crossing and re-crossing the square, picturesque in their white habits, comfortable and beautiful, for here is conducted both a *petit* and a *grand* seminary. There are many marble remnants of the old church round the court,

some of them supposed to be Judaic, and in the center the church of St. Ann. The façade shows a Gothic front of white stone, with Gothic arched door, and Gothic openings for windows, some of them walled up, and a plain square tower to the right, beside which is a well. The nave of the church shows the conventional threefold division of aisles, and over the high altar a large statue of St. Ann teaching the blessed damosel.

I found the fathers intellectual and cultured gentlemen, and they gave me the freedom of their fine archæological museum, even to photographing objects that had never before been reproduced; of this I gladly availed myself later. They kindly offered to show us their Pool of Bethesda; it is about fifty paces to the north of St. Ann's church. In 1871 (we quote Father Meistermann) M. Mauss discovered here the apse of a little church of the twelfth century; it stands over a crypt, which is again built over a *piscina*, sixty feet long, twenty-four feet wide and sixty feet deep below the level of the church of St. Ann. A first staircase leads down into the crypt, a second leads down to the bottom of the *piscina*. There is a vast reservoir there, extending towards the north. This great basin has been divided in two by a great wall on account of the construction of the church, which is built on the southern part. The White Fathers have discovered another very large reservoir to the west, of the same depth as the preceding. At the foot of the southern partition a channel is hollowed in the rock, furnished with a very curious apparatus for regulating the flow of the waters, which were sent into the Birket Israin.

There is no doubt but that the Pool of Bethesda was in the vicinity of these reservoirs, (the Madeba map also placing it here), but there is nothing yet that could authorize us to exactly localize the pool into which the sick were plunged as soon as the angel moved the water. We cannot, besides, form any idea as to the arrangement of the five porches, where the patients waited for the moving of the waters, until some positive remains have been found. Of the church of the *Probatica*, also, built toward the end of the fourth century, no traces have been found. The White Fathers have just obtained the ground which extends northwards from the court and the reservoirs. The excavations that they will undertake must certainly throw light on the position of the *Probatica* pool of the Gospel. Recent excavations have confirmed the surmises of M. Mauss. These White Fathers have a fine church thought to stand on the site of the Blessed Virgin's birth, and dedicated to her mother. The restorations have been most judiciously made, and consequently we may be assured that it represents the Crusaders' church. In 1889 a series of chambers was discovered under the church by Pere Crè. There are fragments of colored decoration which are probably the most ancient mural paintings in Jerusalem. The crypt under the church was St.

Ann's dwelling. We visit it with fervor, and venerate that One, "our tainted nature's solitary boast," as Wordsworth says, the Immaculate Conception, for is not America dedicated to Our Lady under that title? Has art not attained its utmost of beauty in Murillo's masterpiece, and have we not knelt at Lourdes, where the Virgin herself declared "I am the Immaculate Conception?" We would only half understand this were we to limit it to mean I am the Immaculate One: it means rather I am the very idea of immaculateness, in the mind of God. "I was with Him in the beginning; before He made the world, I was conceived." Prov. viii. It was in her immaculate conception that Mary crushed the serpent's head. There is no pronoun whose gender is more disputed than the one in the Creator's sentence to the old serpent that tells of his crushing. Is it "he," "she" or "it" the "seed that shall bruise thy head?" It may well be both; Christ is the only one with power to crush the serpent, but man also must crush him, each man for himself, Mary in most perfect measure, thanks to preventive grace—but every one in proportion as he is Christ's. That the Catholic translates it "she" is not to exclude Christ, but to include Mary's instrumentality.

VII. The last pool to be visited is Birket Hammâm el Batrak—the Patriarch's Bath, called Amygdalon by Josephus, and thought to have been given to the city by Hezekiah, that excellent king who did so much for Jerusalem, 2 Chronicles xxxii. He it was who repaired and built the city walls, extending them both northward to take in part of the hill Acra (if Acra was located there) and south and east to take in the city of David, and Siloe's Pool, down to which a flight of stone steps was erected. "In all his works he did prosperously, he laid the foundations of the heaps (the destroyed cities), he appointed companies of the priests to offer holocausts and peace offerings, he commanded the tithes and the first fruits, desiring to seek his God with all his heart, and they broke down the idols and cut down the groves, he stopped the upper source of the waters in Gihon, and turned them away underneath towards the west of the City of David." 2 Chronicles xxxii. This evidently refers to the conduit from Birket Mamilla to the Pool of Hezekiah inside the city. To reach this pool we go south from the square of the Holy Sepulchre, along Christian street, thronged with bazaars, and pass through an Arab coffee house, upstairs, from which a roof-balcony gives us a good view of the Birket Hammâm el Batrak; it is about two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and forty-eight wide, sinking ten feet below the street level, and is still used except in dry seasons. That this pool goes by the name of Hezekiah is an argument for Mamilla being the "upper pool," and against the position of those who hold to the Virgin's fountain.

CHAPTER XXV

AIN KARÎM

We have to-day one of the most delightful of our *ausflugs*—to the home of the second joyful mystery, the house of Elizabeth and Zachary at Ain Karîm, or St. John in the Mountains. We seek a mount from the crowd of donkey boys at the Jaffa Gate. How ingenious and ingenuous they are! Their beasts are named with an eye to business and patronage. "General Bobs" for the English, "George Washington" for the Americans, "Bismarck" for the Germans, but one roguish little fellow had named his "Whisky straight." "Hadji! he go straight to the spot. Yallah!" Of course I hired him. His donkey would do for all nations. Mules were offered us, and for a long journey they are stronger, but if you fall you have further to the stones, and they are too self-conceited in their superior wisdom. "The camel, wanting to have horns, lost his ears; we were not so foolish," so say the mules. We see plenty of these camels with their diminutive ears. How very human an animal it is; the camel that will stoically endure days of starvation in the desert, that will habitually live on the most mortifying diet of thistles, will occasionally show the weak petulance of a woman when she is crossed, or the revengeful hatred of a man for an injury. We saw a camel literally weeping and sobbing like a heart-broken child to whom life seems no longer worth living.

Where thirty years ago there was only a trail over the hills past the convent of Holy Cross, there is now a most excellent carriage route by following the Jaffa road for two miles and turning to the left at the Israelite Insane Asylum. A mile or more to our left down the shallow Wady el Mousallabe, a wilderness of stones between which grass endeavors to grow and where flocks of black goats are determined that it shall not, there is the monastery of the Holy Cross—Deir el Mousallabe—owned by the Greeks, whose foundation is thought to go back to the third century. The present church dates from the twelfth. An old tradition declares that here grew the tree from which our Lord's cross was made; the tree was a cypress. The Arabs have the legend:

*"Sin laden Lot, if grows this stripling tree
Thy soul shall live, from wrong and crime forgiven:
But if it die, then are the gates of Heaven,—
Those gates of joy,—closed against thine and thee.*

Serve it from Jordan's wave." And instantly
(For true repentance shirks not penance sore)
He measures with unsandaled foot the seven
Long leagues of rock that lie between that shore.
"Oh! give us of your water, or we die!"
The blear-eyed lepers hissed from roadside bed:
And so in charity the cruse ran dry.
"Love is a shower," the returning angel said,
"Better than Hermon's dew: Mourn not thy loss;
Thy plant shall live." That tree became the Cross!

In the peace offerings ordered in Leviticus chs. vii and viii, part of the victim was to be elevated, part moved from side to side. The Protestant translation graphically and poetically styles them "*heave and wave offerings.*" As these motions would act a cross some have conjectured in them an adumbration of the peace offering on Calvary.

Although the Cross is preëminently the weapon of Christ and the Christians' seal, it was not known to the ancients. In connection with the circle it appears continually in the inscriptions of kings and gods of Egypt, the circle means eternity and the cross is interpreted as meaning the key of eternity—again pointing to atonement through Christ's Cross.



A CLAIMANT TO BE BETHPHAGE

The convent is fortress-like and the monks have an extensive library, now transferred to the great Greek monastery of the Patriarch in Jerusalem; they have also a small archaeological museum. Portions of the church with interesting mosaics and frescoes go back to the seventh century, but are greatly restored. Behind the altar the spot is shown where the tree stood, and paintings on the walls represent the legend.

There has been a shower and the roads are muddy. The fields are greening, although still bleak and the farmers are scattering seed. Over this grain will pass the wind and the rain, like the priest at a funeral with the *aspergillum*, but from the ground will arise the golden harvest, like the resurrection of the body; for the gold comes three times—at evening, in autumn and in old age.

As we journey along with the *magnificat* singing itself in our hearts, we feel that "He Who is mighty has done great things to me" is fulfilled in us also, whom He has led safely through perils of ocean and land to a bourne so distant, and as we look down along the winding sweeps of the carriage road to the spire of the Visitation church, we think of the night when Mary arrived here from her long pilgrimage from Nazareth and saw a light in Elizabeth's window. How immensely brighter that little gleam than the noon-day sun or the twilight moon. It was home!

*The tiny glow-worm at my feet
Is brighter than the distant star.*

We look down in rapture before descending the hill on this village of St. John in the Mountains, or as the natives call it, Ain Karîm.

This place is supposed to be the hill country whither the Blessed Virgin went to a city of Juda to visit her kinswoman after the Annunciation and after the Angel had informed her that the old Elizabeth was to become a mother. The Greeks go on a pilgrimage to Jutta near Hebron, and claim that as the home of Zachary. For this, however, there is no reliable tradition. Even Protestant authorities speak well of Ain Karîm. Josue xxi speaks of *Ain* as being a sacerdotal city, which is mentioned next to Bethshemesh, which is over yonder. We love the Arab name, generous fountain! What could be more fitting? Below there you will find and drink of the spring, the best water in the country round, provided you can push past the thronged washerwomen, but it is only on the sacred page that you will realize the gushings of this fountain, that have enriched the literature of all times. Here those two Canticles had their birth: the *benedictus* and the *magnificat*. The cry of joy and exultation from man and from woman, in the name of the whole human family. It is humanity's *Zagareet*.



AIN KARIM

It is somewhat perplexing to be shown two different sites for the home of Zachary and Elizabeth, but I think it should present no insurmountable difficulty. Zachary the father of John the Baptist may have been tolerably well-to-do, and had a choice of dwellings; one where the Franciscan Fathers have their church and the other a mile further on in the hills, the site of the visit of the Blessed Virgin to Zachary's wife, Elizabeth. Or might it not well be that the country place was his own and that he only occupied a house near the local Synagogue "when it came to pass that he executed the priestly function in the order of his course;" though this doubtless alludes to his turn as celebrant in Jerusalem's Temple.

Archangelic wings have been folded here. Scripture mentions a quartet of archangels who stood before the throne—Michael, who is like God? Raphael, the medicine of God; Gabriel, the strength of God; Lucifer, the light-bringer, and his name alone does not end with God, *el*—and he fell!

Three times is Gabriel named: in his visit to Daniel, to Zachary and to Mary—to touch the man of desires and to foretell the Messiah, Daniel ix. 21; to announce the birth of the Baptist and close Zachary's mouth, Luke i. 19; and to tell of the Incarnation, Luke i. 26. Great messages, all worthy of an Archangel.

Sixty years ago Ain Karîm was a wretched congregation of a few Arab

hovels, but the Franciscan Fathers came in, building one of the finest monasteries in the Holy Land, making the neighborhood full of blossom and fruit. They have now a flourishing school for the children of the neighborhood and a pharmacy for the poor. The Daughters of Zion too, founded by the converted Jew Ratisbonne, have a beautiful home for girls on the hill-lock northwest of the village. To this home came the orphans made by the Druse massacre on Mount Lebanon in 1860. The White Fathers also have a fine establishment here, with gardens rising in terraces from the bottom of the valley.

West from the Virgin's fountain is the property of the Russians—a church of St. John and a bell tower, and numerous pretty gardens and villas.

The village numbers nearly two thousand inhabitants, mostly Moslems; the next most numerous being the Catholics, with a few Greeks. The monastery of the Franciscans, with the church of St. John the Precursor, is the first large building at the foot of the mountain, down which we descend by a fine gradient; this is the traditional spot of the birth of the Baptist. Although when Mary visited her, Elizabeth was at the country villa home where the church dedicated to her stands, on the hillside to the southwest, either from official reasons or some other cause the family at the time of John's birth had moved "into town" to where the Franciscan church stands. It is large and fine, with three naves, the central one having a windowed drum and cupola; the side walls of the church are partly covered with tiles mostly of blue pattern; the high altar dedicated to St. John the Baptist is surmounted by a fine statue representing the Immaculate Conception; the end of the southern nave forms the chapel of St. Elizabeth. At the eastern extremity of the northernmost aisle a flight of steps descends to the crypt, hewn in the rock and lighted by many burning lamps. This was part of the house of Zachary, where John was born, he than whom "there is none greater among the sons born of men." We are reminded again of the utility of caves for preserving the identity of a locality. In this chapel are scenes representing the chief events in the life of St. John, his preaching, his austere life in the wilderness, the baptism of Jesus, his blood-curdling murder. We reflect here on the importance of the right name for a child. The relatives all insist that the boy must be called Zachary after the father, ever in the same groove; but God-guided, his parents testify, one by voice and one by writing, that "his name is John." Note the present tense; Zachary was dumb, as credulity makes a man dumb, faith opens his mouth. What then shall we think of the voluminous and, from a literary point, excellent utterances of heresy compared with the stingy and tardy utterance of Catholic news?

Here then rose that chant of the loosened tongue; that magnificent monument of articulate faith: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people. Salvation from our enemies and from the hand of all that hate us. To perform mercy to our fathers and to remember His holy testament as He swore to Abraham, our Father. That we might serve Him without fear in holiness and justice all our days. And thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways." With what force these words of the prophetic father come back to us, when after thirty years the words of the son echo over these wild hills: "I am the voice of one crying, prepare ye the way of the Lord."

But we must leave the Fathers to visit the Sisters. These Daughters of Zion—their convent lies on the hill to the north, some distance from the village of Ain Karim—were founded by the Jew Ratisbonne. We hear again from their lips the miracle of his conversion. It was one of those instantaneous flashes of illumination from the Holy Ghost, such as brought Saul of Tarsus to his knees, and Augustine to his saintship.

In 1841 the rich family of the Ratisbottes lived in Strasburg. Theodore had already become a convert to Catholicity, and subsequently a priest, but this only embittered the other brother, Alphonse, the more. He was young, keen for enjoying the world, more an unbeliever than a Jew. He was engaged to a beautiful woman, but it was decided that before the union he should spend the winter in Malta. By an impulse that he could not comprehend, he went to Rome instead—a place quite unsuited for a winter resort.

He made the acquaintance of M. de Bussieres, a fervent Catholic, who urged him to wear the miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception, prevailing only by laughing at him that a strong-minded infidel should be afraid to wear a little medal. Ratisbonne consented, thinking in his heart that the medal would be an interesting trinket for his betrothed. He also promised, out of friendship for de Bussieres to say the *memorare* daily. He found nothing to admire in the Rome that is so admirable in the eyes of Catholic faith, but ridiculed everything except the pagan art.

On the eve of his intended departure he took a drive with M. de Bussieres, and his host was obliged to leave him for a few minutes in front of the obscure church of Andrea delle Fratte, St. Andrew of the brambles, as the spot was run wild before the Fathers took it in charge. De Bussieres went to see about the funeral of M. De La Feronays who was to be buried the next day. Returning he was surprised to find his friend Alphonse on his face in the church, broken by sobs, bathed in tears, kissing the medal

and exclaiming: "She has done it!" He entered the church a scoffer, a worldling. Had any one told him he would leave it a Christian ready to give his fortune to the poor and his life to the service of God and religion, he would have thought them crazy. But that is exactly what happened. In one quick glance God had revealed to him the nothingness of life and the truth and beauty of Catholic faith, and like the Apostles he leaves all to follow Christ, renounces earthly love, becomes a priest, gives his fortune to found homes in Palestine for Jewish children, and when his own means give out traverses Europe begging. So unmistakably miraculous was the occurrence that the authorities of the Church showered spiritual favors upon all who should wear the medal,—even as the medal itself exhibits streams of light from Mary's hands. Was there really a miracle and wherein did it consist? The vision might have been a hallucination, says the sceptic. So it might, but the sudden change of mental attitude without the preliminary study, reflection, weighing of arguments, and so forth, even a sensible rationalist must hold to be supernatural. Just as for scientists, the instantaneous building up of tissue in a diseased body, without the intervening process, is something that they cannot deny as miraculous, being not merely something that might come about by some law of nature that we do not yet understand, but just because they *do* know the law of nature in these instances. Abbé Ratisbonne lies in the quiet graveyard of the sisters and his epitaph, as that of every good priest, might well be "*divitias coeli condidit ore, manu.*"

The convent is surrounded with olive trees and figs and almonds, and the happy faces of the children. We visited the school and even their, to us, harsh voices filled us with joy. The place is largely self-supporting with its fields and gardens and work shops, and as I noticed in the yard a hen and chickens, I thought of the larger fulfillment of the prophecy, "I will gather thy children together as the bird gathers her young under her wings." The superintendent of the farm, a German from Bavaria, till lately used two camels in the rough agriculture, and the children named one Goliah, the other Philistine. Large and ungainly but useful animals.

We have reserved the best for the last and proceed to the church of the Visitation. We pass the fountain that in its copiousness gives a name to the place and a freshness to the gardens. Drinking of it is a religious duty—a pleasure also, as it is excellent. A most delightful walk of twenty minutes along flower-bordered paths leads us up the hillside to the sanctuary of the Visitation, where from the earliest ages the ruins exhibit the traditional site of the house of Zachary. Here then is the spot where, according to St. Luke "Mary entered the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth and



VISITATION WELL

the infant leaped in her womb." Leaped at the salutation, leaped, yet unborn, toward Him whose precursor he was to be. Here too was sung—we can imagine we hear it in the shrill but low tones of those Arab women at the fountain—that *magnificat* that will travel, as melody travels, down the centuries forever. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away. His mercy is from generation to generation of them that fear Him." So Zachary's canticle is supplemented by Mary's, that both sexes may participate in the office of prophet. We too continue that song of thanksgiving, we too prolong the fulfillment of the prophecy that all nations shall call her Blessed, by chanting in Latin the *magnificat* and praying on this spot of the visit, that cost our Blessed Lady so many days of travel, for the love of our neighbor and the virtue of visiting them without uncharitable gossip.

Part of the chapel and the spring of water disappeared in consequence of earthquakes and only in 1861 were they rediscovered, and so the traditions

were again verified that had clung round this spot, of the water, of the hiding place of Elizabeth, when Herod sought to destroy all the male children—here is her hiding place in the rock—here, too, a little room in which tradition says the Baptist was circumcised.

We must follow St. John to his hermit life. We go westward over a precipitous road. After twenty minutes walk we can see Kolonieh on the declivity of a hill. Here we are in the wilderness and any of these rocks may have served as his pulpit. Indeed the place of one is pointed out, which the Maghraubin owner strove to convert into lime, but was deterred by its explosion; he then presented it to the Franciscans, who preserve it in their church. We can easily call up in imagination him, the last of the prophets and the first of the saints.

*With leathern girdle round his loins,
And vestment made of camel's hair,
His dark locks lifted by the wind,
His forehead brown, his bosom bare.*

We can hear his message:

*I am the voice of one who cries:
"Prepare the way through deserts drear;
Make straight the path of God, for now
Heaven's kingdom surely draweth near."*

We can appreciate the lesson:

*Repent! Repent! for lo He comes,
By poet-prophet long foretold,
The Holy One, whose sandal strings
I am unworthy but to hold!
Whose fan is in His hand, and He
Will quickly cleanse the threshing floor
And garner in the wheat, but burn
The chaff with fire forevermore.*

No uncertain message, no sentimentality of paradise to all and sundry. Like the true preacher to-day, he bore an unwelcome message to a pride-hardened world, and the headsman's axe was his reward. He was feared and hated as every honest man is hated who speaks the truth that would save,—but truth flourishes in the blood of martyrs.

"And he ate locusts and wild honey." We are naturally on the lookout for St. John's supply of food in this uninhabited spot. We see the *carob*,

a kind of locust tree with large, flat pods which the Germans actually have called *Johannes brod*—St. John's bread, whose pods, though edible, are terribly poor eating. This would be no objection, but there is no likelihood that this ever went by the same name as the insect, which is a species of grass-



ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS

hopper, and often has been so plentiful in the east as to become a scourge—one of the plagues of Egypt was of these locusts.

It is also to be remarked that these insects were clean, according to the Levitical laws. "Those which have the hind legs longer than the fore ones are good to eat according to their kind." Leviticus xi. 22. They are still eaten by the Arabs, who, roasting them slightly, throw them into their mouths whilst still alive, which has given rise to the proverb: "Between the

fire and the mouth the locust escaped." The cavities in the rocks around are also well-fitted for the home of wild bees.

After about an hour from the church of the Visitation we reach the grotto of St. John the Baptist. It is on a hillside and is a natural grotto, although doubtless assisted by the hand of man. There is a fine spring—Ain Khabis, the water of which is gathered into a large stone reservoir, just outside the grotto. This spot is owned by the Fathers of Holy Land, and they come here occasionally and on St. John's day to say Mass, but there is no sanctuary here and the custodian is an Arab, who lives below in the valley among his olives and figs. A shout will bring him if he is not on hand. Here the Eremite lived, here he preached.

*The fountain gushes from the rock;
His words are as a fountain poured
Upon the heart that, startled, springs
And longs to leave its sins abhorred.*

The grotto is about twenty-nine by ten feet and fifteen high; an opening to the northwest serves as a window; the door is to the northeast. There is a stone that may have served as a couch, which is now used as an altar where Mass is said. Quaresimus says that the Magi spent a night here, when they "went back another way."

We climb above the grotto noticing what are the remains of an ancient church, and we have a view over the valley of the Terebinth (Turpentine tree, *Pistacio terebinthus*). Soba crowns a lofty conical height probably the Zuph to which Saul came looking for his asses. Over north is Kuryet el Enab or Abû Ghôsh which Robinson and Thompson identify with Kirjath Jearim

Returning, we meditate on that wondrous St. John. "Forming me his servant in the womb," is the expression of Isaiah xxix of the Christ the Redeemer, and as the Baptist is so intimately connected with Him the Church applies it in her office in a relative sense to John the Fore-runner, He the "sharp sword," he the chosen, polished arrow, "hidden in the quiver" for a great mission. So God forms His own. Here is the hiding place, where in rock grottoes the Baptist lived, even in earliest childhood, according to tradition, at first necessitated by the hatred of Herod, afterwards to develop that unworldliness of which he is the example, a recluse though a boy, living on grasshoppers and clothed in the skin of camels. How his voice would resound from the opposing hills of this valley of Sorek, renamed by the modern Arabs Wady Beit Hanina,

or dwelling of John; still should his words "Repent! Repent!" echo down the ages, but alas! it is yet to an unheeding world.

"Long ago," thus our story teller began at the *siesta* today, "There was a man who had four boys and he said to them, 'My sons, you are now able to provide for yourselves, choose what you will of these my earthly goods for I go to my fathers.' Ahmed chose a cow and a plow, and became the father of farmers or *fellahin*. Rasek took the small booth and turned merchant. Othman took the horse and became the father of the Ottoman Turks and the soldiery. Swellem, the youngest, had left to him the ungainly camel and became the progenitor of the herd-owning and wandering Bedouins. To nick-name a man therefore, by any of these names, is to indicate his trade."

De gustibus non est disputandum.

"Why do we like what we like?" propounds our philosopher, only to air his deep wisdom by the answer, "Because we are *like* it."

It is perhaps unintentional that the framers of English have given the word *like* the meaning both of love and of similitude but the likeness of the lover to the thing beloved is a deep-lying psychological truth. Our mind has become *like* a book or a picture before we can appreciate it; our physical body has taken on a likeness, an *accord*, with a food even, before we *like* it; we must be like God before we can love Him!

CHAPTER XXVI

EMMAUS-KOUBEIBEH

After the different claimants for the locality of the New Testament Emmaus have been reviewed—Amwas, Kolonieh, Latron, etc.—if we consider sixty stadia the correct reading of Luke xxiv. 13 we come back to the conviction that the most probable site is Koubeibeh; it is only in recent years that the paramount claims of this locality have been known. In this faith we must make a pilgrimage over the road the first trodden by the feet of the risen Saviour, and so eagerly retraced by the disciples to run with the glad tidings to the assembled sorrowing brethren at Jerusalem. We take our well-beloved donkeys as the means of travel for, although there is a good carriage road as far as Kastal, after that we will have the stony trail up and down usual to Palestine. Having engaged our beasts the evening before we find them all saddled and ready at the New gate at 8 A. M. with the donkey boys exercising their usual importunity to be taken along, in order that they may pull us for backsheesh. We take only one to look after the donkeys at the end of the journey. Good Father Albert accompanies us on foot for he will not accept a mount, which we offer; he says he can go quicker *per pedes Apostolorum*.

"There has always hung around the idea of a pilgrimage—I except those decadent generations by whom no pilgrimages are made save for curiosity or greed—something more than the mere objective. I will visit the grave of a saint or of a man whom I venerate, but on my way I wish to do something a little difficult, to show at what price I hold communion with his resting place; and if I am to venerate a humanity absorbed into the divine it behoves me on my journey to delight in the divine that is hidden in everything. Thus I may go with no pack, but I must get myself into a frame of mind that carries an invisible burden—an eye for happiness and for suffering, gladness at the beauty of the world, a readiness to give multitudinous praise to God.

"There must be some high objective point—the ultimate contemplation of something divine—and it is better to go to such, haunted by our mission yet sometimes falling into levity, than to go about an ordinary journey in a chastened spirit. If I should say: 'I will go to Redditch, to buy needles

cheap,' even if I speak no bad word on the way and keep perfectly sober I have performed no pilgrimage." So writes John Ruskin.

We take the road towards Jaffa, meeting continually beasts and men of burden, bringing in all sorts and conditions of fuel, roots and scrappy wood, and even weeds such as we would burn in the fields, but here nothing is wasted; bringing in loads of hay on invisible donkeys, or larger stacks in which we know a camel is hidden; bringing grain and vegetables and fruit, eggs and milk for the Jerusalem market, and animals for the slaughter or for the sacrifice. In less than an hour we pass Lifta on the right, and below us the terraced hillside given to grape vines, that appear to be playing leap frog, for they are without trellises, and the stiff root-stock keeps the stems above ground for some distance. When clothed with leaves the vineyard, if on the level, has the appearance of a wavy green sea.

We leave the carriage road and turn to the right, and dismounting from our beasts, descend the stony path into the valley of Sorek, here called Wady Beit Hanina. Off to the left the valley goes down to St. John's Wilderness, upwards to our right we have Neby Samwil; after passing the bottom of the torrent bed, to our left on the slope of the hillside are the ruins of Beit Tulma, with a spring, where tradition commemorates the meeting of Jesus and the Disciples, so from here onward the path is called the road of the Disciples.

"Their eyes were holden that they did not know Him." The glorious body of Jesus, although most real, is of such nature that it is beyond the power of science to appreciate it. It shares in the power of the Spirit. It can appear and disappear, hide itself or render itself visible, modify and change its form. As he approached the two travellers he appeared to them to be one of the many foreign pilgrims who had come to the Holy City for the festival. We walk reverently, for are we not treading in His footsteps and might He not join us and reveal Himself? The life of Christ is out of doors, it is there we will oftenest meet Him. Proceeding along the narrow wady, the hillside terraced and planted to olive, vine and fig; under our feet the gorgeous anemone, the well loved daisy, the familiar dandelion, and the dainty cyclamen, how our journey images the pilgrimage of life, the flowers in endless profusion of color, and form and scent, that relieve but do not hinder our progress, like the little joys that sweeten life's pathway; the dangerous, steep, narrow, slippery places that we encounter, like the straight and steep road to heaven, on which the poor on foot are safer than the rich on horseback; the tiny hands of the Arab children along the road, from ruined hut or barley field, held out to us

for backsheesh, the cry that comes from a humanity poorer than ourselves, and makes us more their debtors. To our left on the declivity, Kirbet el Lozeh with some ruins and a spring where the Benedictine Sisters had at one time a flourishing establishment. We ascend by a stony road out of the valley, and turning more to westward, soon see Koubeibeh, an oasis of verdure in the red, rocky waste. In another half hour we are enjoying the hospitality of the Franciscan Fathers on the supposed site where that memorable supper was partaken of by the Disciples when Jesus revealed Himself in the breaking of bread. We commemorate the event by a refectio of not only broken bread but of native vegetables and excellent wine. In saddle the most of the day, it is at mealtime and in the evening that we find opportunity for social and mental intercourse.

Table-talk marks high water in man's evolution. The savage crunches his food in silence, but to the civilized a dinner is not merely to supply the body with food but the occasion for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," along with the more material solids and the more spiritual fluids. How many grand schemes have had their birth at banquets! how many subjects are talked of at after-dinner speeches that never seem to fit in anywhere else!

And in this land of Christ we remember that He too spoke words at mealtime that still are the food of mankind—"With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you," and the speech of woe: "One of you is about to betray me," and the still more important and sacramental utterance: "This is my body, take ye all and eat," and we can easily believe that many were the parables that our Lord spoke at the ordinary dinner parties at which he was a guest. Truly, it may be said reverently that Christ was a great table-talker.

As we kneel in the really modern church, we pray for the light to see God in the partaking of ordinary food, and to realize Jesus more clearly in every Holy Communion. It is only since excavations were made for the erection of this church, by the Fathers of the Holy Land, that Koubeibeh could show its credentials as Emmaus, but with these operations in 1873 were unearthed the ruins of a church which experts say must belong to the sixth or seventh century, and which shows in departing from a symmetry of church design that it was made to accommodate itself to covering a part of an older dwelling, supposedly the house of Cleophas, he who constrained our Lord to enter and partake of his hospitality, Luke xxiv. 29. Still further excavations were made and the new church erected in 1901, which reversed the opinions of Schick and others, converting those who previously had claimed Emmaus of the plain, Amwas Nikopolis, as



KOUBEIBEH

genuine. The restoration of this church is due to the piety and generosity of Marquise de Nicolay, who, believing that this was the true site of Emmaus, purchased the land, giving it and a considerable sum of money to the Guardians of Holy Land. She now rests in peace in the spot she cherished.

We read with emotion in the pavement the words from St. Luke: "Was not our heart burning within us whilst He was speaking in the way?"

There are profitable and interesting walks to be taken in the neighborhood—to Ain Adjab, of excellent water; to the ruins of aqueducts and buildings of Roman times. But we must not neglect a visit to the one solitary red-haired and enthusiastic Lazarist Father at the House of the German Catholic Society, a little to the west of the Franciscans. He is indeed making the wilderness blossom like a garden. It is surprising the labor that they put into reclaiming a small plat of ground. It appears to be nearly all rock, but they blast the stones, carefully collect all the soil that the interstices yield, then after sinking the rock, cover it with the gathered red soil, and behold a garden, and oh! how it repays them! Pine trees that with us would have taken fifteen years to grow, Father Max assured me he had planted five years ago. If others would follow his example this land might be shortly well forested.

We must also not fail to enjoy the view from the roof of the hospice; to the west, in the middle distance, Beth Horan the upper, with Beth Horan the nether to the left and lower down. Further on, Ramley with Lydda to its right; and beyond, Jaffa in the mist with the yellow sands to the south and the blue Mediterranean stretching towards Italy and America. To the north the twin peaks of Ebal and Gerizim very faint and unimposing. We lingered long in this delightful refuge and the good Fathers urged us, as Cleophas did of old, "remain, O Lord for the evening approaches," but the return trip is a convenient time to visit Neby Samwil. It is the most prominent object in Judea. We reach it in about an hour, and are now 2,953 feet above the sea, and consequently five hundred higher than Jerusalem. The medieval pilgrims coming from the north saw Jerusalem first from this hill, and called it "Mount of Joy." What biblical locality was here? We will follow Eusebius and Jerome and most commentators and decide for Masphá of Benjamin where Samuel judged the people. Maspha means a watch-tower, and surely no locality is so fitting as this, for it commands all points of the compass. Mount Gerizim and Carmel in Samaria, Gabaon, Koubeibeh and Chephira quite proximate; Kastal, Lydda, Ramley, Jaffa to the west; Lifta, Ain Karîm and even Bethlehem, the Frank Mountain and the Hebron heights to the south; and Anatoth, Rama (modern Ramallah), with the more ancient El Bireh, (Beroth) Machmas, and—crowning glory of the view—Jerusalem to the southeast; while to the east the valley of the Jordan and the mountains of Gilead and Moab, now in pink sunset radiance. In the twelfth century the Premonstratensian Monks had a large abbey on this hill dedicated to St. Samuel of the Mount of Joy. What a genius these monks had in choosing beautiful places! The transepts of this church still remain in the Turkish mosque erected by the conquering Mussulmans, to which entrance can be obtained, as well as to the minaret, by the payment of backsheesh, one franc apiece. A few miserable hovels lower down complete the population of Neby Samwil. We are again in the zone of distress, which does not appear to touch Koubeibeh, and after contributing his share of backsheesh, the poet has been scribbling in his note book; he gives it to us later:

"Like Horace's mountain," he says, "I have been in labor; behold the ridiculous mouse."

BEGGARS.

*They rise from out the ruined wall;
 They crawl from out the rock-cut tomb;
 Their wail comes clamorous over all:
 "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!"*

*The tiny, naked infant's palm
Outstretched from mother's breast,
The lisping word, an endless psalm:
"Baksees! Baksees."*

*One wishes us good morrow; he
Demands a generous Baksheesh!
One shows what we already see
And asks Baksheesh!*

*You rest beneath their olives' shade;
You ask the way to yonder town;
You pluck a flower in the glade;
"Baksheesh! Baksheesh!"*

*In crowded mart or wilderness,
In summer sun or winter rain—
Where'er we go, 'tis none the less
"Baksheesh! Baksheesh!"*

* * * * *

*But when we Christians come to die
And stand before God's throne;
Will we not be compelled to cry
"Baksheesh! Baksheesh?"*

Maspha being a generic word is given to nine other places in Palestine, strategic points of outlook, but this is designated as Maspha of Benjamin.

On the death of Heli at Shiloh, the Ark was carried away by the Philistines, but the Tabernacle was preserved at Maspha of Benjamin, by Samuel, who succeeded Heli and brought the Israelites back contrite from the worship of Baalim and Astaroth to the God who for their good had permitted the victory of their enemies. The Tabernacle remained seventy-seven years in Maspha, indeed until it was transferred to Jerusalem at the dedication of Solomon's Temple. Again the Philistines attacked them at Maspha, but they were defeated, "just below Bethcar," (probably Beth Karem, or what is now Ain Karîm) in commemoration of which Samuel erected a monument between Maspha and Sen, the Ebenezer or Stone of Help, which Eusebius locates, as we saw, at Deir Abân, a station on the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railroad.

It was to the Prophet Samuel the Seer, in Maspha, that Saul came seeking his father's asses. What a strange mixture of good news Samuel has for him! "For the asses be not solicitous, because they are found;" and "Behold the Lord has anointed thee to be Prince over His inheritance." 1 Kings x. 1.



NEBY SAMWIL

It was in answer to the clamors of the people that Samuel, by God's command, gave Israel a king. The nation hitherto had been under the mild rule of Judges, God-appointed, but the populace say, "Give us a king as the other nations." Samuel is displeased at being thus supplanted, but the Lord said: "Hearken to the voice of the people for they have not rejected thee but Me that I should not rule over them." 1 Kings viii. 7.

Leaving Neby Samwil we descend by a steep route sometimes artificially cut in the mountain, passing several large rock-cut reservoirs, one of which might be that of King Asa into which Ishmael threw the bodies of the Israelites. "Ishmael slew the Jews that were in Maspha and killed Godoliah." Jeremiah xli. 9. Some were spared: "Kill us not," they pleaded, "for we have stores in the field of wheat and barley, and oil and honey." *Ibid.* These rock-cut granaries are still plentiful. We pass a fort in ruins, Khirbet el Borj, on the top of a hill, also the village of Beit el Hanina, and steadily descending reach Jerusalem, and avoiding the tortuous and dark streets which entry by the Damascus gate would occasion, we circle the walls to the gate of Abdul Hamid, and gain Casa Nuova, rejoiced with this most pleasing excursion.

CHAPTER XXVII

DOWN TO JERICO

In some places the indication *up* north or *down* town are erroneous, but not so this "down" to Jericho.

We must make an early start today for we have a long ride of nearly twenty-five miles. We are up therefore before daylight, heedless of the Psalmist's word: "it is vain for you to rise before the light," rather inserting the little "not" before "vain" of the Church's invitation for Lent. Our horses are awaiting us in the valley of Jehosaphat, outside the Bab Sitti Miriam. We are glad to be again in the saddle and in the open, after the confined narrowness of the Jewish street. The Arabians are noisy as usual. We are reminded of the words of Ecclus. xxxiii, regarding the eastern horse, comparing him to a fool, "he neigheth under every one who sitteth upon him."

We proceed towards Bethany, that route that Our Lord trod so frequently, seeking the consolation of Mary and Martha's home. After passing the Hill of Scandal on our right, the road makes a long detour to the left to avoid descending too low, for here a cleuch runs up into the Mount of Olives, called the Bottle of Wind, and here is shown the field in which stood the fig tree that was cursed by Christ, Mark xi. 12. "And when He had seen a fig tree from afar having leaves, He came that perhaps He might find anything on it, and when He was come He found nothing but leaves, for it was not the time for figs. And he said to it: 'May no man eat fruit of thee ever hereafter,' and the Disciples heard it. * * * And when in the morning they passed by they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots." What are we to think of this? The infidel would arraign God as unjust, in requiring something that was impossible. "It was not the time for figs." We must look to the intention of Christ's act. It was for the instruction of the Apostles; it was to show that He was the Lord over nature; it was to teach that man must rise to the supernatural *i. e.*, must bear fruits worthy of heaven, even on earth, which we might imagine was not the time of their fruitage; and to show how that is possible, He added the next day when they found it withered, "have faith," and then you can do the impossible.

Our route now begins its long, rugged descent. "A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," yes, it is truly a decline when one leaves the

City of Peace for the robber-haunted road, the deserted Jericho, and the sea of salted death. We think of the many times Our Lord has trod this road, going to worship in the temple, and the Paschal festivities; ascending this road to mount the cross on his last journey over it. We pass and meet many modern pilgrims going up for the Easter celebration, or downward to bathe in the Jordan. The majority of these pilgrims are Russians. What a sad-spirited nation! But how much this journey to Palestine means to them!

In spirit too we accompany the thousands of pilgrims, the pilgrims of Jehovah, who have traveled this route chanting the "songs of degrees," those psalms so inscribed by David, and probably sung as they surmounted the different terraces toward the Temple, as the verses of the *Graduale* are now chanted at solemn High Mass. We may give them a wider application to the whole journey from Jericho to Jerusalem.

The longing of the soul distant from home: "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged; I have dwelt with the inhabitants of Kedar; my soul has been long exiled." Ps. cxix.

The turning to God for help: "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord." This might be from the gloom of the Wady Kelt, and indicative of the discouraged heart.

The hope resultant on thinking of the return from Babylon: "When the Lord brought back the captivity of Zion, we became like men comforted." "Turn us again, O Lord, as a stream in the south; they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Ps. cxxv.

The aspiration towards God for assistance: "I have lifted up my eyes to the mountain from whence is my help." Ps. cxx. "As the eyes of the maiden are on the hands of her mistress, so are our eyes upon the Lord until He have mercy." Ps. cxxii. "The Lord is my helper: He will not suffer my feet to slip." Ps. cxx. We too breathe a little prayer on this precipitous road, congratulating ourselves on the surefootedness of our Arabian ponies.

But the soul's interest is ever present to their minds: "If it had not been that the Lord was with us, perhaps we would have been overwhelmed, for our souls have passed through the torrent." Ps. cxxiii.

Thinking of the marauding tribes that infest the road: "The wicked have wrought upon my back, let them be as grass on the tops of houses, wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he who gathereth sheaves, his bosom." Ps. cxxviii.

The pilgrim should not have much of which to be despoiled. Then thinking of the nightly rest, snatched now with fear but later to be

enjoyed in security, in the serenity of home and Salem: "When He giveth His beloved sleep, behold the inheritance of the Lord are children and they are as arrows in the hands of the mighty." Ps. cxxvi. "They wife as a fruitful vine, thy children as olive plants round about thy table." Ps. cxxvii.

There is resolution not to seek consolation till the sanctuary is reached: "If I enter into my dwelling, if I give sleep to my eyes, or slumber to my eyelids, or rest to my temples, till I find the place of the Lord, the Tabernacle of the God of Jacob." O sloth of Sabbath morning sleep in western lands! O lure of the Sunday newspaper!

And then as they near Jerusalem: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion; He shall not be moved forever that dwelleth in Jerusalem." Ps. cxxiv. "Mountains are round about it, and thus is the Lord round about His people." Ibid. "Thither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord." Ps. cxxi.

And the exultation as they enter: "I rejoiced in the things that were said to me; we will go into the House of the Lord; our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem."

The anticipated harmony, so different from the outside quarrels of worldlings: "Behold how good and how pleasant, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Much needed! Our Arab guides and Mukâris are forever quarreling; probably our ignorance of their speech is why it sounds so dreadful; but on one's first experience, he confidently expects to see some one murdered.

"Behold now ye who stand in the House of the Lord, in the nights lift up your hands to the holy places, and bless ye the Lord, and may He bless ye out of Zion." Ps. cxxxiii.

Then as they enter: "We will go into His tabernacle, we will adore where His feet have stood; this is my rest forever and forever; here will I dwell because I have chosen it."

Half a mile or so beyond Bethany, at Borj el Hammar, Tower of Asses, the Greeks have erected a quaint chapel and point out the "stone of the interview," where their tradition says that Jesus met Martha complaining: "Lord hadst Thou been here, my brother would not have died." It is a block of flint about three feet long. We presented above our reasons for preferring the tradition that places this meeting near Bethphage. From this chapel of the Greeks we rapidly descend towards the east by several long, sweeping turns in the road. About two miles from Bethany we come to Ain el Haud, Fountain of the Trough; it being the popular watering place (for horses, not for invalids or the "gilded rich"). By Christians it

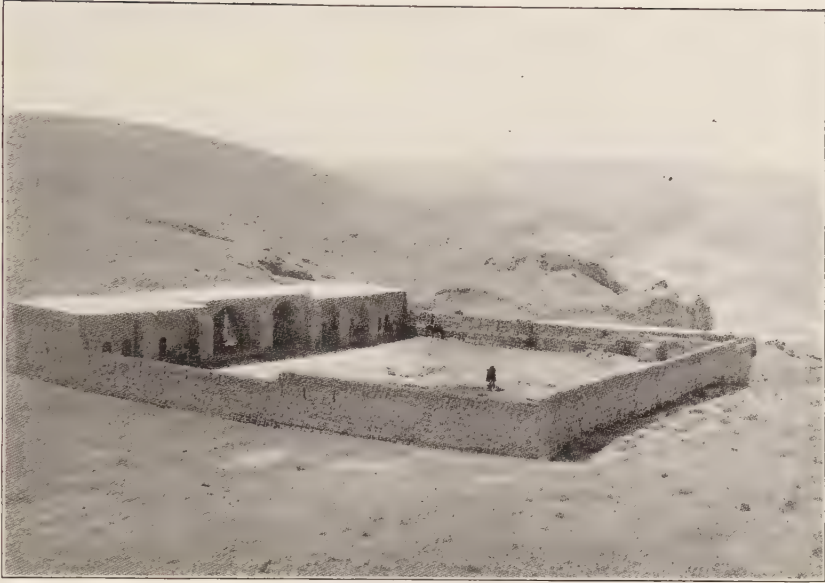


APOSTLES' FOUNTAIN

is called the Apostles' Fountain, doubtless from some tradition not mentioned in Scripture, of the Apostles meeting here. It is thought to be the En Shemesh, Fountain of the Sun, spoken of in Josue xv. 7., as the dividing line between Benjamin and Juda; "The border passeth the waters that are called the Fountain of the Sun." An excellent landmark this, and one that, when the tribes were friendly, would be used like a jointly owned well between two householders, but would likewise be the place of many a pitched battle between jealous herdsmen.

It is a copious spring and a godsend just here, being the only living water accessible until we reach Jericho, so we all dismount, not only to refresh our present thirst but also to fill our water-bottles for the rest of the journey. One must strain the water, however, for leeches are plentiful in this fountain, which are especially troublesome to horses by fastening themselves in their nostrils as they drink, making them frantic, they being powerless to dislodge them without man's help.

This is the leech of Scripture of which Proverbs say, "The horse-leech has two daughters, that say: bring! bring!" Fitting type of the desire for worldly gain, which is insatiate and never says "enough," but continues to suck when full of blood. These creatures are common in many of the springs and streams of Palestine, even in the Jordan, and travellers should



GOOD SAMARITAN INN

be vigilant. This fountain stands on our left as we descend and is enclosed in a large Gothic arch of stone, over a stone basin. On the other side of the road is a public-house of dilapidated architecture, where slender refreshments may be obtained. There is a tradition that here our Lord spoke the words to His Apostles, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all will be accomplished concerning the Son of Man," namely he foretold the minutiae of His passion, of His betrayal, His scourging, His crucifixion and death, yes, and His resurrection, "And on the third day He shall rise again." But this incident belongs rather to some place near Jericho.

From here on the road is much infested by Bedouin bandits. We have seen them pass on their steeds with their long guns and longer spears, fierce looking enough but perhaps quite inoffensive. However, until quite recently, it was customary to obtain a body-guard from the Sheik who resides at Abû Dis, a short distance south. Traveling is safer today and especially if there be a party, a soldier is not needed, though tourists' agents allege that they must pay five dollars for every party conducted through this chief's territory. *Si nummis immunis*, says the Latin palidrome, the backward running sentence. "Give me my fee, and you go free."

Some distance beyond the Apostles Fountain we cross the Wady el Muffak, which opens out to the right, down which an old trail descends

to Khan el Ahmar, Inn of the Red Stones, which is so often confounded with the Khan el Athrou, Inn of the Good Samaritan. The Khan el Ahmar marks the site of the monastery of St. Euthymius, illustrious for its saints and writers; St. Euthymius himself having been instrumental in winning back the Empress Eudoxia and the Oriental monks, from the errors of Eutyches. Beyond it the pilgrim road goes to Neby Mousa, a pilgrim place of the Mohammedans, overlooking the Dead Sea, where there is an annual celebration in April, lasting eight days. On Good Friday it is said they strive to offset the Christian celebration. The Moslems place here the tomb of Moses; which lacks all confirmation, as it is evident that he was buried beyond the Jordan; "The Lord buried him in the land of Moab and no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day." Deut. xxxiv. 6. Soon we cross the Wady Sidr, Thorny Jujube Tree; not found, however, here in nearly the same profusion as around Jericho.

We have now before us a stretch of more level, but more uninteresting road, if anything can be uninteresting connected with this land of the Bible. Our way continues descending, the dust rises in clouds, the white rocks reflect the heat and the great Wady Kelt deepens on the left. After about two hours riding we reach Khan el Athrou, the Inn of the Good Samaritan. Here we are glad to rest, finding a very jolly keeper, a dealer in antiquities and also in refreshments; he knows a little German, and as he runs from customer to customer, telling the prices of his goods "*two francs, heraus mit dem gelt,*" he exclaims, but without waiting for it, passes on to another: "*Demi-franc, heraus mit dem gelt.*" He invites us also into the domestic part of his building, and tells us to "make ourselves homely." We are glad to accept his hospitality for is this not the locality of one of the most instructive parables of Our Lord? "A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers." Nothing could be better fitted for lair of plunderer than this road; it is not so long, either, since travelers have been attacked and robbed. The priest and the Levite passed by; it is the stranger from Samaria who is moved with compassion, uplifts the prostrate man, pours healing into his wounds, conveys him to the inn and arranges for the expenses. "Who is my neighbor?" said the Pharisees, shirking the responsibility. This gives our Lord an opportunity to show the brotherhood of all men. Not as of old "Love your friends, hate your enemies; but I say to you love even your enemies," they, too, are your neighbors. Those Bedouins in yon black tents scattered over the wilderness have yet the lesson to learn. *Vendetta* is still their law. Vengeance on the family of a murderer to many generations. Alas! has Christianity quite conquered this spirit, especially in the South of

our own America. O Good Samaritans of life, station yourselves in the danger spots of the world, continue to pour in the oil and the wine! The Khan is a hollow square; the front being the dwelling and store, sleeping and dining rooms; the other sides, stalls for animals tied; and the courtyard



WADY KELT

for flocks left loose. As usual in such inns there are cushioned divans or lounges around the living room instead of chairs.

On an eminence to our left, as we leave the Inn of the Good Samaritan, we notice a ruined castle called Tallat ed Damm, or the ascent of blood, identified with the city of Adummim, by Mr. Drake, who remarks that the modern name retains the radical elements of Adummim. Does it take its name from the title of opprobrium given to the Royal Psalmist? We can picture to ourselves that it was somewhere through this locality that

gray-haired David rode, fleeing from Absalom, to the refuge of the Jordan wilderness. The lie of the land just suits the recital of 2 Samuel xvi. 3, where we read how Shimei showered down not only stones but curses on the poor fugitive king: "Come out, thou man of blood, thou man of Belial, the Lord repay thee for the blood of the house of Saul." And how pathetic the resignation of David! Although his warriors are to the right and to the left, and though they urge him: "why should this dead dog curse my lord the king," David only answers, "Let him alone, the Lord has bid him curse." "Who shall dare to say, why hath he done so; and perhaps the Lord may look upon my affliction and render me good for the cursing of this day." 2 Kings xvi.

Still deepens the Wady Kelt on our left hand. Is this really the torrent Kerith, where Elias lived, rock-hidden, torrent-refreshed, and raven-fed? It is indeed naturally suited for such a purpose, and Robinson is inclined to accept the identification. There is a remote similarity between Kelt and Kerith, but there is a wady tributary to Kelt called by the Arabs El Krat, where the consonants—the only guide in an etymology without vowels—are still more near to Kerith. We step aside a short distance from the highway and look into the dizzy gorge. Tradition has not failed to keep alive the memory of Elias, for, clinging to the rock face of the north wall, behold the monastery of St. George, inhabited by Greek monks, and, as if to complete the picture, we hear the croak of a raven, and turning round see them rise from gorging themselves on the carcass of a goat. The raven is an "unclean" bird, a carrion eater. Sent out from the Ark before the water had subsided, it could find sustenance to its taste in the floating dead bodies; not so the dove that returns; emblems these ever of those who can or who cannot rest, except in God and truth, "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there," says God to Elias when He exiles himself to the torrent Kerith. "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook." Behold how few are his needs! Those who wish to eliminate the supernatural from Scripture and from life—which they never can—suggest that the Hebrew word for ravens, *Orebim*, may have been a tribe of Arabs. There are several kinds of the raven and the crow. Ancient Jewish writers say that the crow was originally white and was changed to black by its evil habits. This (besides its croak) would stamp it as the bird of remorse.

But if the color is a punishment there are some that have not sinned so deeply, for there is a gray crow with quite a band of nearly white; these are the most common of all birds in the Orient. The *Corvidæ*, with their cousins the *Vulturidæ* are the scavengers of Palestine, and their scent for

blood is particularly acute. These are probably the birds translated as Eagles: "Wheresoever the carcass is, there shall the Eagles be gathered together." Matt. xxiv. Their punctuality (rivaling our union men) of flying home at sunset, gave the Jews, before the advent of clocks, the moment when one day ended and another began.

To return to our bird's-eye view of the Wady Kelt. We look down into a precipitous, dizzy gorge, 300 feet deep, with sides rising almost sheer from the bottom. Singularly wild as is the whole surrounding it attains its climax at the monastery. What a remarkable situation for a monastery! What wondrous isolation in these Oriental convents! What silence for contemplation! What perfect detachment from the noise of life! Monastic life in the West is in the whirl of worldly gaiety compared to that of these anchorites of the rocky solitudes. Is it really a penitentiary for Greek priests, as the Protestant guide books say? I learned it was quite voluntary. How do they obtain the necessities of life? This can only be understood by remembering how few are the actual necessities; that truth is brought home everywhere in Palestine. What are necessities of life? In the affluence of America, many have come to reckon as necessary, not only the comforts, but even the luxuries. One needs to travel in such lands as this to realize that "man wants but little here below." Here the majority of the population have no shelter but a blackened tent of skins. Their clothes are of the scantiest and they never take them off; their daily food is *Durrah* bread, black and saltless. A handful of peas or beans, a pot of herbs, very rarely a "lamb or a kid from the flock." Dates and nuts and other fruits they have occasionally. But oh! the glories of life that the intelligent traveler enjoys here in this land of the God-Man! We almost miss seeing any paradox in the exclamation "Give me the splendors of life, and I will not ask the necessities."

Hospitality is more than a politeness in these lands, it is a cardinal virtue, it is a vital obligation; to deny it would often mean death, and if the Arab host is very reticent in speaking of his own affairs, especially of his wife and family, he is still more particular to not wound hospitality by making inquiries into yours. In At Tabaris history there is a characteristic story of a man who had claimed hospitality in an Arab tent and had lived on through the life of father and son, and when the grandson asked his father what the guest's name was he received a rebuke for his curiosity. "My son, in my father's time he came; my father grew old and died and this visitor stayed on under my protection, and I too have grown old, but in all these years we have never asked him his name nor why he sought us; neither do thou ask till he wishes to speak for himself."

But these Greek monks of Deir el Kelt are not without comfort; looking down in the dizzy gorge with our field glass, we see they possess quite an orchard and a garden through which flows the sparkling water of Ain Kelt. Their convent home clings like a swallow's nest to the precipitous cliff and the hill is perforated with caves which once formed the *laura* of John of Coziba; their chapel possesses some interesting frescoes, representing the life of St. Joachim, who, tradition relates, prayed here. We remark the remains of a bridge that spans the chasm sixty-nine feet above the water, and of aqueducts at different levels of the cliff's side, with pathways up and down where the anchorites travel.

While on the subject of the location of Kerith we must mention El Yabis, an hour's journey from El Estib in Samaria, the traditional birth-place of Elias the Thisbite, which some authorities consider the more probable site of Elias' solitude, as corresponding better with 3 Kings xvii, 3.

The Wady, or Nahr el Kelt, which we have skirted, is doubtless the boundary line between Juda on the south and Benjamin on the north, as laid down by Josue xv. 57, and our descent "that going up to Adummim, which is on the south side of the river," and which city Adummim (meaning blood) the authorities place back towards Khan el Athrour, probably from the red soil in that locality.

At last we have come to the brow of the Judean mountains that overlook the valley of the Jordan. The whole prospect is now changed; the Wady Kelt has left us, having deflected to the north, and outspread before us is the wonderful plain of Jericho. We love bird's-eye views. They give us not only a far sight over geography, but also over history. If the prevailing color of the landscape has been dusty-gray, white limestone seamed with black flint in narrow veins twisted and contorted, sometimes in wavy lines of beauty, sometimes turned in almost perfect arch mouldings with brown depths in the wadies, and radiant white in the sun-kissed cliff, we now notice three distinct belts of color: yellow, the sands of the plain below us; green, the vegetation, Jordan-watered with an occasional gleam of silver through it—the river itself; purple, the mountains of Moab, from whose eminence Moses saw the land he was not to enter.

The sandy desert is seamed by gullies and crossed by aqueducts, that evidently brought water to the Jerichos of different eras, and one of which still supplies modern Jericho, Er Riha, which shows as an island in the sandy sea, the only inhabited spot in the entire plain. The refreshing green belt is called by Jeremiah, the "Glory of Jordan," and indeed what could be fitter than verdure for a halo in this golden barrenness. Beyond the green, the purple of the mountains of Moab and Gilead, is cut by



CHAPEL AT JERICO



ANCIENT JERICO

several ravines. Arnon and Zerka, Jabbok and Yarmuk bring down their floods to the Jordan, but the intervening forest jungles hide today their debouchure. Hardly distinguishable in the mist beyond are mounts Pisgah and Nebo, twenty-eight hundred feet high, and further north Mount Ajlun thirty-five hundred feet high, none of them, however, towering aloft in their importance as our imagination has pictured them.

From our vantage point we can see the site of the three Jerichos. The Canaanite city was at Ain es Sultan; the modern city, dating from the Crusaders time, at Er Riha, the windy; to the left of these, and consequently between them and where we stand, was the Jericho of Herod—the city that our Lord knew. Further to the right and nearer to Jordan was Gilgal, marked by one lone tamarisk tree, the first halting place of the Israelites after they entered the Promised Land. Ending the view to the south, the gleaming mirror of the Dead Sea, making the valley of the Jordan appear like a huge thermometer, the Jordan river its tube, and the Dead Sea its bulb of silver, and beyond all, the hills of Moab, sun-kissed and hazy, their summits “a straight line traced by a trembling hand,” as Lamartine puts it.

The road now becoming quite precipitous, we are glad to dismount and lead our horses. Off to the left is the dark gorge of the Kelt, here apparently a perennial stream, two ruined castle-like buildings, Beit Jebar el Fokani, Upper Jebar; and Beit Jebar et Tahtani, Lower Jebar; marking, perhaps, the site of Cypros, which Herod built above the town in honor of his mother and which once defended the pass. We are now in what is styled the Ghor or depression of the Jordan; we have descended three thousand feet since leaving Jerusalem, and are nearly four hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, but the Dead Sea is still more than eight hundred feet lower, and seven or eight miles distant, though it appears only about one. We are now in a semi-tropical climate. Only this morning we left Jerusalem covered with snow, here we are oppressed by the heat. On our right are the ruins called Khirbet Kakoun, and a large dry pond, five hundred and sixty by four hundred and sixty feet, fed at one time by an aqueduct from Nahr el Kelt; it is called Birket Mousa. On the north are two artificial mounds, Tellul Abû el Aliek considered the Thrax and Tauros which Pompey destroyed near Jericho. Here then was the Jericho of the New Testament, and where early pilgrims pointed out the sycamore which Zaccheus, short of stature, climbed in order to see our Lord. In the sixth century St. Antoninus speaks of this tree as being enclosed in an oratory, but with its head projecting out through the roof; in Christian times Justinian built here a church, and later, Carmelites, Benedictines and Basilians had convents here. We enjoy reading of these events in the very

localities; we read in Luke xix "and running before he climbed up into a sycamore tree and when Jesus was come to the place, looking up He saw him, and said to him, Zaccheus make haste and come down, for this day I must remain in thy house; and he came down and received Him joyfully, and when all saw Him they murmured saying, that He was gone to be a guest with a man who was a sinner, but Zaccheus standing, said to the Lord: Behold Lord! I give to the poor the half of my goods, and if I have wronged anyone of anything I restore it four-fold. Jesus said to him, 'this day salvation is come to thy house.' " We remark that the tree here spoken of is not the plain tree that goes by that name but the sycamine fig tree, which with its low spreading branches, makes easy ladder to climb and convenient perch on which to sit.

We turn now to Mark x and read: "and as He went out of Jericho, with His disciples, and a very great crowd, the son of Timeus, Bartimeus, the blind man, sat by the wayside begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and to say: Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. And many charged him to be silent; but he cried out much more: Son of David have mercy on me. And Jesus stopped and commanded him to be called. And they called the blind man, saying to him: Take courage: rise, He calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, leaped up, and came to Him. And Jesus answered and said to him: What wilt thou that I should do for thee? And the blind man said to Him: Rabboni, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus saith to him: Go! thy faith hath healed thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Him."

We may find the whole mystery of prayer in the dialogue between Jesus and the blind son of Timeus. The necessity of laying our petition before God who already knows it; the perseverance in spite of the remonstrances of the crowd; the trust that is confident of mercy.

*Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho, in darkness waits.*

Still is this true, not only the physically blind, of whom we see so many specimens in Palestine, but the spiritually blind all over the universe, who require the healing of God.

If this naked plain spread out between us and the Quarantana mountain be truly Herod's Jericho, very little remains to show its beauty or greatness; it was probably built of perishable material, *adobe* or poor brick, which now have crumbled to earth, like Herod himself who died here; and being a garden rather than a city would be spread out and not show any accumula-

tion like the *tell* of cities. It must, however, have been a paradise of delight; it was sometimes called the City of Palms, which were common until the seventh century, when they almost entirely disappeared, but which of late years are being planted, and modern Er Riha will soon be again a flourishing oasis in the Jordan valley. Here are found the products of the temperate and of the tropic zone. Jericho is especially noted for its balsam gardens; here flourish the Henna, and the Rose of Jericho for beauty, corn and sugar-cane for food. Beautiful it must have been when Mark Anthony presented it to Cleopatra, the Queen of Beauty.

The son of Sirach compares wisdom to a palm-tree and to a Rose-plant in Jericho—stateliness and beauty. The so-called Rose of Jericho, which is now an article of export by pilgrims as a curiosity, the *Anastatica hierochuntica*, is a dry and withered plant which opens and re-flowers when set in water, thereby getting its name, meaning Resurrection plant. It is not found now around Jericho, nor can I believe that this miserable little plant is the one referred to in Scripture as the Rose of Jericho. I would rather think that the real rose grew here in profusion. M. de Saulcy in his *Journey Round the Red Sea* found a flower which, in the Middle Ages, was reckoned as the Rose of Jericho; it resembles a large daisy, and is the *Asteriskus*.

After fording the narrow Kelt, we arrive at the modern Jericho. Thirty years ago it was but a group of wretched hovels, inhabited by a mixed and degraded race; many of the dwellings still are the most squalid found anywhere in this land of squalor, being rude piles of stones chinked with mud and covered with rough brush-wood, but since our last visit the village has wonderfully improved. It is the seat of a Mudir. The Russians have a beautiful hospice for their pilgrims; the Turks a Seraglio for the government employees, an Ottoman post office and telegraph station. The Greeks have a church, and the Latins a beautiful chapel, almost hidden among palm-trees and cypresses. There is, however, no resident priest, and those wishing to say Mass here should arrange beforehand with the Franciscans in Jerusalem. There are also two very comfortable hotels, the *Jordan* and the *Belle vue*, and several Turkish restaurants. We stopped at the *Belle vue*.

As we are to remain here over night, some of us at the hotel and some in camp at the Ain es Sultan, our Mukârî has arranged for an entertainment for our benefit, by a band of Bedouins performing their native dance. The benefit, however, is theirs, for we must pay half a mejideh apiece. We all assemble in the courtyard of the hotel at dusk; there is a gathering of about twenty natives, and forming themselves into a circle, they exhibit

their barbaric dance. One woman at a time performs; they are scantily clothed in a one-piece flowing *abba*; they handle a murderous looking long sword with which they make passes at those around, swaying and stooping, swinging the weapon above their heads and accompanying the whole with occasional shrieks which chill the marrow; the rest of the Arabs are all swaying their bodies keeping time with the *tom-tom*, clapping their hands and joining in the unexpected and thrilling yells. They are the most debased looking set of men and women to be found anywhere in the land of Christ.

Thinking that we had a calling acquaintance we took a stroll the next day, dropping into one of the wretched hovels where the inmates appeared not too repelling. Living is reduced to its lowest terms here. A rude pile of stones laid together without mortar, roofed with brush-wood supported on poles, for lawns and flower beds, thickets of prickly pear at which goats are nibbling and in which chickens are roosting. Inside, furniture of the rudest and scantiest and dirtiest, a few pans and kettles, a rude stool or two, but the inmates mostly seated on the mud floor or at best on a mat, sleeping in the one garment worn continually until it falls off, their food black bread and raw onions, with no light except from the door, it is doubtful if they have the groat to lose or the candle to light "until they find it and rejoice with their neighbors." Luke xv. 8.

We witness to-day an Arab courting. It was in the expanse of sand around a ruinous dwelling. We could not see the bride but neither could her lover. She was there at the upper window doubtless, but her face was veiled. His courtship was not words of wooing, it was not a serenade of song; it was a display of horsemanship, and magnificent horsemen these Arabs are. Scores of times he careered round the dwelling, shot out into the open and returned, throwing up a javelin and catching it again, picking up articles from the ground without dismounting or slacking his speed, and ever saluting the invisible *inamorata*. Amor speed his suit!

Ancient Jericho is thought to have been situated not far from the Fountain of Eliseus near the Mount of Temptation; to this spring we will now proceed. We pass through the dirty market place by the delapidated tower of the Bashibazouks, and the refreshing greenness of the Latin chapel, through lanes bordered with *Nubk* and thickets of *Solanum Sodomeum* that look like gigantic potato plants grown into trees, with their yellow flowers and potato-balls that turn red. We are now in the lot of Benjamin, "Benjamin a ravening wolf, in the morning he shall devour the prey and in the evening he shall divide the spoil." Gen. xlix. 27.

The rapacious victories of this tribe are foretold, but also the spiritual conquests, Kenrick remarking that "St. Paul of this tribe in early life raged like a ravenous wolf, but afterwards shared with others the spiritual spoils of the Apostles of Christ." These words might also mean that Benjamin rose to great height when it gave to Israel its first king, Saul, but declined when Judah annexed Jerusalem. About one and one-half miles brings us to the Ain es Sultan, Eliseus' Fountain, and one of the finest in Palestine. It issues from under a great mound to the west and north; much more picturesque when it gushed from the hillside in its natural abandon, it is now cribbed, cabined and confined in a long stone tank, adding to its usefulness, but destroying much of its beauty. Thirty years ago we found natives bathing in it in its solitude, now there is a resident family here, a keeper doubtless, who operates a small mill and regulates the flow of the water in the different irrigating canals that lead the life-giving element to the poorly tended patches of wheat, millet, indigo, maize and beans of the native peasants. The water is about 80° Fahrenheit and abounds in fish. Our tents are pitched here for the night as many prefer the tents to the hotel, and a finer camping ground could not be obtained for examining the localities adjacent, or, if ambitious, of climbing the Quarantine hills for the sunrise.

This spring of Eliseus is the one that the prophet cured of its bitterness by casting salt into it with the invocation: "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters that there may not be any more death therein," 4 Kings ii, 21. The priesthood of the new dispensation blesses holy water every Sunday, putting into it blessed salt. Who can fail to see a continuation in the Catholic Church of the Old Testament ceremonial? Our Lord must have repeatedly drank of this spring. He, who so often used material objects as the vehicle of spiritual blessing.

How strangely Elias seeks to evade Eliseus at Gilgal (which was a place in Samaria, not the Gilgal on the Jericho plain) saying: "Stay thou here, the Lord sends me to Bethel;" at Bethel he said again: "Stay here: the Lord has sent me as far as Jericho;" at Jericho a third time: "Stay thou here, the Lord sends me to the Jordan." 4 Kings ii. Eliseus forewarned of God and man that his master is to be taken up, sticks to him like a relation, ever ready with his persistent reply, "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee;" and he merits his reward.

There was a school of the prophets at Jericho, "and fifty men, sons of the prophets, followed them in sight at a distance, but they two went on together and stood by the Jordan. And Elias took his mantle and folded it together and struck the waters; and they were divided hither

and thither; and they both passed over on dry ground. And when they were gone over, Elias said to Eliseus: Ask what thou wilt have me to do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Eliseus said: I beseech thee that thy double spirit may be on me. And he answered: Thou hadst asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, thou shalt have what thou hast asked: but if thou see me not, thou shalt not have it. We must be attentive to God's favors at the right moment, 'or they pass. And as they went on, walking and talking together, behold, a fiery chariot and fiery horses parted them both asunder: and Elias went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

"And Eliseus saw him, and cried: My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the driver thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own garments and rent them in two pieces. And he took up the mantle of Elias, which fell from him: and going back he stood upon the bank of the Jordan. And he struck the waters with the mantle of Elias, which had fallen from him: (and they were not divided.) And he said: Where is now the God of Elias? And he struck the waters and they were divided hither and thither: and Eliseus passed over. And the sons of the prophets at Jericho, who were over against him, seeing it, said: The spirit of Elias hath rested upon Eliseus. And coming to meet him they paid obedience to him, falling to the ground." 4 Kings ii.

We may feel reasonably certain that this *tell* to the west of the spring is the remains of ancient Jericho, the double mound of which it is composed was extensively excavated in 1908 under the auspices of the German Orient Society, which confirmed and extended the finding of Capt. Warren in 1868, that here are the remains of a very ancient city. Their account is as follows: "The ruins are on a terrace which rises about thirty or forty feet above the plain. It is of an oval shape, extending about thirteen hundred feet from north to south, and six hundred feet from east to west. On this little plateau there are seven mounds, about thirty or forty feet high. On one of them a Canaanitic fort, the best preserved on record, was discovered. Besides a strong tower of brick it contained seventeen rooms in three stories. On the next hill a castle had been hewn out of the rock. The city wall everywhere follows the edge of the plateau. It consists of huge blocks which rise to fifteen feet, supporting another row of narrower blocks on which stood a brick wall. The latter was probably between twenty-five and thirty feet high. The average thickness was seven feet. Though the excavation is not half finished, the conclusion can be safely drawn that there was on this place an ancient Canaanitic city, existing before the Israelites had conquered the land. The remains show that it must have been

destroyed at the beginning of the Israelitic period and lain in ruins for several hundred years. At the time when Jewish civilization was at its height a new settlement seems to have arisen which was inhabited even after the Babylonian exile, perhaps until the time of the Maccabees. Again in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era there seems to have been some villas here. Thus the excavations prove the exactness of Holy Scripture, which tells us that the city was destroyed under Josue and cursed by God; that contrary to God's will it was rebuilt under the wicked king Achaz, and that the curse was fulfilled (3 Kings xvi. 34). The sacred writer does not make any statement about the duration of this new Jericho. But the remains also give the best explanation why the courage of the intrepid Israelitic warriors sank at the sight of the formidable structure on the elevation."

Here then was the first conquest of the Hebrews on entering the Promised Land. A little by-play precedes the capture of Jericho. Two spies are sent by Josue to view the land and the city. They are entertained at the house of one Rahab, called the Harlot, which some hold to mean merely the inn-keeper. When the king of Jericho would have arrested the spies, Rahab hides them from him, "covering them up with stalks of flax, on the roof of her home," knowing, as she says, that God has given the land to the Israelites, and she beseeches them to show mercy to her even as she has shown to them. A scarlet cord which has been their passport to escape is to be displayed on her house when the sack of the city commences. All which is faithfully kept by the army of Josue when they enter the city. "But Josue saved Rahab the harlot and her father's house and all she had and they dwelt in the midst of Israel until this present day, because she hid the messengers whom he had sent to spy out Jericho." Josue vi. 25.

Although Jericho was not architecturally a great city, it was still strongly walled and must have been a lovely residence place, watered by the two great springs Ain es Sultan and Ain Dûk a mile and a half further north, and the river Kelt not far off, whose waters were preserved in a large reservoir; and with the Jordan itself only five miles away, its vegetation was luxuriant, yes, almost tropical. The hardiest of grain and fruit ripened two weeks in advance of the upper hill country, and hence the first fruits for the Temple at Jerusalem were obtained here. Leviticus xxiii.

Jericho was famous for its honey, one of the rewards which the desert-wandering Jews had in their vision of the Promised Land; the balsam—far-famed Balm of Gilead—was also a valuable product, rare and costly, indeed beyond price and no longer found in Gilead, so that Herod cultivated the groves after Cleopatra, who had received them from crazy Mark An-

tony as a lover's unconsidered gift. Henna, the dye with which women redden their finger-nails, with a dab for cheek and chin and sometimes for the palm of the hand, grows here; it is the *Lawsonia alba*. According to our ideals it does not add to their beauty, but Mohammed dyed his beard with it and it became fashionable, so much so that horses' manes as well as men's hair are colored with it. It is perhaps the *camphire* of the Song of Solomon, and it is said to aid in keeping the hands and feet cool. Palm trees waved their plumes above this city, and the fig and olive and the pomegranate encircled it; indeed Jericho went by the name of the City of Palms, that wonderful tree "with its feet in the water and its head in the fire," as one writer says. All these flourished without labor and in the middle ages, if not earlier, sugar was raised here as attested by the sugar mills not far distant; indeed our word sugar comes from the *zuccara* that the Crusaders first tasted at Jericho. Josephus relates that it was "a divine region covered with beautiful gardens and groves of palm of different kinds for twenty *stadia* north and south and twenty from the east to west.

No wonder the ancient inhabitants would not give up their city without a struggle, but was city ever won in such a marvelous way? "Go round about the city, all ye fighting men, once a day for six days." So the Ark was carried round for six days in silence. "And on the seventh day the priests shall take the seven trumpets—the trumpets of Jubilee—and shall go before the Ark of the Covenant and ye shall go about the city seven times and the priests shall sound the trumpets, and when the trumpet shall give a longer blast all the people shall shout together and the walls of the city shall fall." And it was done. And all were destroyed, only Rahab. But no private gain was to accrue from this, the Lord's victory. "Beware lest ye touch aught and bring a curse upon the camp of Israel. But gold and silver and brass let them be confiscated to the Lord and laid up in His treasury." Only one man—Achan—disobeys, and when Josue recognizes that his defeat by the men of Ai has been caused by the theft of Achan—a goodly scarlet cloak and two hundred shekels of gold and a golden wedge of fifty shekels—the transgressor and his family and his possessions were stoned and burned in the valley of Achor—so called to this day, Josue vii. This is doubtless the Wady Kelt. "And the wrath of the Lord was turned away."

The great leader of the Israelites, Josue, after the walls of Jericho were demolished uttered a curse against the man who would rebuild the city; "May its foundations fall on his first born and its gates on the last of his children." Josue vi. 26. How ingenious in curses was this Hebrew people! How sweetly the beatitudes came in later, and how the natives, even

to-day, follow the ancient custom in their strange and long-winded cursing. During the reign of Achab, Hiel of Bethel undertook to rebuild Jericho, and the Holy Book tells us "In Abiram his first-born he laid its foundations and in his youngest son Segul he set up its gates." We might not have understood that this was the fulfilment of the malediction if the sacred writer had not added: "according to the word of the Lord, which he spoke by Josue the son of Nun." 3 Kings, xvi.

Tradition places here the tomb of Jephtha's daughter; it was probably from here (where was the school of the prophets) that she went out to meet her victorious father, with timbrels and with dances. Judges xi. 34.

O meeting that clouds his triumph! Jephtha had vowed to God to sacrifice the first living creature he meets, and that first one in her eagerness is his own and only darling. Must he fulfill his vow? She gives the answer:

*Since our country, our God, oh my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire,
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!
And the voice of my mourning is o'er;
And the mountains behold me no more;
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!
And of this, oh, my father! be sure,
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.
Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!
When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!*

We do not need to conclude that the judge actually slew his child; for good authorities are of the opinion that the vow would only bind to dedicate the object to God in the way suitable for that object; it would be a knife-stab for a beast, it would be the burning of a holocaust, it would be eating the first fruits, it would be dedicating to the service of God in the Temple in the case of a person.

Although Byron makes it appear a human, bloody sacrifice, the sacred writer hints the contrary, in the girl's not bemoaning her death but lamenting that she would never be a mother, which was the grand, elemental desire of every Hebrew maiden, and peculiarly touching in her case as she had neither brother nor sister to perpetuate the line. "Let me go about the mountains for two months that I may bewail my virginity." And still from year to year the daughters of Israel assemble and lament the daughter of Jephtha the Galaadite. *Ibid* 40.

Westward from Eliseus' fountain we see the rocky face of the Jebel Kuruntul, the Quarantine mountain, the traditional site of our Lord's forty days' fast, and of His conflict with Satan.

Since the Evangelists place the fasting immediately after the baptism in the Jordan, it is natural to suppose that this region hereabout is the desert or wilderness to which our Lord repaired. Either word for us is misleading: one suggests to our imagination a level waste of sand, the other an impenetrable forest. But this desert of Judea is mountainous, rocky, lifeless, treeless, truly the "*Terra invia et inaquosa*," the land wayless and waterless.

"He was led by the spirit into the desert." Matt. iv. 1. By what spirit? Was it the evil spirit? The same who afterward tempted Him? Or was it the Holy Ghost who led Him to this solitude? It was doubtless the latter—the Spirit of God, who leads chosen souls away from the distraction of the world, not indeed where they will be exempt from the spiritual fight, but where they will be strengthened to overcome and fulfill their mission.

The ruggedness of granite hill and the immensity of sky and ocean and the mountain wind, these are councilors that feelingly persuade us. If man would withdraw periodically from the world and the maddening crowd how much more sanely he would view the great verities! How often is it in the loneliness of a walk in the forest or over moor or under the silent stars that great thoughts have come to men! Thoughts that have changed their lives and influenced the current of history.

Although Herod's Jericho was not far distant this mountainous region was without inhabitants in the time of our Lord. Since the time of Constantine, however, it, together with the Wady en Nar at Mar Saba, and Wady Kelt, as we have seen at St. George's convent, have been populated more or less by hermits and monks, anchorites fleeing from the dangers of war or from the allurements of the world to "make their souls" in scenes sanctified by the Saviour's presence.

Arduous as is the climb, we surely must not shrink from one-half day of what is the constant life of these recluses. We leave, therefore, the fountain for the mountain.

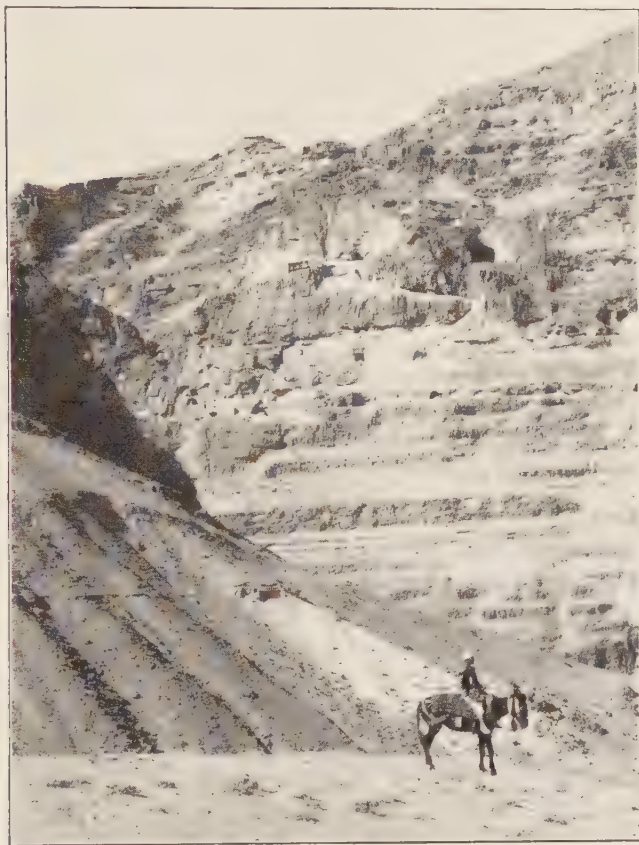
Passing the ruins of the sugar-mills, and after being well scratched by the brambles and thorns, through which we are obliged to push our way, and passing the remains of ancient aqueducts, that brought water from Ain Dûk two and one-half miles to the northward, we arrive at the foot of Jebel Kuruntul. The Wady Deinun separates it from the hill Kheil to the south. What a sight the rocky face of the mountain presents! Nearly a thousand feet of perpendicular cliff, and half-way up clusters of stone excrescences that appear from afar the home of sand martens or barn swallows, but on nearer approach these holes in the mountain with buttressed walls clinging to the steep rock are human habitations. Here dwell Greek monks coming for penance and for prayer. We ascend in single file by a giddy path—a *wolkensteg*, Goethe would call it, a cloud's ladder—where one must needs have the sure-footedness of the mountain goat. We proceed, crawling along paths only just large enough to let a man pass and now slippery with the rain, sometimes through a tunneled shaft in a projecting rock. Our Arab guide, I notice, has left his shoes behind. A wise precaution! We are welcomed by the monks and hermits who here keep alive the tradition of our Saviour's fast and struggle; yes, they too must of necessity often imitate the fast, for everything they eat and drink and use must be brought up these break-neck paths on the dizzy side of the cliff. On what do they subsist? It is probably solely on the alms of pilgrims, a very poor and uncertain means of living. In ancient times the tithes of Jericho were theirs, but now they have neither farm nor garden, only a few house-plants to relieve the sombreness of their dwelling. They have a good-sized chapel in the principal grotto said to have been inhabited by our Lord, and there are still visible some old paintings from the piety of St. Helen.

There is little probability that our Lord would choose such a cave so difficult of approach. He would be further away in the hills. So we put this down as merely commemorative. To enter this chapel we are obliged to mount on a man's shoulder through an aperture in the rock above our heads.

In the twelfth century this mountain belonged to the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre and there was an order founded to inhabit it—Brothers of the forty days.

In this mountain, according to St. Antonious, lived a community of virgins, each in her own rock-cut chamber, which on the death of each one was converted into her sepulchre. Following our host to the community, dining-rooms the monks offer us refreshments, which we decline, making the excuse that we have just breakfasted, for really it would be a shame to consume any particle of what these poor men possess and have carried thither

with such labor. We add our little offering and read the fourth chapter of St. Luke. We manage to poise ourselves on a balcony overhanging the chasm below to feast our eyes on the magnificent panorama of the plain of Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Gilead and Moab.



QUARANTANA

Away above us is the summit of the Kuruntul, the traditional site of the very high mountain, one phase of the Temptation, but we are not obliged to think it was in this locality; we would rather suppose that as space is nothing to spiritual beings, even diabolical ones, it would be where the view was more extended than here.

One of the monks offers to accompany us and assist us to the top of this Quarantine mountain. We emerge in the rear of one of these marten

nesses and scrambling upward, are rewarded by an inspiring view. The Jordan is visible at several places, and always the gleaming lake of Sodom. Is this really the site of the Temptation? There is something peculiarly exhilarating in the outlook from a high mountain. A wider view of "all the kingdoms of the world," the Saviour in His human nature was doubtless given in that moment of trial. "All these will I give Thee, if falling down Thou wilt adore me." The devil offering to give the world to God! To Him who made all the worlds! But Satan uses the same deceits to-day, promising what he cannot give, promising enjoyment, giving satiety; promising earth, losing for us both earth and heaven; promising apples of the Hesperides, giving Dead Sea fruit.

Threefold was to be our Saviour's warning: against "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Threefold is the temptation: the flesh, the world, the devil. "Command that these stones be made bread." If the rocks that cumber land and road in this Palestine were converted to loaves of bread, the whole world could eat; but "man liveth not by bread alone, but by the words that proceed from the mouth of God," and the stones take up the sentences of that mouth,—there are sermons in stones, and nowhere are they more eloquent than in the Holy Land, where "rocks their silence break and the sound prolong" of that Voice that spoke here to the ages. This cliff itself throws an admirable echo to the valley below.

Ary Scheffer has given us a fine picture of the Temptation. The Tempter, blackened and restless, saying with voice and gesture "cast thyself down," which is ever the motto of evil—Christ all light, in calm dignity, with finger up-pointing, saying: *Sursum Corda!* always the voice of God.

We might expect when man has conquered his appetites by prayer and fasting that he would be free from Satanic suggestion. Not so! As long as we are on earth temptation is our portion.

"No one ever rode past this way but has listened to the honey-sweet singing of our lips," say the sirens to Ulysses, "No one but stays pleased, however wise he may have been, for we know all things done in the wide Trojan plain, by the will of God, and we know what things take place in the much-nourished earth."

The double temptation, to know the things of God and of earth! Compare "ye shall be as gods" of the primal tempter.

After traveling north about a mile, there are indications that we are near the site of Castle Doch, where in 136 B. C. Simon Maccabeus was assassinated by order of his son-in-law Ptolemy. 1 Maccabees xvi. 16 The



ELISEUS' SPRING

EXCAVATIONS AT JERICO

name is preserved for history and geography by Ain Dûk, a fine spring, larger even than Ain es Sultan, which together with Ain Nawaimeh watered this valley of Nawaimeh and was carried by aqueducts to scatter its blessings further.

East of Ain Dûk is a *Mukam* or Mussulman sanctuary dedicated to Imam Ali, the Josue of Arab legend; and Daniel the Russian visited here a church on the spot where St. Michael the fighting Archangel appeared to Josue the fighting Leader.

Still further north there were irrigating canals, six miles away in the Wady el Aujeh, the spring and the surface waters of which were led both northward in five branches a mile apart, and southward as far as old Jericho; the whole region hereabouts was consequently a network of irrigating channels. This accounts for its showing the luxuriousness of Josephus' account. Even in the days of Eliseus the inhabitants say to the Prophet: "Behold my lord, the situation of this city is very good, but the waters are very bad." 4 Kings ii. 19. They would consequently appreciate his benefaction of healing them.

Here at Ain Dûk we glance up Wady Nawaimeh and further north where the hills recede to the Wady el Aujeh.

These valleys now so peaceful have seen pursuers and pursued.

How great the changes that have passed upon all this region! These quiet fountains, which now pour forth their abundant streams in solitude and unobserved, must have witnessed stirring scenes in the olden times when Israel's warriors crowded around them to quench their thirst, as

"they fled before the men of Ai." It was probably over the rough mountains above, and through this rugged ravine of Wady Nawaimeh, that "there went up" against Ai "thirty thousand men," and down this same wady they fled, by a feint drawing off the defenders of Ai and Bethel, chased by the men of those cities, for this would be the direct route to the camp at Gilgal. Up this same wady, again, I suppose, and Wady el Aujeh, the main army marched for the second attack when Josue arose, and all the people of war, to go up against Ai, and partake in the victory won by those whom Josue had sent away by night to "lie in wait against the city." Josue viii. It was by this same route also that "Josue ascended and went up from Gilgal by night," in swift response to the appeal for help from the Gibeonites; and he came upon their enemies suddenly, and utterly routed them. Wady Kelt offered the shortest road to Gibeon from Gilgal; but that would have brought the army of Josue too near Jerusalem; then, and for centuries afterwards, the stronghold of the Jebusites.

This evening we had our Dragoman assemble a band of the natives to give us a concert; their musical instruments were of the most primitive, two pieces of bamboo side by side, with holes like a fife for wind, and a gourd covered with parchment for a drum. The first is doubtless the "flute" of that repeated assembly of instruments at the court of King Nebuchadnezzar, "When ye shall hear the sound of the trumpet and of the flute and of the harp and of the sackbut, and of the psaltery and of the symphony, and of all kinds of music, fall down and adore the golden statue." Daniel iii. 5. After such an enumeration there seems a touch of braggadocio in adding "all kinds of musical instruments" besides.

The drum is probably the timbrel of Miriam's heroic chant. "So Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances." Exodus xv. 20. And she exults in her canticle!

*Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free!
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horses all sunk in the sea.*

Again when the daughter of Jairus is raised to life, it is the timbrel that is making a rout—it is the instrument of dance music.

Some on the list are difficult of identification, they were doubtless rude and primitive, all of them, but so important is music, "the most expensive



GILGAL

of all noises," as Gautier calls it, that holy writ records: "Jubal was the father of those who play upon the harp and the organ." Gen. iv. 21.

The harp is especially the instrument of King David and of religious service; it was doubtless quite a simple thing by the side of the works of art our dealers show, and our convent girls play on; it was more like the lyre of Apollo.

The symphony, whose name indicates several tones struck together, may represent the zither of the Alps.

*Fair goes the dancing when the zither's tuned;
Tune us the zither neither high nor low,
And we will dance away the lives of men.*

says Sir Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia." It seems an echo of Solomon's prayer: "Give me neither riches nor poverty." Prov. xxx. 8.

The sackbut was probably a sort of bagpipe.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE JORDAN

Every day of our Holy Land pilgrimage is a red letter day, but this one possesses a particular radiance, for we are to see the Jordan, that river that runs to no place, has no harbor, no boats, no city of importance on its banks, flowing through a desert, a trench between mountains rising fifteen hundred feet on the west, and two thousand feet on the east,—it is still the river that flows through all hearts. How many have dreamed of it! How many have wished to be able to say, "On Jordan's stormy banks I've strayed." So we have all in readiness by earliest daylight and turn our horses eastward over the plain, right glad to abandon Jericho. We cross the stream formed by the water of Ain es Sultan, and keeping Nahr el Kelt to our right, soon arrive at Birket Jiljulieh, the site of Gilgal, where the Israelites camped on first crossing the Jordan into the Land of Promise.

We have come down the valley of Achor, named in the Bible the valley of trouble, perhaps from the punishment that Achan incurred. Josue vii. 19. Jericho and Gilgal were in Benjamin just over the border from Judea. Close by is an ancient pool where a church stood in the eighth century and St. Paula saw the twelve stones of the Jordan and St. Arculph also saw them in the seventh century preserved in a church; it is not known what became of them. This region is spacious, as would be necessary for a people two million strong, probably with their herds and flocks. Why are so few remains of a Hebrew city visible here? Because there was none. It was merely an army basis whence they went out to the conquest of a promised land, and later a sanctuary whither they repaired once a year; they would consequently live in tents. Here the Ark of the Covenant rested for six years; here the manna ceased; now they must fight and work their own salvation—even as in the first years of a man's conversion God often showers graces upon him, leaving him later to his own exertions.

From here Israel went up to the conquest of a home; it had learned from its two hundred years of exile in Egypt, where they were hewers of wood and drawers of water for the stranger; they had learned from the forty years of wandering, of independent poverty in the wilderness, that a beautiful habitation and a home of one's own is one of the greatest of divine blessings granted on earth. Their campaign rested on the divine will and promise and it embodied a universal truth; the Canaanites, on the

contrary, had by their own fault forfeited God's favor. "The kingdom shall be taken away and given to one who will render the fruits." "Bring forth fruits worthy or I will take thy candle-stick out of its place," says St. John in the Apocalypse. The Canaanites had become unworthy. Sinking deeper and deeper into moral degradation they must fall before a nation roused to higher life by the breath of a God. Such is the record and moral of all history.

It seems a strange thing, nevertheless, this entering others' land and taking it from them forcibly, and that by the express command of the God who said: "Thou shalt not steal." I think that the instruction from on high is the key to the whole situation, the "Earth is the Lord's" and He can take as He can give. Moreover, in the last analysis, the man who will make the best use of a thing is the most entitled to it, if that can be effected without worse consequences. Besides, necessity has no law, and the whole world must be fed. There comes a time when those in possession sooner must share the territory with others. If law and agreements do not see to this, then battle will and must; it is only in this way that we can justify our taking America from the Indian; and this does not justify the incidental injustices practiced by us, nor the incidental cruelties of Israel's wars.

Here Saul, publicly acknowledged king, saw the glory of a rightful power given into his hands and the people rejoiced, and the priests offered sacrifices of peace. Here he triumphed; here he slew Agag the Amalecite, saying, "As thy sword hath bereft mothers of their children, so shall thy mother be childless among women." 1 Kings xv. 33. But he felt the displeasure of God when he arrogated the priestly powers to himself, even when he thought there was a necessity; and they heard the righteous word of Samuel, "Thou hast done foolishly, and now thy kingdom shall not continue forever," 1 Kings xiii. 13. It is dangerous for the State to usurp the functions of the Church. This is another of the lessons of history.

Hither came Samuel year after year to render judgment to the people in his circuit of "Bethel, Gilgal and Mizpah." 1 Kings vii.

Here David was met by the people when he returned from Gilead after the defeat and death of Absalom.

We follow the canal that brings water from Eliseus' fountain to the monastery of St. John Baptist, a fine castellated convent, four hundred paces from the Jordan, inhabited by the orthodox Greek monks. It was built by them in 1882, and there are remains of an ancient church underneath it, where as early as 373 A. D. Mary of Egypt, on her way to do penance beyond the Jordan, stopped at the monastery of the Precursor, as the Bollandists relate. The Arabs style this Deir Mar Hanna as also Kasr

el Jehud—Castle of the Jews. We now turn more south to encounter the river at the traditional spot of the baptism of our Lord. We cross the Nahr el Kelt some distance up which is Ain el Hadjla, the partridge spring, perpetuating the Beth Hogla of Josue xv, and giving to the Jordan ford its modern name of Makhadet el Hadjla. Between St. John's and Kalamoun was the *laura* of St. Gerasimus; this Kalamoun was an ancient convent called, of the reeds, restored by the Patriarch of Jerusalem under the emperor Manuel Comnenus in the twelfth century, according to a Greek inscription found there. It was situate about a mile west of the present convent of St. John.

MacCoun thus describes the Jordan valley: "The vegetation of the valley, under the intense heat of 100 degrees to 118 degrees which it often attains in summer, is extremely rank, but the soil itself is that of an old sea-bottom, salt and greasy, impregnated with chlorides and sodium, broken by beds of gravel, clay, and in some places, cliffs, old deposits of marl which crumble and fall into the river in time of flood." Although there is so much vegetation, there is also so much poor sour soil that it well deserves to be called a wilderness. (Mark i, 4. 5.)

Through this valley "like an enormous green serpent," from its dense thicket of jungle, tree, bush and rush, the haunt of the wild boar, wolves and other animals, winds the deeper bed, one hundred and fifty feet deeper, and from five hundred feet to a mile broad, which is the distance between the banks when Jordan is at its full in April (Josue iii. 15). This bed, covered with driftwood and deposits of the yearly freshet, is rank and forbidding, except in the plain of Jericho, where the soil is too salt to sustain vegetation.

In the center of this mass of dead driftage and jungle, in a still narrower channel, perhaps one hundred feet broad, runs the river itself, when not in freshet. It is not the bright, plunging, noisy river that might be expected from its rapid descent, but a swift, sullen current flowing between ugly mud-banks of refuse or an occasional bed of stones, foul with ooze and slime, "so that it may be said that the Jordan sweeps to the Dead Sea through unhealthy jungle relieved only by poisonous soil."

There are numerous fords in the middle section of the river where the descent is not so great as at either extremity; of these the more important are the ford of Abarah (Bethabara) where John baptized, just north of and beneath Beth-Shan; and the ford of Nubk Faris, opposite Kh. Fahil (Pella). These two and the ferry just north of the mouth of the Yarmuk receive all the travel from the valley of Esdraelon and Nahr Jalûd (Valley of Jezreel) to the cities of Gilead or Damascus, via the Hauran. At the



CONVENT OF THE BAPTIST



RUINED CONVENT — JORDAN

mouth of the Jabbok is also the Damieh ford, across which is the trade route up the Wady Farah to Nablus (Shechem). Opposite Jericho, just north of the mouth of the river, is the Hajlah ford (ford of the Pilgrims), crossing for Jerusalem.”*

We read in Exodus that the Israelites in crossing the river set up twelve stones taken from the bottom of the stream, as memorials of the twelve tribes. Galgala means a stone circle. MacCoun says there are twelve small mounds at Tellielat Jiljulieh, the little hills of Gilgal, which might represent the twelve stones. All that is now visible is a tamarisk tree marking the site of Gilgal.

Our path is not an easy one, for the vegetation is now becoming rank and we travel in a labyrinth, keeping sight of only the head of our guide; the horses are entirely hidden. And what a vegetation it is! The white leprosy of salt is over all. Every leaf tastes of salt, every handful of sand is mixed with saline crystals, and how watery the stems of the leaves, a veritable dropsy on the interior, with scurvy on the outside. Well adapted, however, to stand the drought, even as the camel carries supplies of water to last across the desert.

As we approach the river we notice the different terraces, or levels at which the river has stood. The vegetation is now more diversified, and the trees grow larger; on both sides of the stream grow terebinth and poplar, acacias and pistachio-nut trees, while oleander groves add rich colors and thickets of bamboo make covert for nightingales and turtle-doves and used of old to form jungle for boars, lions and leopards, which are still occasionally seen,—indeed the wild boar is still in the meat-markets of Jerusalem. I find the small black bamboo, the Kalamos of the Greeks, and with the aid of my knife make a very serviceable pen, showing it to our guide; I am glad to hear him call it “Kalam.” I use it exclusively for my Jordan notes. The larger bamboo is here also, though nothing in size to those of the tropics, which attain a height of two hundred feet. The largest I saw here were not more than twenty or thirty. It was, I feel sure, one of these bamboo canes with its jointed stem that was put into our Saviour’s hand as a mock scepter. We are all impatient to see the river, so not waiting to superintend the pitching of our tent or even the tethering of our horses, we hasten forward and stand on the banks.

What a rushing, impetuous stream! Our thoughts imitate it! What emotions rush through our minds!

O stream unsung! up through the silent ages

By many a grief and joy thy current swept.

*“*The Holy Land in Geography*,” p. 49. MacCoun.



JORDAN

The tumult of thought is bewildering, overpowering. Is it possible that this is the river so many have longed to see, the river of our dreaming, the type of the tribulation and the death that all must pass through to reach the real Fatherland? Charon of the Classic, Jordan of the Christian!

*On the other side of Jordan
There is rest for the weary.*

How that expression, "the other side," has sung itself into the hearts and literatures as the term of plenty and quiet.

Afterwards we remarked that *this* is the *other* side toward which the Israelites yearned.

How it races past! This river, with the eagerness of the saint. Impeded by a hundred obstacles, forced to wander far out of its way, allured to linger by a thousand flowers, and shades, and fragrances, and songs; it is never discouraged, and never is it enticed away from its purpose.

What events it has witnessed! What histories it could relate! Three thousand years ago on yonder opposing bank, where now is one rude bamboo cabin of the boatmen, thronged a multitude of two millions. The clothes of forty years' wandering are on them but the hope of forty years is in their eyes, and the eagerness of forty years waiting in their feet.

Prepared by this discipline,—as the drill of an army before battle,—they wait the word of command to ford the stream, trusting to the God who opened the Red Sea before them. Nor are they disappointed; their great leader, Moses, has indeed departed, buried by the hand of God on Nebo, where no man can find his tomb, lest the people should stay there instead of entering the Promised Land, but he has “laid his hands on Josue, the son of Nun, and the children of Israel obeyed him as they did Moses.” Deut. xxxv, 9.

And Josue says: “Behold the Ark of the Covenant shall go before you into the Jordan. And when the priests have set the soles of their feet upon the waters of the Jordan the waters shall run down and go off and those which come from above shall stand together in a heap. And so it happened. And now the Jordan (it being harvest time) had overflowed its banks and swelling up like a mountain was seen afar off from the city Adom to the place of Sarthan but those which were beneath ran down into the Sea of the Wilderness (which now is called the Dead Sea) and the people marched over against Jericho.” Josue ch. iii. For a moment the priests carrying the Ark paused in the middle of the river and twelve men by order of Josue took twelve stones where the feet of the priests had stood, to set them up at Gilgal.

A miracle opened the Red Sea, a miracle gives dry passage through the Jordan. Was this truly a miracle? It may be, as sometimes happens, that the waters were forced back by a strong wind; but, even so, it would be a providential occurrence coming at the right time and place, which is the same as a miracle, showing us that miracles do not require a violation of nature's laws. Adom, mentioned above, may be the Damieh ford.

This crossing was to be for Israel and for mankind a symbol of the persistent protection of Deity: “When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” Isaiah xliii. 2.

This river takes us back again to the Prophet Eliseus. Naaman, the Syrian general, came to him, probably while he was sojourning at Gilgal, 4 Kings, ch. v. The prophet's fame, doubtless, had gone abroad, for in the preceding chapter of 4 Kings, ch. iv, is related the miracle Eliseus worked, making the death-dealing herbs sweet and wholesome, and prophetic of Christ feeding the multitude, satisfying a hundred men with twenty loaves of barley. A little Hebrew maiden waiting on Naaman's wife tells of a prophet in her country that could cure the leprous general. He comes, and is told to wash seven times in the Jordan. The general with the horses

and the chariots, with the ten talents of silver and six thousand pieces of gold, considers himself slighted. "I thought the prophet would have come out to me and, standing, would have invoked the name of the Lord his God, and touched with his hand the places of leprosy and healed me. Are not the Abana and the Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of the Jordan?" And so he turned away with indignation. The *rationale* of obtaining God's favors is here apparent. We must receive them on His conditions or not at all. If He requires confession of sin for its forgiveness, it is not for us to prefer some other way. Naaman's servants bring him to a better frame of mind, and washing, he is healed. The prophet, too, sets a fine example of disinterestedness. He will not be persuaded to take any offering and his reward is the conversion of the general to the God of the Israelites.

We see in Naaman a very remarkable desire to yield to human respect. "For this shalt thou entreat the Lord for thy servant. When my master goeth into the Temple of Remmon to worship, and he leaneth upon my hand, if I bow down when he boweth down may thy Lord pardon thy servant;" and the prophet said: "Go in peace." The prophet evidently was satisfied by Naaman's promise to erect an altar to the true God, that he would take no mental part in the idolatrous bowing down but would merely perform the physical act necessary to accompany his master.

Still another lesson is inculcated. Giezi, Eliseus' servant, takes a gift from Naaman, adding lie to avarice, and with the bribe he receives Naaman's leprosy, "the leprosy of Naaman shall stick to thee and to thy seed forever." Alas! it is still prevalent among this wretched nation. "And he went out a leper white as snow." So are earthly afflictions often the chastisements for sin.

Another miracle and apparently in a more trivial cause is worked here through the instrumentality of Eliseus. The sons of the prophets, and he with them, are cutting timber by the side of the Jordan, to build there a place to dwell; the head of one of the axes flies off and sinks in the river. The young man responsible for the carelessness is troubled; "Alas, Master," he says to the prophet, "this ax was borrowed." The man of God casts in a piece of wood, and the iron swims to the surface. 4 Kings, ch. vi. Was this a lesson of the necessity of returning borrowed things? or was the employing of wood, itself of no aid in attracting the iron, to show how God delights to use an outward sign and instrument for the accomplishment of what He might just as well have done by direct power? Or perhaps we should see here the power of the wood of the Cross that

was to overcome the borrowed sin,—borrowed from our first parents, and pity-inspiring even when actually our own,—borrowed by Christ that He might suffer for it.

But the great tableau that every one has in his mind's eye near this river is the baptism of Christ by John. Were ever two men more different? We do not know that they had ever met, their paths had lain apart; "one came eating and drinking and you say behold, a friend of publicans and sinners, the other came neither eating nor drinking and you say he hath a devil." But at Ain Karîm the Precursor knew Him and "leaped in the womb," so now he leaps in the presence of his Master and God. "Repent! Repent! I baptize in water but there stands one in your midst whom ye know not. Behold the Lamb Who takes away the sins of the world."

It takes no high faculty of imagination to see the quaint figure of John in camel-hair garment and leathern girdle, nor to see the meek Christ, the divine radiance hidden in the manhood but not forgotten of the Father, with the opened heavens and the descending dove, with the background of river and forest, forming a picture which so many artists have delighted in.

The Church celebrates on the 6th of January three events: first, the revelation of Jesus to the Gentile world in the persons of the three kings; second, the baptism in the Jordan; third, the marriage of Cana, the three-fold Epiphany, that is the manifestation of His Godhead. Here the heavens open and the voice came thrilling "This is my beloved Son," and the Holy Spirit hovering above in dovelike form rests upon Him. Is not this the Trinity's Epiphany? Here Christianity receives sensible confirmation of the dogma of three Persons in one God. The voice of the Father heard, the Holy Ghost visible in the overshadowing dove, and the Word made Flesh baptized by the hand of John.

Why should this truth be exemplified here? Because baptism is to be given in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

How the Trinity runs through nature! How it is manifest daily before our eyes! With each sunrise an Epiphany of power, wisdom and love. How plainly it works! This power, this wisdom and this love! Not merely in creation, in adaptation or in sentiment, but in the very nature of the things themselves. There is a three-foldness in every work of the universe. It may be far-fetched of St. Patrick to take the shamrock leaf and discourse of the Trinity, for the three leaflets are only a pictorial example, but the three primary colors in light, the three notes of the musical scale, the three dimensions of matter, the three conditions of time, these are essential.

The minds that have looked deepest into the doctrine of the Trinity

have acquired a clear though limited perception that in a being eternal, infinite, threefold personality is a necessity. St. Thomas has had this foretaste of heaven, and explains it thus: "The Father knowing Himself generates the Son, the mutual love that springs from this union is the Holy Ghost," but the most wonderful words here-anent have been written by a layman, Coventry Patmore, not a philosopher but a poet. "The mystery of triple personality, in one being, the acknowledgment of which is the prime condition of a real apprehension of God, may be best approached by the human mind under the analogy of sex in one entity. In the beginning, says Plato, there were three sexes. Nothing whatever exists in a single entity, but in virtue of its being *thesis*, *anti-thesis*, *synthesis*, even as the electric spark is the 'embrace' of the positive and the negative. Ever nature goes on giving echoes and mirrorings of the same triplicity in animal, plant and mineral, every material atom owing its being to the synthesis or embrace of the two opposed forces of expansion and contraction." Need we wonder then if Christ's message comes and assures us that this triplicity in the work is a revelation of the worker? We should be rather disappointed if the teaching of Christ had not showed us the Trinity, which was probably not revealed in the Old Testament; defrauded, if His words had been other than "There are three who give testimony on earth the Father, the Word and the Spirit, and these three are One."

Here at Jordan is confirmed that primal word "God saw that they were good," that is, all that He had created. In the lower animals there was no further advance, but in man there is. Creation is accomplished and has reached its climax only in the "Hail, full of grace" spoken to woman and in "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," uttered over the God-Man.

This place so sanctified by our Lord's baptism early became a baptismal font for the nations and a place of pilgrimage for the world. St. Antoninus tells us that in his day, in the fifth century, it was at Epiphany time that baptisms were performed here; that marble steps led down to the water on both sides, that a cross was erected in the middle of the stream and that "on the eve of the feast great vigils are held here, a vast crowd is collected and after the cock has crowed, as the day begins to dawn, the deacons begin the holy mysteries and celebrate them in the open air, the priest descends into the river and all who are to be baptized go to him." The garments that they wore in baptism were religiously preserved to be their shroud in death; "we are buried together with Him in baptism unto death." This does not uphold the Baptists' position of the necessity of immersion. It is not sure even that immersion was practiced in the case

of Christ. The ancient pictures that represent Him and the Baptist as standing in the middle of the stream, show St. John pouring the water from his hand or from a shell, and no one who sees the impetuosity of this river but will perceive the impossibility of standing in it at all.

Fisher Howe, a Protestant, notes the fact that as the Kedron is dry at Pentecost, it would not be possible to baptize by immersion the 5,000 converted by the preaching of Peter on that day, except in the cisterns, which he added, even if the authorities would permit it, would be ill-suited to the office.

The season of baptizing has been changed from Epiphany, as too severe, to Easter. And as the date of this feast differs in the Greek and Latin churches there is not the clash among the pilgrims that would otherwise transpire, even although the places for baptism in each church are separate by a mile. But this would not prevent a collision, for during this season the whole plain is sometimes covered with the temporary camps of the pilgrims.

On Easter Monday hundreds of Catholic pilgrims start in a great caravan under Turkish government protection, the Christian banner guarded by the Moslem crescent. On the Greek Easter the same occurs with the pilgrims in thousands instead of hundreds. Some are on foot, others on horses, asses, mules and camels. Some are provided with tents, some trust themselves to the shelter of tree or rock or native Khan. It is a motley array. Drawn from every country, they have come thousands of miles for the great event of their lives—one that will influence their eternal happiness.

After heart and memory have had their nourishment and enjoyment we retire to the shadow of our tent to fortify our minds with somewhat of the geography of this river so small in comparison with our Mississippi, but so great in its associations. The Jordan has its rising in the springs of Banias, issuing from the foot of Mt. Hermon, somewhat over a hundred miles to the north, the whole Ghor or depression of the river bed was probably at one time a continuous lake, which in the drying up of the earth leaves only the marshy lake of Huleh, the crystal sea of Tiberias and the salt Dead Sea strung like three beads on the silver thread of the Jordan. Between the two latter seas the direct distance is only sixty miles, but the Jordan travels two hundred, so circuitous is its route. The Jordan is not navigable, but has been twice descended in boat, in 1847 by the English Lieutenant Molyneux, who lost his life in the Dead Sea, and in 1848 by the American Lieutenant Lynch. The upper and most arduous

section, that north of the sea of Galilee, was traversed by Mr. McGregor in his canoe, the *Rob Roy*, in 1869.

Lieutenant Lynch thus writes of this voyage: "The boats had little need to propel them," says he, "for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour, the river, from its eccentric course, scarcely permitting a sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted north, south, east and west, turning in the short space of half an hour to every quarter of the compass.

"For hours in their swift descent, the boats floated down in silence, the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches floated from the trees like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff-swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own wild will, darting through the arched vistas shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and, above all, was the music of the river, gushing, with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals.

"The stream sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, and at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant blossoms. Some points presented scenes exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage, and glimpses of the mountains, far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet, pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan. The western shore was peculiar from the high limestone hills. . . . while the left or east bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, occasionally a thicket of lofty cane and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, giving it the character of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger (leopard) on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket, but for some moments we traced his pathway by the bending canes and crashing sound of broken branches.

"The birds were numerous, and at times, when we issued from the silence and shadow of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend, where the rapids rattled and the light burst in and the birds sang their wildwood song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, where the gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on. The hawk on the topmost branch of a

blighted tree, moved not at our approach, and the veritable nightingale ceased not her song, for she made day into night in her covert among the leaves; and the bulbul, whose sacred haunts we disturbed when the current swept us among the overhanging boughs, and chirruped her surprise, calmly winged her flight to another sprig, and continued her interrupted melodies.

"Our course down the stream was with varied rapidity. At times we were going at the rate of from three to four knots an hour, and again we were swept and hurried away, dashing and whirling onward at the furious speed of a torrent. At such moments there was excitement, for we knew not but that the next turn of the stream would plunge us down some fearful cataract, or dash us on the sharp rocks which might lurk beneath the surface. Many islands—some fairy-like, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation, others mere sand banks and sedimentary deposits—intercepted the course of the river, but were beautiful features in the monotony of the shores. The regular and most unvaried scene of high banks of alluvial deposit and sand hills on the one hand, and the low shore, covered to the water's edge with the tamarisk, the willow and the thick high cane, would have been fatiguing without the frequent occurrence of sand banks and verdant islands. High up on the sand bluffs the cliff-swallow chattered from her nest in the hollow, or darted about in the bright sunshine, in pursuit of the gnat and the water-fly."*

"How vast is the interval between the present day and the time of the earlier of those events which have given the Dead Sea and the Jordan an interest so imperishable! The ancient world has passed away, and the modern world has grown old since then. And yet, though the hosts of Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, the swift squadrons of the Saracens and the mailed battalions of the Crusaders, who played their part in those remote events, have disappeared, with all the generation they represent, the Jordan still flows in its bed as it did on the day when Josue led the Hebrew tribes over it; and the clear blue waters of the Dead Sea fill the same hollow as when they reflected the lightnings on that dreadful day when fire and brimstone from the Lord rained down from heaven on the Cities of the Plain. The peaks and rounded tops of the mountains of Moab and Judea have been unchanged since the waters of the Deluge. Nature lives, but what a shadow is man, and what shadows he pursues!"

To look at this stream of rushing flood and danger-full undertow is to recognize the need of a St. Christopher. Dr. Thompson says, in speaking of the ford in front of his camp: "What a strange and treacherous

*Lynch, *Narrative*, p. 211.

condition of things; just here it is broad and not more than four feet deep, so that the villagers are continually fording it, men, women and children returning home from their fields to the east of the Jordan. Sheep, goats and donkeys had to swim and it required the constant care of the shepherd to prevent their being carried down the stream. Cattle and horses came boldly across and so did the men." This of the shallow ford; what is it in the deeps and the flood time? There are but two ancient bridges in the whole two hundred miles of river, the Jisr Benat Yacob—Bridge of Jacob's daughters; and Jisr el Magamia, south of Lake Tiberias; it is built of trap-rock and has one grand central arch and three small ones beneath which rushes the Jordan. There is a modern wooden bridge some miles above here.

If Nicholas is the saint for children, St. Christopher is the guardian of fords. A strong man was Christopher, and resolved to serve only the strongest king. A hermit tells him to serve Christ, but learning that Christ was crucified, he scorns the proposal and journeys onward in search of his ideal ruler; but after serving at many courts, and in many wars, all earthly sovereigns are a disappointment, for there is ever some imperfection in them, ever some one more powerful, the king stronger than the prince, the emperor above the king, the rulings of Providence beyond the might of emperor. Returning to the hermit he asks how he shall serve Christ the Conqueror, and is instructed to station himself by the Jordan, and use his giant strength in carrying people across without recompense. This he does faithfully till one black night a piteous cry is heard out of the darkness, and a little child presents itself to be transported. Through the rising waters the giant dashes, but the infant, so light at first, grows heavier and heavier, and he staggers beneath the load. "Who art thou, O Child, for I appear to carry the world." "I am the world," says the Child, "I am the God of the world;" and so he gained his name of Christopher, the Christ-Bearer.

This legend finds its *habitat* by many another rushing river, but that does not detract from its application here, for it embodies a universal truth, namely that he who disinterestedly assists his fellow men serves Christ and will receive the God-reward. It is the enforcement of the Saviour's word: "As often as ye have done it to the least of My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Our tent is pitched under what is called the Baptist's tree; it is a wild round-leaved variety of the poplar. John baptised at several places in the wilderness of the Jordan, at Enon near Salim and at Bethania or, as some read, Bethabara, beyond the Jordan, but here is the traditional place where he baptized our Lord. Certainty we have not of the exact

spot, the Greeks fixing on one and the Latins on another; but this is only commemorative and to avoid encounters and disturbances; no true believer, however, is guilty of superstition in kneeling on this spot. We often bathe our foreheads in the river and later when the shades of evening have fallen we take a bath. It is a religious act, a sacramental, to lave ourselves in this river where our Lord was baptised as an example for us and to sanctify every font. We are obliged to hold on to the willows as we bathe for many have been the casualties, the bodies of those drowned being rarely recovered again. A lovelier spot to camp we could not wish, and we are thankful for the privilege to stay here over night, to view the river by moonlight. As we sit at the door of our tent, our gravity is disturbed by a colony of Jerboa mice, making their jumping way through the grass. Beautiful and tender-eyed and soft-furred creatures with hind legs large enough to compensate for having almost no fore ones, making them appear like miniature kangaroos. Although by Hebrew law they were forbidden to the Jews as unclean, the Arabs eat them and think them a delicacy.

In the moonlight we stroll out along the river. How it gleams in the open spaces! How it darkles in the shadows of the willows, of the tamarisks and the acacias! The water is muddy, not pleasant to bathe in; it offers good sport to the fisherman, however, but we have not time for such occupation or amusement. How fine the reflections are, even in the dirty water—as God can be seen even in the character of the sinner.

And how like man's humor and varying disposition! it is now about one hundred and twenty feet wide, but in time of flood it is three times that width, and then when the time of enthusiasm ceases the river is again quiet, and sluggish and small; again how like man's life in its vicissitudes of hastily rising river, of calm peace, of outspread lake and of silent Dead Sea—

*The picture of a soul by love possessed,
Gentle and deep and strong,
That having wandered far,
Dashed over rocks and sunk in pools of woe,
Is led at last through meadows green to flow
By some blest guiding star.*

Jordan means the Descender, *Yarden* of the Hebrew, no misnomer indeed! In the ten miles above the Sea of Galilee, Mr. McGregor states it descends eight hundred feet. From the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea it falls seven hundred more; its many windings making the current only

reasonably rapid; it is rarely over fifteen feet deep at the deepest. As our thoughts go up through twist and bend and rapid and shallow to where the river issues forth, a god full-grown, from under Hermon, so do we accompany the river downward.

Even the cynic has ceased to scorn poetry in these poetical settings.

*Like an arrow from a quiver,
To the sad and lone Dead Sea,
Thou art rushing, rapid river,
Swift and strong and silently.*

Very few of the travelers to Palestine witness the outgo of the Jordan into Lake Asphaltites, the Dead Sea, about three miles from the bathing place. It is difficult to arrive at, and unpicturesque when reached, as it spreads out into a shallow and ambiguous stream of two mouths, two hundred and fifty feet wide, lost in the surrounding swamp. It is worth a visit, however, if one be not too susceptible to the depressing thought: how like to our earthly life is this wandering Jordan! Does our existence like this river not end in the sea of death? This is the language of despair, of the sinner, of the Atheist, but for the Christian, Jerusalem is situate twenty-five hundred feet higher than the Dead Sea. God still lives, and the Christ-hope and faith tower above human philosophy.

Day at the Jordan is great, night is greater. The twilight, the dark, the moonlight and sunrise, all are imperishable memories; we are farther from home than ever before, we are in the wild jungle of bamboo-brake and river-forest, nearer the marauding Bedouins of the Moab plains. We order a vigilant guard for the night. We prepare an altar in one of the tents, for with the daybreak we are to offer the Mass; we face the altar to the east from whence that day will appear. Christians, we have never got quite beyond sun-worship, nor is it proper that we should. Tomorrow we will be among the Menhirs and Dolmens of the Druidical sun-worshippers of Edom.

What is that light-gleam through the tree branches? Is it the moon or is it Diana? We think of Emerson's word: "If you go out to look at the moon, it is only a piece of tinsel, but if she shines on your necessary journey, she is a goddess," and we thank Providence that the moon is out tonight.

"Diana, that ivory-skinned maid, who sweeps crescent-crowned through the moonlit glades of the deep primitive forests, with baying of lean, questing hounds and echoing calls of silver horns, hard on the track of

crashing boar or leaping deer—there is something as glimmeringly elusive, as magically haunting in the personality and the worship of Diana, as in the moon itself.” They are both womanly, and from the eternal feminine even worship cannot be disassociated.

We feel strangely far from home, and the clumped willow trees make us go back to that most touching psalm:

*Silent we sat by the rivers of Babylon,
When we remembered Zion, we wept;
In the midst of the willows our harps we suspended,
In their mute strings joy and melody slept.
And they who as captives had led us away, said:
“Sing of that Zion ’round which your hearts cling!”
O, how shall we sing in the land of the stranger
The song of the Lord? O, how shall we sing?
Oh, Hierosolyma! if I forget thee,
May my right hand in oblivion lie!
And my tongue to my jaws cleave if I prefer not
Thee and thy glory before my chief joy!
Be mindful, O Lord, of the children of Edom,
In the day of thy might, who of Zion have said,
“Let her be empty and wasted continually
To her foundations, and counted as dead?”
Woe unto thee, wretched daughter of Babylon!
Blest shall he be who shall give back to thee
The stern retribution with which we are visited!
For dashed ’gainst the stones shall thy little ones be!*

This is more than local to Babylon, it is universal to earth. And so we sit in the doorway of our tent and think crowded thoughts. We retire to bed but cannot sleep; the thought of where we are is too over-powering, too delicious. The moon peering through the tent door, the sighing of the breeze in the jungle from whence proceeds occasionally the trill of a night-bird, and all is still again, and the rush of the Jordan fulfilling perpetually his priestly office of ablution.

CHAPTER XXIX

BEYOND THE JORDAN—MOAB

Having said Mass and breakfasted we prepare for an incursion into Gilead, the land east of the Jordan.

Speaking by the mouth of David (Ps. 59) the Lord tells of the subjection of these regions: "God hath spoken in His Sanctuary: Gilead is mine, and Manasses is mine; and Moab is my wash pot. Into Edom will I stretch out my shoe." This latter is indicative of the dominion gained by "putting one's foot down" and another translation saying, "Moab is the pot of my hope," Jerome, with the Protestant version, applies it to a wash pot, a thing of servile uses.

This portion of Palestine has been differently divided and designated at different epochs. In a rough way we may consider the southmost portion as Moab, the center as Gilead and the north as Bashan. The Moabites as being related to the Hebrews through Lot were not entirely dispossessed of their country. Southward from Wady Hesban, about opposite to where we are, to Wady Mojib, the Arnon, was the lot of Reuben; north of Wady Hesban as far as the Jarmuk was the lot assigned to Gad, these two stretched east as far as the Mecca pilgrim-road, north of that again was the half tribe of Manasses, beyond the Jordan, which reached much further east than Gad.

We cross the river by the wooden bridge north of the pilgrims' bathing place, paying toll of three piasters apiece, which seems very reasonable as the bridge-keeper avers he is obliged to pay \$20 per day to the Turkish government for the concession.

The shepherds and herdsmen, to avoid the toll, either carry or drive their flocks through the water.

Shortly after leaving the river we turn southward in order to visit Pisgah and Nebo, crossing the large and prominent Wady Hesban and the smaller one Wady Kefren. The country, especially the spurs of the hills, is covered with stone monuments, there are over two hundred of them in a few miles hereabout. The Menhir, the single stone imaging God's unity; the Dolmen, or table stone, namely two upright pillars crowned by a third, a lintel, thus forming a doorway and to the thoughtful representing the Trinity; the Cromlech or stone circle which might symbolize the congregation, and the Cairns or heaps. The material is dark metamorphic stone,

very abundant east of the Jordan. A great number of the Dolmens have hollows in the top stones. Although in some cases these may have been formed by water, in the most they are evidently artificial. They are often seen in the surface rocks. Whether they were used for oil, thus serving as beacon lights in war or Baal fires of worship, or as a mortar for grinding grain, or pressing grapes, is all matter for speculation. There is no evidence that many of them were used for burial places, the excavations being too small for corpses. Some of them are used by the modern Arabs for grinding charcoal for making gunpowder; these are blackened.

We first ascend Jebel Siaghah, considered to be the Pisgah from which Moses saw the Promised Land. The expression of Numbers xxxiv is: "Moses went up from the plains of Moab upon Mount Nebo to the top of Pisgah over against Jericho and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead as far as Dan and all Nephtali and the land of Ephraim and Manasses and all the land of Judea unto the furthestmost sea, and the south part and the breadth of the plain of Jericho and the city of palm-trees as far as Segor," *i. e.* Zoar, south of the Dead Sea. This would indicate that Nebo was mentioned as the chain of mountains which were later styled Abarim—the mountains "on the other side;" after the conquest, namely, when the Hebrews were west of the Jordan. Of this chain of mountains there are several summits, Jebel Siaghah being fixed on by most travelers as Pisgah, but Dr. Breen observes that another peak which the natives style Jebel Neba, some distance south, is both higher, and, being in the direction from which Moses and the Hebrews came, would more probably be that from whence he obtained the first view. That it is higher is true, but it does not present the same extended prospect especially to the northward.

This Siaghah also is called *Ras* or headland, by the natives, in that it projects westward from the rest of the range. We are content to accept this as Pisgah. We have attained this height only after toilsome exertion, but what is great is not too dearly bought by great effort—this journey to Holy Land and the journey to Heaven. The pinnacles of life! Surely this is one of them. How often have we repeated:

*Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.*

Here stood Moses, his face toward the setting sun, his mission fulfilled. Here was his "*Ave atque vale*" of the poet's hopeless woe. "This is the land," spoke the Lord, "which I swore unto Abraham unto Isaac and unto

DISTANT NEBO



RIVER ARNON



Jacob, saying: I will give it to thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." Deut. xxxiv. 4.

Here stood Moses, and here he died. "His eye was not dimmed, neither was his vigor abated." Of what did he die? Perhaps of a broken heart—like Jesus.

Happy the man who has his Nebo in old age! When, the wandering behind, and the promised land before him, to the glittering visions of youth comes not disillusionment but the assurance of near immortality.

Why was he not allowed to enter the Promised Land? He the faithful captain of his people, he the special friend of God? We do not know.

Some name it as a punishment for his diffidence in striking the rock; might we not rather call it a reward, that he, the man of peace, should not have to take part in the wars of Josue? Or is it merely an incident showing the incompleteness of all man's effort on earth?

*To have come near to sing the perfect song,
And only by a half-tone lost the key;
There is the potent sorrow, there the grief,
The strange, sad staring of life's tragedy.*

How wisely Dunbar, our Negro poet, avoids the rhyming seduction and the pessimistic philosophy of substituting "wrong" for "grief."

"So Moses the servant of God died there in the land of Moab and He buried him in the valley over against Phogor (Beth Peor), and no man knoweth his sepulchre until this day." Deut. xxxiv. 6. St. Jude, ch. v. 9, makes the archangel Michael the sexton.

It was in one of these valleys below us, perhaps near those springs yonder, the Ayun Musa—eyes of Moses.

Illustrious interment! with censer of mists and chant of wind-swept pine, and elegy of mountain stream!

We speculate on why his grave was not allowed to the veneration of the people. The Jews were probably liable to fall into ancestor-worship such as would be displeasing to God—maybe for this reason God buried Moses Himself, letting the body sink into the earth, as some believe. This is no argument against the veneration of sepulchres of the good and great in times when the danger of idolatry has been eliminated.

This is one of the views that has not disappointed our expectations. It is very much as we have pictured it in imagination. None of these eminences rises in solitary grandeur,

*Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,*

and consequently do not make striking illustrations in photography, but rising from the already elevated tableland east of the Jordan, they present most extended views. The prospect north, south and west is well satisfied from Ras Siaghah.

There are points from which we see life, see truth, see eternity. They may be moments of exultation or moments of depression, for Gethsemane has its revelations as well as Tabor. But they mean to us more than years of common existence. Such a moment of future vision was Simeon's when he held the Messiah in his arms; such too, was surely the sight that Moses had of the land long promised and long desired. It was not merely with eyes of flesh that he beheld, it was not only stream and mountain and plain of the land flowing with milk and honey that he saw rich with the purple grapes of Eschol—it was down the ages he gazed, seeing the victorious march of his successor Josue, seeing the triumph of the Law and the splendor of the Temple, until He should come, greater than law and temple, but Who should be the divine sanction for Moses himself: "This is the law and the prophets," so said Jesus of His servant Moses.

We feel the exaltation of spirit that comes on life's Tabors and thank God we have lived to see this panorama of the land promised to the chosen people, the "land of our young years and of our old friends"—Palestine, even in its plate armor vesture of rock and mountain; Palestine, in its softer clothing of flower-bright meadows and of olive-tremulous hillsides, and the silver-white thread through the green that hems the whole—the Jordan. And in presence of these nobly sculptured hills with the smiling valleys below us, with the great heavens above us and the fields of Palestine's granaries to the east, we thank God for the gifts of Faith, Hope and Love which He who trod these fields brought to man.

Though all should stand on the heights sometimes they should sleep in the valley. So we camp at the Spring of Moses.

"Necessaries of life are different in different people," remarked the artist, as we sat at supper. "By no means," said the Professor, and we knew another word fight was on. "Your remark comes from a loose usage of terms; keep words to their exact meaning, and necessities of life are; first, sufficient food (including drink—here he took a nip at the bottle) to keep alive; second, sufficient shelter (including dress) to prevent freezing and melting and the lock-up; third, sufficient tools to accomplish one's work. I will admit we will require a word *quasi-necessaries* to include all that will keep us in the best health possible, and tools to perform our work to the best advantage. After this come the superfluities—comforts, luxuries,

splendors. A wise man will be satisfied with a few of the first, almost none of the second, but will want as many as possible of the glories of life—religion, travel, art, literature, nature, love.”

Springing out of the base of the traditional Mount Nebo is Ain Musa, the fountain of Moses. A hundred feet higher up and three hundred feet south is a second spring, so that the term Ayun Musa, in the plural, is the correct term. The Scripture name is Ashdoth Pishgah, Deut. iii. 17. They are lovely, clear streams, and the upper one especially is exceedingly picturesque, bursting from a cave, overshadowed by the projecting rock, and veiled and draped with maiden-hair ferns and wild verdure; lower down the ferns give place to oleander bushes, gay in their scarlet blossoms.

After the spring rains these waters leap down in a number of cascades to the Jordan two thousand feet below. One gazes still a thousand feet upward to the summit of Jebel Musa, where some ruins and a stone circle keep eternal watch. “Ha! Shefa Neba!” exclaims the guide, catching the inspiration. On the north slope are Dolmens. Among them are found the Disc-Stones that puzzle archeologists. “One that we examined was 10 feet in diameter and about a foot and a half thick, standing on edge with one third sunken in the ground. It has not the usual round hole in the center to aid in explaining its use, or of classifying it. Some of these go by the name of Mensef or dish-stones. For giants’ repast.” Breen.

The ascent of Nebo from the north is called by the natives Talat es Sufa, ascent of Sufa, which is near enough to ascent of Zuph, the Field of Zophim, or “views” or watchtowers (Numbers xxiii. 14, and Deut. xxxiv. 1 to 7). This reference to Numbers takes us away from Moses to Balaam (Numbers xxxii). Balak, king of the Moabites, seeing that the Hebrews had already begun their wars of conquest, overcoming the Amorites and striking terror into the Moabites, sends for the soothsayer Balaam to curse Israel. His name indicates that he was not of the Hebrews; he dwelt by the “River of the children of Ammon,” probably the Zerka of the north. At the Prophet’s command Balak builds seven altars and lays a calf and a ram upon each. The first syllables of these names suggests Baal worship, and the many Dolmens in the land “towards the sun-rising” indicate a universal adoration of the sun-god. But Balaam is overruled by the true God. “How shall I curse him whom God hath not cursed?” says Balaam to the King. “From the top of the rocks I see him and from the hills I behold him. This people shall be an unique one out of the nations—who shall count the numbers of Israel?”

Three times seven altars are builded, three times seven calves are laid thereon, three times seven rams. “Come with me to another place,” is ever

the word of the King, "where thou canst not see them all and curse them from thence." But it is always the same. "I was brought to bless; the blessing I cannot hinder." The king weakens and whimpers: "Neither curse, then, nor bless." "Did not I tell thee," rejoins the prophet, "that I only say what I am commanded?" "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God." And looking out over the camps of the Israelites in the valleys of Hesebon and Soueimeh:

"How beautiful are thy tabernacles O Jacob, and thy tents O Israel! As woody valleys, as watered gardens near the rivers, as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched, as cedars by the waterside. *Behold a star shall rise out of Jacob and a sceptre out of Israel*, he shall strike the chiefs of Moab and shall destroy all the children of Seth."

Gazing out over the parts of the country where the different tribes have their strongholds he prophesies their extermination. "Amalek, first of nations, whose end is destruction." "The Kenites habitation is strong; but if even thou build thy nest in a rock, how long shalt thou continue?" Numbers xxiv. Did ever the evil-wisher see the tables so turned against him! And even from the mouth of the unwilling Balaam we have a prophecy of the Christ to come!

A strange character is this Balaam, not worshipping the true God and yet instructed by Him; and, most remarkable of all, through the mouth of an ass. "Balaam rose early in the morning and having saddled his ass went with them. And God was angry. And an Angel of the Lord stood in the way against Balaam, who sat on the ass, and had two servants with him. The ass seeing the angel standing in the way, with a drawn sword, turned herself out of the way, and went into the field. And when Balaam beat her to bring her again to the way, the angel stood in a narrow place between two walls, wherewith the vineyards were inclosed. And the ass seeing him, thrust herself close to the wall, and bruised the foot of the rider. But he beat her again; and nevertheless the angel going stood in a narrow place, where there was no way to turn aside either to the right hand or to the left, stood to meet him. And when the ass saw the angel standing, she fell under the feet of the rider; who being angry, beat her sides more vehemently with a staff. And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass; and she said: 'What have I done to thee? Why strikest thou me, lo, now this third time?' Balaam answered: 'Because thou deservest it, since thou mockest me: I would I had a sword that I might kill thee.' The ass said: 'Am I not thy beast, on which thou hast always been accustomed to ride until the present day? Tell me if I ever did the like thing to thee.'

But he said: 'Never.' Forthwith the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam; and he saw the angel standing in the way with drawn sword; and he worshipped him, falling on the ground. And the angel said to him: 'Why beatest thou thy ass these three times? I am come to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse and contrary to me: And unless the ass had turned out of the road to give place to me who stood against thee, I had slain thee, and she should have lived.' Balaam said: 'I have sinned, not knowing that thou didst stand against me; and now if it displease thee that I go, I will return. The angel said: 'Go with these men and see thou speak no other thing than what I shall command thee.' " Numbers xxii.

Thus does God deliver great sermons by the mouth of humble preachers.

From Jebel Neba a ride of about an hour through fields remarkably fertile for Asia, but with the mountain sides crowned by Dolmens, brings us to Madeba, situate on a rising ground with a large pool encased in stone walls. The view over the Belka, or plains of Moab, is rich and prosperous, where fields of grain are waving in the wind and where "the cattle on a thousand hills" speak of the rough wealth of the Arabs, but we are here in the land of border feuds, such as occurred in the days of Robin Hood, and when the Highlanders of Scotland came down to the lowlands carrying off the cattle. In such a state is this land to-day. We gave a backsheesh to a dilapidated specimen who stated that he had a nice property of sheep and goats but was attacked by a neighbor who had driven away his flocks. We were reminded of the words, "When the strong man armed keepeth his court, those things that he possesses are in peace, but if a stronger than he come, he carrieth away the spoils." Perhaps the story was made up, but many live here by pillage, and consequently many are reduced to beggary, but it is not merely in this land of Bedouin bandits that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but everywhere and in everything, in politics, in commerce, in religion. "At this moment a cry attracted our attention; the people were rushing down to the edge of the hills which dominate the plains to the southeast, horsemen were galloping across the plain and the shepherds were in great commotion. We were informed that Halil Haman, a Christian, had been wounded by a Muslim Bedawy, and the men of Madeba were preparing to exact the price of blood from the tribe to which the offender belonged. The aggressor is of the sub-tribe Hamid, of the tribe Beni Sahir of Faiz. The Greek and Latin Christians do not associate one with another, except in case of opposition to the common enemy, the Muslim. To-day the churches are closed, and all the able-bodied men have gone down to the seat of trouble." So writes Doctor Breen of his experience.

Madeba has retained its name through thirty-five centuries, and how much further back it goes into prehistoric times, when Troglodytes reared these Menhirs and Cromlechs through which we have travelled to-day we know not; but Madeba it was called when Josue gave it to Reuben; this son of Jacob was the first-born, "The beginning of my sorrow," says his father in prophetic vision; "thou art poured out as water, grow thou not." Gen. xlix. This was for his wicked and unfortunate marriage relations. Holy matrimony is the stability of a race. Reuben's portion here was an exceedingly excellent one, the rolling country being fair and fertile and the streams numerous, but the bestowing of these lots carried with it the duty of conquering and of holding them. And it is doubtful if Reuben ever dwelt in Madeba. It is a walled city, and must have been of considerable beauty when the colonnaded street led from the round Temple to the north gate where the Greeks have their church, using the ancient building as a quarry.

At present Madeba is almost entirely Christian; it is the seat of a Mudir, its population of perhaps two thousand being nearly three quarters schismatic Greeks and one quarter united Greeks; each have their own church and school. Lately there is a small Latin foundation of three hundred, with church, and hospice, and school occupying the summit of the town. The plains around are dotted with Bedouin tents and numerous herds of camels; sometimes as many as five thousand are in sight at one time. It reminds one of the patriarchial times when it was written of Job: "His possessions were seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred she-asses, and a family exceeding great," Job i.

Madeba is noted for the valuable mosaic map that was discovered here in 1897 by Cleophas, librarian to the Greek schismatic patriarch. It is of great historical and topographical interest, being the oldest pictorial presentment of Palestine. "Each town or holy place is represented by a building of some kind; Jerusalem, Nablus, Gaza, are encircled by walls, one can recognize the chief gates, and the outward appearance of these cities is preserved." To what age does this map belong? It was probably made in the fifth century; there are other fine mosaics hereabouts, found in many of the houses of the schismatic Greeks, and even in stable floors they are discovered. Perhaps the future has further treasure for us.

From Madeba one branch of the Wady Zerka-Ma'in, locally called Wady Habis, descends southward; then, joined by tributary valleys, runs westward into the Dead Sea. In the angle is Kirbet Ma'in, the ancient Beth Baal Meon (Josue xiii), which is reached in about an hour's difficult

riding. Eusebius places here the birthplace of Eliseus; it is entirely in ruins. We cross the Wady Zerka Ma'in; Râs Zerka Ma'in is left on our right and we descend to Hammam ez Zerka, the celebrated baths of Callirrhoe, which even Herod, the incurable, visited. We are again in a tropical region. The ravines down which rush the waters from ten springs above are richly clad with trees among which the palm towers aloft. One of the springs has a temperature of 142° F., the others ranging to lower degrees. Although the Arabs still frequent them, they are too full of lime and sulphur for drinking. It may well have been these springs that Genesis xxxvi mentions "This Ana found hot waters in the desert, while he took the donkeys of Sebos his father out to graze."

Machaerus, the Macheronte of Roman times, is three hours south, overlooking the Dead Sea from its height of 3,675 feet above it. It was fortified by Herod, making it second only to Jerusalem in impregnability. According to Josephus it was here that John the Baptist was beheaded; at the court of Herod Antipas. We have considered this question when at Samaria. It is however a probable locality for that horrid tragedy, a murder in the middle of a feast! Tradition intensifies the cruelty of Salome by stating that when the head was brought in she ran her pin through the tongue that had truthfully and lovingly rebuked what should be her shame as well as the King's.

There are still remains of towers and cisterns, but the whole spot is absolutely desolate, nothing of the festal song and dance of the old debauchees.

"The scene is wonderful! Below, the deep chasm of the hot springs of Callirrhoe in the Nahaliel, the valley of God. On the south, black basalt, brown limestone, gleaming marl; on the north, sandstone cliffs of all colors from pale yellow to pinkish purple. In the valley itself, the brilliant green of palm clumps rejoicing in the heat and sandy soil. The streams bursting from the cliffs poured down in rivulets between banks of crusted orange sulphur deposits. The ten springs varying in temperature from 110° to 140° F., steam with a strong smell of sulphur. Where the chasm is narrowest the boiling water has bored a tunnel for itself; above hangs the great black bastion of basalt; everything about is covered with incrustations of white, yellow and orange sulphur.

Twelve miles south flows the Wady Mojib (Arnon), a natural border. "The river absolutely splits by its narrow channel the great Moab range to its very base for several thousand feet, yet its channel is not more than one hundred feet wide. It is almost in the exact middle of the Dead Sea. Fifteen miles from its mouth stands Ar'air (Aroer), where the chasm is

1,500 feet deep. "Yet fifteen miles further and Wady Kerak similarly cleaves the plateau opening into the sea close to the northern side of El Lisan. This valley is named from Kerak (nest in the rock) which stands on a solitary height 2,700 feet above the sea, and which is only connected with the plateau by a narrow ridge; originally the only entrance to the city was by a tunnel in the side of the cliff. Dr. Tristram identifies it with Kir-Haraseth, the strong fortress of King Mesha." MacCoun, Vol. I, p. 46. A monument of this King Mesha was found in 1868 at Diban, this side of Arnon, in the debris of the Acropolis called the "Moabite Stone," which is a wonderful confirmation of 2 Kings iii. 5. It is now in the Louvre—the characters are Phœnician. Again "the testimony of the rock" is with the Bible.

South of the Arnon stretches that part of the land of Moab which was never taken by the Hebrews, away into the desert of the wandering, and to that indefinable Edom.

Here we pass another night. Further afield our pilgrimage does not take us, for the Arnon was the southern limit in Josue's bestowing of the country on the Israelites. We retrace our steps northward, passing again through Madeba and leaving Jebel Nebo, now to the west, we visit Hesebon. The text that comes to our mind is "Thine eyes are like the fish-pools of Hesebon." There are no fish-pools to-day, round, clear and deep as the eyes of the beloved; but Ain Hesban is a fine stream lower down in the wady and may easily have been dammed into pools and is even to-day well stocked with fish.

A difficult path leads to the remains of an ancient city on the summit of the hill, and there is evidence of a rock-cut gallery connecting the springs with the ancient town. There would doubtless be a wall and gate to prevent hostile tribes from possessing themselves of the water supply, which explains the added words of the Song of Songs: "the fish-pools that were at the gate of the Daughter of the Multitude," or Beth Rabim. No girl would be offended to have her eyes compared to these waters where they rest in silent pools and reflect the Syrian sky, but some of the similes of that wonderful canticle would not be appreciated, as for instance: "Thy nose is as the tower of Libanus, that looketh toward Damascus." The phrenologist, however, tells us that a prominent nose is a sign of strength; not appreciated in our age of little noses, to which one writer traces the degeneracy of the modern race.

As we ride over these wheat covered fields we give a start of pleasure at hearing the Bob-white call of our American bird.

The ruins of Hesban of Roman times lie on two hills between Wady

Hesban on the west and Wady Ma'in on the east. The ancient town doubtless filled up the saddle between them. It was the seat of a bishopric in the fifth century of the Christian era, but is most interesting in having been the capital city of Sihon, king of the Amorites, though its antiquity runs back still further; for prior to the Amorites were the Emmims.

It was to King Sihon that Moses presented his petition, when he was preparing to enter Canaan, to pass through his territory; and, being refused, joined battle with the result that the Amorite king was defeated, and his kingdom and that of the neighboring Og, king of Bashan, he of the giant iron bedstead, were overthrown by the Israelites and his territory given to Reuben and Gad.

In these plains about Hesban the Israelites were doubtless encamped when Moses delivered to them what may be called his last will and testament—Deuteronomy, a fine resume of history and of law, for in it he recounts the events of their forty years of wandering in the desert, that miraculous dead march not in "Saul" but in "Moses," that march of punishment and yet with the triumph of Miriam's timbrel, that march grave-strewn but mercy-crowned. It makes a compendium and repetition, which Deuteronomy means, of the laws of Sinai.

How wonderful is the blessing that he speaks over the assembled hosts of Jacob, Deut. xxxiii. Let us compare his blessing with that of Jacob (Genesis xlix) the common parent of all tribes.

Jacob: "Reuben my first born, thou art my strength and the beginning of my sorrow; thou art poured out as water, grow thou not."

Moses: Let Reuben live and not die; but be he few in numbers."

Jacob: "Simeon and Levi, brothers, weapons of violence are their swords; cursed be their fury; I will divide them in Jacob and scatter them in Israel."

The Levites were assigned no portion, but only some residential towns. Simeon got no blessing from Moses.

Moses: But to Levi he said: "Perfection and doctrine be to thy holy man who said to his father and to his mother, 'I do not know you.' " The priest must not be bound by ties of kindred.

Jacob: "Juda is a lion's whelp; *the sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda until He come Who is the Expected of nations.*"

Moses: "This is the blessing of Juda: Hear, O Lord, the voice of Juda, and bring him to his people victorious in Thy help."

Jacob: "Benjamin, a ravening wolf, but in the evening he shall divide the spoils." Touching the present, but looking into the future, Jacob speaks thus of Saul transformed into Paul at the gate of Damascus.

Moses: And to Benjamin he says: "As in a bride chamber shall he abide all the day long."

Jacob: "Joseph is a growing bough, a growing bough and fair to behold; his bow rested upon the strong. God bless thee with the blessing of heaven above, with the blessing of the deep that lieth beneath, with the blessings of the breasts and of the womb."

Moses: Of Joseph he says: "Of the blessing of the Lord be his land, of the fruits of heaven, of the dew and of the deep, the blessing of him who appeared in the bush. His horns are as the horns of a rhinoceros, with them shall he push the nations, these are the multitudes of Ephraim and these the thousands of Manasses."

Jacob: "Zabulon shall dwell on the seashore."

Moses: To Zabulon, "Rejoice in thy going out." This indicates his commerce on the sea.

Jacob: "Isachar a strong ass lying down among the borders."

Moses: "Rejoice Isachar in thy tents." This is for home and pastoral pursuits. "They shall suck as milk the abundance of the sea, and the hidden treasures of the sands." This is evidently for Zabulon.

Jacob: "Gad being girded shall fight."

Moses: "Blessed be Gad in his breadth; he saw his preëminence; in his portion the teacher was laid up." These words remind us that Gad was given his portion before the others, and that the grave of Moses was in his territory.

Jacob: "Dan shall judge his people, let Dan be a snake in the way, that biteth the horse's heels, that the rider may fall backward." Is this the avenging of the judge, or the treachery of the lawyer?

Moses: To Dan: "Dan is a young lion, he shall leap from Bashan." In the north of Palestine, namely, at the foot of Hermon, where the half-tribe of Dan had their portion.

Jacob: "Nephtali, a hart let loose, and giving goodly words."

Moses: And to Nephtali he said: "Nephtali shall enjoy abundance, he shall possess the west and the south." This is difficult to reconcile with his allotment in the north, unless we consider it prophetic of the Apostles who were of this tribe, and travelled far afield.

Jacob: "Asher, his bread shall be fat, he shall yield dainties to kings."

Moses: To Asher he said: "Let Asher be blessed with children, let him dip his foot in oil; as the days of thy youth, so shall also thy age be."

Living hundreds of years apart, the correspondence between these two blessings is remarkable, and preceding the unknown division of the land certainly corresponds wonderfully to the portions assigned to the different

tribes, and to their subsequent history. There is no doubt they were prophetic.

In this neighborhood ended the life of the Law-giver. A span of a hundred and twenty years, divided into three cycles: forty years among the Egyptians till "he was learned in all their knowledge;" forty years in the pastures of Jethro, his father-in-law, keeping company with sheep and high communion with his God; lastly, the forty years wandering in the desert with the bitter disappointment of not entering the Promised Land, even as Archimedes died with his problem unsolved. If we must die with our dearest wishes unfulfilled, be ours the grace to say "God's will is best." And the sunset as we gaze westward is as the burning *ghat* of Benares, obliterating all that is earthly.

We now proceed northward; the old Roman road seems to be abandoned and the track lies through fields of grain, wheat, barley and lentils, and through groves of olive and mulberry. An hour and a half of slow travel up the slippery rocks reminding us of the curse that Israel was wont to sling at its enemies, "That thy foot may slip," brings us to El Al—the high, which is very probably the Elealeh of Scripture spoken of by Jeremiah xlvi. 34, "From the cry of Hesebon even unto Elealeh; from Zoar even unto Horonaim shall Moab be desolate." Prophecy fulfilled and perpetuated before our eyes; even the Christian church of Byzantine architecture lies in beauty overthrown. The *Tell* of El Al justifies its name and from its summit, covered with ruins quite considerable, one may look out over the cursed land of Moab and exclaim with Isaiah xvi, "Therefore I will water thee with my tears, O Hesebon and Elealeh for the alarm has fallen upon thy summer fruits and upon thy harvests."

Leaving El Al, the ancient Elealeh we go north by east through fields of whitish soil and hills and valleys dotted with many tents of the nomad Bedouin. A ride of about four hours and we see Amman. As we approach, it seems superb for position, lying in a narrow valley and climbing the western slope of the hill behind; in Scripture times it went by the name of Rabbath Amman, and is first mentioned in Deut. ch. iii as the *habitat* of the iron bedstead of Og, the giant king of Bashan. "His bed is shown, which is of iron, being nine cubits long and four broad, after the measure of the cubit of a man's hand," *i. e.*, from the elbow to the hand. Computing that cubit at eighteen inches the king was thirteen and one-half feet high; a goodly giant!

Here was his capital. The Ammonites and Moabites are said to be descended from Lot and thus allied to the Israelites. The Menhirs and Dolmens that we see in such numbers belonged to a race anterior to these

Ammonites and Moabites. They take their place in the dimness of prehistoric conjecture like our American Mound Builders.

Among these evidences of Baal worship in this land towards the sun-rising, we meditate on the fact that man is naturally an idolater, that is, he instinctively requires some visible deity to worship. We have here the reason why God became man, and why Jesus left the Blessed Sacrament as a visible symbol of the invisible God-head, and why in the Old Testament He ordered the Ark of the Covenant and its mercy seat the Shechinah of Jehovah's presence.

We may now understand also how naturally the Pagans fell into the worship of the sun and moon. We find these divinities under different names in nearly all pagan mythologies, Ra, Baal, Helios, Apollo, Baldr. Nor was it for the intellectual necessarily idolatrous, but may well have been the worship of the invisible God under His chief visible manifestation, and as sex runs through everything in creation, so it was natural that the worship of the moon as Diana should form the counterpart of sun-worship.

Even as the adoration of the Host does not fall on the outward appearances which are those of bread; even as the worship the Disciples gave to Christ was not given to the mere man visible before them; so I conceive that the deifying of sun and sky and prolific mother earth, of love and strength and truth and wisdom by the pagans was at least in the intelligent natures only the worship of the real Creator behind them. This goes far to redeem heathen mythology; goes far to justify the love in Christian minds for the names of Minerva, and Diana, of Demeter and Aphrodite, of Jove the thunderer, or of Jupiter Pluvius, of Apollo and of Orpheus, of Perseus and Hercules; justifies also the bringing over into Christian worship of many elements of heathen mythology cleansed of their grossness. Witness the names of our week days—the Lord's day is given to the sun.

The portion that Moses gave to Reuben and Gad extended in about equal measure north and south from Ammon. "To Reuben and Gad I gave the land of Gilead and the confines even unto the torrent Jabok," that is, from Wady Mojib on the south to Zerka on the north. "Half the torrent" shows us that Moses knew, like modern surveyors, how to make a stream do double service.

We recall that it was at the siege of this place that poor Uriah was placed in the forefront of danger, by order of David, that he might be killed and David take Bethsabee his wife, 2 Kings xi.

What treachery in David to hide his sin! What nobility of mind in Uriah! refusing domestic joys, "While the Ark of God and Israel and

Juda dwell in tents and my lord Joab and the servants of my lord are encamped in the fields, and shall I go into my house?" And by what a touching parable Nathan later brings home to David his guilt, 2 Kings xii. "A rich man had very many sheep and oxen; a poor man had nothing at all but one little ewe lamb which had grown up in his house together with his children, eating of his bread and drinking of his cup, and sleeping in his bosom and it was to him as a daughter, and when a certain stranger was come to the rich man, he spared to take of his own sheep and oxen to make a feast for that stranger who was come to him, but took the poor man's ewe and dressed it for the man who was come to him." And when David, not recognizing it as a parable, exclaims in anger: "He who has done this shall surely die." How dramatic the *denouement*, "Thou art the man!" In the third century B. C., Rabbath Amman was rebuilt by Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt, and after him called Philadelphia, by which name it was known to Romans and Greeks.

"Ammon is one of the most weird and desolate cities of Syria at the present day," says Breen. "Lying in a valley surrounded by hills it commands no distant view." It is supplied with water from a stream that rises in the west of the ruined city. On the east rises a considerable hill, the citadel covered with ruins and a square tower.

Another valley comes in from the north which makes the site of the city liable to be flooded in watery times, so that we can understand when 2 Kings says that "Joab first took the city of the waters" evidently the lower town, where the abundance of moisture makes it now the congregating place of herds of cattle with an accompanying filthiness hard to endure, so we have pitched our tent in the theatre!

The upper town sustained a long siege, but in spite of the numerous allies that the Ammonites called in, Rabbath fell into David's hands, and the crown of its king, of a gold talent in weight, besides jewels, David made to his own crown 1 Chronicles xx.

There are ruins of fortresses and churches, Roman and Greek, but the most noteworthy are those of the theatre, which lies in the slope of the southern hill. It is a large amphitheatre cut in the rock, like the theatres at Athens, with forty-three rows of seats, capable of seating perhaps six thousand spectators.

The front is open but was originally finished with a proscenium and a colonnade of fifty pillars, about fifteen feet high to judge from those remaining. We wonder to find that there were theatre-going people in such a country as this. But what an advantage these theatres present over the

fire-traps of modern times. To have the heavens and the stars for company! Above the highest tier of seats of the large amphitheatre is a revetment wall to prevent the down-roll of debris into the auditorium; in the middle there is a temple-like excavation in the hill with a façade and shell-shaped niches.

The arena is 128 feet across and of horseshoe form, the heel of the shoe forming the front of the stage.

The first object that claims attention as we approach Amman from the southwest is a small temple or shrine in ruins, but the Corinthian architecture will point to about the second century of Christianity. It stands isolated near the little Amman which gladdens the meadow. Later this stream becomes the Blue River or Zerka, the Jabbok of Scripture. The shrine is circular within. North of the meadow are ruins of immense rectangular buildings, fortresses, khans, churches, what? The walls in many cases are forty feet high, though the roofs have all fallen in. Thomson considers one of them a basilica. The stream that forms the water supply for Amman, and here called Nahr Amman, is the south branch and the most perennial source of the Zerka or Jabbok river; from here it flows north and some east, then turns north, northwest, west, south and again west before it empties into the Jordan north of the Damieh Ford. I know of no other river that so perfectly goes to all points of the compass.

Close to the outer wall of the citadel are the foundations of another building, which seems to have been a mosque; these remains at Amman are highly interesting and important as forming a link between Byzantine architecture and that of Persia, Conder suggesting, "That some of them were erected by Chosroes about the year six hundred and twenty." Father Breen says: "Farther westward in the wall of a dwelling we found a stone thirty-one inches broad by twenty-one inches high with a horned head and bust of Jupiter Ammon;" this reminds us that Ammon was one of the chief titles of this god. A Circassian colony is now settled at Amman introduced here by the Sultan when the Circassians were expelled from Asia. One of these Circassians showed us a small head of Medusa which he had found in one of the grottoes.

West of the citadel on a slope of a hill is a striking group of Dolmens, to the west and north of Amman are several magnificent Menhirs. Some miles north is Yajuz. Of Yajuz, Thomson says: It is a singular place with a name quite unknown, but the ruins scattered about the sheltered valley for a mile or more are of considerable importance. Near the large terebinth-tree are three fountains or rather holes in the ground, where the

water collects for the numerous flocks that gather about them. From the fragments of columns, cornices and lintels it is evident that the edifices were of known construction of the Corinthian order.

There are walls of three large open enclosures a short distance from the fountains. All of these are overshadowed by terebinth trees of very large size, from ten to fifteen feet in circumference and of rare beauty of outline. These large roofless enclosures are now occupied by graves of Bedouins, a few living in some of the ruins. Yajus has not been identified with any Biblical site but Dr. Merrill thinks it might be the Roman town Gadda, mentioned as thirteen miles from Philadelphia—Ammon. From Ammam the Roman road connecting Petra, in the Arabian Desert, with Palmyra, thus joining the principal cities. We take a western fork of the north to Jerash and northeast to Bozra, thence north to Damascus and Palmyra, thus joining the principal cities. We take a western fork of the road towards Es Salt.

What a number of the dire prophecies of Palestine fall on this region: "Moab is destroyed, there is no more rejoicing over Hesbon, O Vineyard of Sabama! I will weep for thee with the mourning of Jazer, the robber hath rushed in upon thy harvest, and upon thy vineyards. Cry ye daughters of Rabath, children of Ammon, Edom is desolate. Is wisdom no more in Theman? Emath is confounded, Bozra shall become a desolation and a curse, Sit in thirst, O Daughter of Dibbon, tell it in Arnon that Moab is wasted!" Jeremiah xlix.

It was of Nebuchadnezzar that Jeremiah spoke, but the curse apparently remains, for the marauding Bedouins are everywhere in this region. An incident in the visit of Dr. Porter to Kunawat will sufficiently prove this. In speaking of the men who hung round his camp, he says: "In the evening, all went away except one, whom I recognized as having been amongst those who were lurking around us at Deir es Sumeid. What brought you to the Deir when you saw us there? I asked him. 'To strip you,' he coolly replied. And why did you not do it? 'Because Mahmud (the Druse guide) was with you.' But why would you plunder us?—we are strangers and not your enemies. 'It is our custom.' And do you strip all strangers? 'Yes, all we can get hold of.' And if they resist or are too strong for you? 'In the former case we shoot them from behind trees, and in the latter we run.' How do the people of your tribe live?—do they sow or feed flocks? 'We are not fellahin (farmers), thank God!' he said with dignity. 'We keep goats and sheep, hunt partridges and gazelles and steal!' Are you all thieves? 'Yes, all!' These answers were given with the greatest composure and quite as a matter of course, which



BEDOUINS

goes to prove that the Bedouin still has the Old Testament conscience of love only for friends, with justice reserved for his own tribe. We were well pleased that a number of Bedouin that we noted last night have folded their tent like the Arabs and stolen away before day without stealing anything else.

Between Amman and Es Salt there is not much of special interest: Kasr el Melfuf, castle of cabbages; the valley of rain, well wooded. Kirbet Sar, and down the Wady es Sir, the ancient Tyros fortified by Hyrcanus, B. C. 187, where remnants of masonry and rude carving give evidence of the "Castle of white stone," spoken of by Josephus. It is now called Arak el Emir, Rock of the Chieftain.

CHAPTER XXX

BEYOND THE JORDAN—GILEAD.

"Is there balm in Gilead?" We are going to see to-day, for our journey will be in the mountains of Gilead. Amman is the farthest east that our pilgrimage will lead us, for though there is a railway several miles eastward that is to connect Damascus with Mecca ultimately anything so modern as a railway has no interest for the Bible student. 'This follows the Derb el Haj and is completed as far south as Maan. We turn westward towards Es Salt, the modern representative of Ramoth Gilead, so most explorers consider it, but Ramoth Gilead means the heights of Gilead, and this city is in a ravine. Ramoth Gilead was described by the Jewish tradition as being opposite Shechem, and we are many miles too far south, so Dr. Merrill suggests Jerash as the site for Ramoth Gilead which others, however, identify with Gerasa. Might Jerash not be both Gerasa of Greco-Roman times and Ramoth Gilead of the Bible era?

It is a matter of some interest because it was at Ramoth Gilead that Eliseus anointed Jehu, king of Israel in place of Achab and commissioned him to foretell that "dogs shall lick the blood of Jezabel in the streets of Jezreel." He was told to run as soon as he had delivered his message, 4 Kings, ch. ix. It reminds one of the Arab proverb, "He who tells the truth should have one foot in the stirrup."

Ramoth Gilead was one of the three cities of refuge east of the Jordan; the others were at Bozor in the south, and Golan in the north; thus Gad, Manassess and Reuben each had a city of refuge. What a divine consideration appointed these cities! a harbor for the wicked as well as the unfortunate, an opportunity for mercy to outweigh justice, or perhaps for mercy to prove itself the higher justice.

The sacred trees and the *Mukams* are for the Mohammedans a sort of city of refuge—where they may leave things without fear of their being stolen even by the Christians, so great is the dread of the resentment of the Jan or of the saint.

It was to Ramoth Gilead that Achab, king of Israel, willingly self-deceived by all the Prophets, except Micheas, went up to his death. "He stood in his chariot in battle—and he died in the evening," at the hand of a man shooting his arrow at a venture, and hitting Achab "between the lungs and the stomach." 3 Kings, xxii. 34. As mention is made of chariots be-

ing used in battles round Ramoth Gilead, and this site seeming unfit for such warfare, would appear to be an argument pointing to some site on the other side of the river Jabbok. This would give weight to Dr. Merrill's suggestion. The country between the Zerka and the Jarmuk is called Jebel Ajlun and on many maps is put down as Mount Gilead and is much more adapted to the occurrences recorded, viz., The meeting of Jacob and Esau, and the death of Absalom; more suitable also as a city of refuge, being on the great highway, north and south.

Es Salt is situated in a deep ravine; the buildings cling to the precipitous sides of the wady, which descends eastward. An isolated hill is crowned by the castle of modern Saracenic architecture. Es Salt is the residence of a Turkish governor, and the capital of this, the Belka district. "Its population is twenty-five hundred Moslems and five hundred Greeks, but many of the latter have become Protestants," says Thomson. These Protestants have a substantial church, parsonage and school. Agriculture and viticulture form the chief occupation of most of the inhabitants, who go out to the distant fields in the morning, returning at night; there are also a few stores supplying local needs. The most conspicuous object is the ruined castle on the hill above the town. Es Salt has a fine water supply from a large spring near the middle of the town, and Ain Jeidur in the valley lower down. These, as is customary in the Orient, perform double service, household uses and irrigation for the gardens of artichoke, lentils and other vegetables and the fruit orchards.

There are several flouring mills south of Es Salt.

If Es Salt must resign to Gerash or some other the honor of being Ramoth Gilead, what ancient town would you suggest for the modern Es Salt? On some maps Gadara is put down, not the Gadara east of the sea of Galilee now called Um Keis, but Gadara which Josephus mentioned as the capital of Peræa. Baedeker suggests that the name Es Salt comes from the latin word *saltus*, a wooded mountain; the hills here are well clothed with oak trees, but we have not found the healing balm of Gilead; it is even uncertain from what tree it was obtained. At Jericho they sell a balm of Gilead made from the thorny *zukum* berries. Burckhardt states that the true balm is only found between Mecca and Medina; it is obtained from the *Amyris opobalsamum*, a tree called by the Arabs *bushem*, which is sufficiently alike to the Hebrew word *boshem*.

The balm is extracted by tapping the trees as we do the *coniferae* for rosin and turpentine. The test of its purity is to burn it on the point of your finger without injury to the member.

While we were at Es Salt we were necessarily under the protection

of the Sheik of the Adwan tribe on whom we made a call and obtained a guard of two, paying them a mejidieh each *per diem*.

We now set out to visit Jebel Osha, a ride of about an hour; it is a steep climb to the summit where is a *Mukam* claiming to be the tomb of the prophet Osee; Thomson, however, thinks that this mountain commemorates Josue and not Osee, which would give point to Dr. Merrill's statement that if one unacquainted with the bible were to seek for a spot to "view the landscape o'er" from the east of the Jordan he would naturally turn to Jebel Osha. It is nearly a thousand feet higher than the traditional Nebo and commands a most inspiring view over the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea, with the hills of Galilee, Samaria and Judea beyond. "I have discovered the etymology of the phrase 'mosying'," remarks our wit, "it comes from Moses surveying the prospect from this hill."

After feasting our eyes on the prospect, we resume the march northward for we must camp in Jerash tonight, from which we are separated by six hours' hard riding. Ain Allan, a beautiful spring, and Kirbet Allan, a ruin, are passed on our left without stop, and Sihan, perhaps reminiscent of Sihon, king of the Amorites. Also Jaludy perpetuating Gilead. Er Rumman, named from the pomegranite is on the heights to the east. We traverse the fertile plains and the wooded heights of the Belka; much of the forests has been cleared away, leaving only picturesque clumps of oak and pine trees in places too rocky for the pick and the plow; but even these groves are being destroyed by the Circassians, who now inhabit this district; there is much good land for agricultural purposes, covered with flourishing wheat and barley fields. Here, for the first time in this region, we saw many birds, pigeons, turtle doves, jays, blackbirds and thrushes and large coveys of red-legged partridges.

We now descend into the valley of Zerka, meaning "blue river" from its peculiar color which is rather gray; in Bible times it went by the name of the Jabbok. The gorge of the Zerka is exceedingly wild and picturesque, and the cliffs rise almost perpendicular to a great height on either side. This mighty chasm now forms the boundary between the district of El Belka, on the south, and that of Jebel Ajlun, on the north, as in ancient times it divided the kingdom of Sihon from that of Og, king of Bashan. The perennial source of the Zerka is near Amman, which we visited yesterday, and its course, northeast to Kulat es Zerka; from there it trends round to the northwest, and above the junction of Seil Jerash its direction is changed to nearly west until it reaches the Jordan valley when it turns to the southwest and enters that river a short distance above the ruined Roman bridge near the Damieh ford.

AMMAN



ARAB SHEIK



Mukhadat en Nusramiyeh, the ford of the Christian woman, over the Zerka or Jabbok, being about sea level, or somewhat below it, exhibits a semi-tropical vegetation. "We spent a night in camp in a level field just below the ford," writes Thomson. "It was then covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats so like the cultivated cereal that we had first hesitated to enter it, but it was of Nature's own sowing and had no owner to claim possession; the oats were three feet high and grew so thickly together that our horses could hardly wade through them. Of course they reveled in such an exuberant pasture, and the weary mules after their loads and pack-saddles had been taken off, rolled and tumbled about in mere wantonness of animal enjoyment; among the wild oats grew clover more than two feet high, with red tufts three inches long and large in proportion, whilst the rushing, roaring river just beyond was hidden in deep and impenetrable thickets of blooming oleander from ten to fifteen feet high. We found the air oppressively hot during the first half of the night, and no wonder, for we had descended from the top of Mount Gilead, west of Es Salt to the ford, a descent of at least three thousand five hundred feet." Considerably west of us, where the valley of the Zerka turns southward, is Tell Deir Allah, identified with Succoth; it is three miles from the Jordan and one mile north of the Zerka; near it must have been Peniel, Gen. xxxii. 31.

Between Suf and Ajlun, especially round Ain Jermeh, there are fine uninterrupted forests of oak and walnut. The oaks are the evergreen variety, called *Sindian*. In the ravines the oleanders attain a height of thirty feet. In Wady Deir, also round Sar, it is thickly wooded with oak and terebinth, and very beautiful.

All north of us extends the district Jebel Ajlun, or Mount Gilead. It was to this Mount Gilead that Jacob had travelled when with wives and herds he fled from Laban; it was here that the pursuing Laban overtook them. Gen. xxxi. "Jacob had pitched his tent in Mount Gilead,—and after seven days Laban with his brethren had overtaken him; he pitched his tent on the same mountain of Gilead. And he said to Jacob, 'Why hast thou done this to carry away my daughters like captives taken with the sword? Why didst thou not acquaint me that I might have brought them on the way with joy and with songs and with timbrels and with harps.' " How well the hospitality of this land is expressed, that accompanies the traveler some distance on his road! "Thou hast not suffered me to kiss my sons and daughters; thou hast done foolishly, and now indeed I might return evil; but the God of your father said to me yesterday: 'Take heed thou speak not anything against Jacob.' But suppose thou didst desire

to go to thy friends, why hast thou stolen my gods?" It would seem that Laban was an idolater. Jacob denies the theft, and astute Rachel, who has stolen the gods, perhaps from avarice, or perhaps because she was at heart a pagan, sits upon them; and to Laban, who searches the tent, says: "Let not my lord be angry that I cannot rise up because it now has happened to me according to the custom of women." So his search was in vain. Jacob admits departing by stealth, but justifies his act by his long knowledge of his father-in-law, who has overworked him: "Day and night was I parched with heat and with frost, and sleep departed from my eyes, in this manner have I served thee twenty years, fourteen for thy daughters, and six for thy flocks; thou hast also changed my wages ten times." (This refers to Genesis xxx. 32.) "Peradventure thou hadst sent me away empty." A good knowledge in Jacob of human nature which is lavish in "what it would have done." How wonderfully man was then under a Theocracy! Laban must respect Jacob, and Jacob's God and the witness heap of stones—Gilead—seals the reconciliation.

Is the place of their meeting identified? Not with any certainty. "Laban called it Mizpah, the watch-tower, and Jacob called it Gilead, the witness heap." Genesis xxxi, 46.

Some place it at Umm ed Deraï, directly northwest, as being the highest point, 4265 feet above the sea; others at Ajlun or Ain Jenneh, which, while not so elevated, are better suited for a halt, having fine springs and forest; others, again, at Khan Mahneh, which is reminiscent of Mahanaim, which, however, would necessitate placing the witness heap further north.

Following in spirit Jacob's progress, takes us to Tell Deir Allah, near the Zerka, thought to be the locality of Jacob's wrestling with the angel: "A man wrestled with him till morning, and when he saw that he could not overcome him, he touched him on the thigh and forthwith it shrank, and he said to him: 'Let me go for it is break of day,' and Jacob answered, 'I will not let thee go unless thou bless me.' And the angel said, 'What is thy name?' He answered, Jacob; but he said: 'Thy name shall be Israel,—strong against God.' And Jacob called the place Phanuel, saying, 'I have seen God face to face!' And immediately the sun rose, but Jacob halted in his thigh, therefore the children of Israel eat not the sinew that shrank in Jacob's thigh" (Gen. xxxii), that is the corresponding part in animals.

Great meetings Jacob is experiencing; and the morrow brings the most momentous, the most dreaded—his encounter with his brother, still angry at Jacob obtaining the birthright.

Jacob is a diplomatist, and disarms his brother with large presents of

flocks sent in advance; "A man's gifts make room for him," says the proverb,—but the politician appears also in the flattery: "I have seen thy face as the face of a god. And take the blessing which I have brought thee and which God hath given me, who giveth all things;" "So Esau returns to Seir, and Jacob came to Succoth, where having built a house and pitched tents, he called the name Succoth, that is tents."

Succoth is mentioned again, when Gideon, pursuing the Midianites beyond the Jordan, asks bread from the men of Succoth, and of Peniel, but fruitlessly, for which he chastises these places later. "He cut in pieces the men of Succoth and demolished the tower of Peniel." Judges, viii. All this helps to identify those localities.

Climbing out of the valley of the Jabbok, we ride due north for two hours up its tributary, the Seil Jerash, and are glad to halt for the night at Jerash; this the finest ruin, with the one exception of Baalbek, in all Palestine. The best place for pitching tents is near the north gate, and, as we intend spending a whole day here, and are too fatigued for sight-seeing, we go into camp at once, commencing our examination of the ruined city next day at the south gate.

Jerash, the Roman Gerasa, was a walled city. Portions of the wall are still remaining, the south wall, however, almost obliterated; but in better preservation is the gateway, or triumphal arch, standing alone and considerably south of the walls; it consists of a large central archway, flanked by two smaller ones, all of them true Roman arches. Above the lateral ones are square niches; the whole triumphal structure was eighty feet broad, by forty feet high, the upper part of which is lacking, though the arches are perfect; four large columns—pilasters rather—adorn the front, with foliage adorned, carved pediments; this triumphal arch is about nine hundred feet from the inner gate, and between it and the city walls is a large stadium, square at the south end but semi-circular at the north; it appears to have been flooded with water from Seil Jerash, for Roman *Naumachia* or sea fights, held here to make holiday for the Greeks and Romans. This stadium was three hundred feet by seven hundred feet north and south. The triumphal arch spoken of was called Bab el Ammon as leading to that city; it formed no part of the walls but like the triumphal arches of Rome, and other places, was only for ornament or commemorative of victory. Its resemblance to Trajan's arch makes one ascribe it to the same period, perhaps to the same Emperor. North of the circus was an extensive necropolis or city of the ancient dead.

Entering inside the ancient walls, to our left stand the ruins of a temple now called Beit et Tei, nearly a hundred feet long by sixty-six wide.



JERASH

It is a heap of ruins, but enough of the *cella* wall remains to show us it was enriched by a row of Roman arch-niches on the outside; the temple had a peristyle and a portico with two rows of Corinthian pillars, only one of which remains standing, but which shows perfectness in the gentle swell of its entasis. The capital is gone but many lie on the ground where the rest of the columns are prostrate. It must have been by earthquake that these temples, palaces and towers were overthrown, for there is no evidence of man's barbarous work. What a treasure this ruined city would be, if near civilization! What riches of fallen pillars, friezes and capitals! They would merely need building up again. Indeed the natives are doing so now, but not to any good architectural effect. On an elevation west of the temple is the great theatre; it faces northward over the town, and from its twenty-eight terraced rows of seats, the principal buildings of the city could be seen. I can never get over my wonder and joy at the inspiration of the Roman and Greek theatres, with not only the mimic play of the arena visible, but the larger outlook on the country around and the starry sky overhead. Observe, too, how religion and amusement went hand-in-hand. Temple almost touching amphitheatre! Eastward from the theatre is a colonnade that reminds one of Stonehenge; it is oval in form, over three

hundred feet at the longest axis, and when complete, numbered a hundred columns of which fifty-seven are standing today, connected by a plain stone entablature or lintel. This encircling colonnade was the Forum, and was paved with stone. The columns have Ionic capitals without pedestals, are about two feet in diameter, and vary from fifteen to twenty feet high, so as to make the lintels horizontal, the ground being uneven. This circle of stones was probably open at the south, facing the temple spoken of above, and also on the north where it opened on the main street. That street we now enter. It could well be styled *Via Columnata*. Besides the theatres and the baths and the temples, these cities built by the Romans must possess another feature in common—the avenue of columns. We have seen these colonnaded streets in Samaria and Ammon, and they are renowned at Palmyra and Antioch, so here too in Jerash we find the triumphal way along which Roman heroes returned home.

Along this street from the Forum to the north gate, three quarters of a mile, these stone sentinels stood ranged in order; they are not of a height, decreasing irregularly from thirty to fifteen feet, and although the entablature, here more ornate than in the Forum, is covered by their capitals, Corinthian at the south end and Ionic at the north, it is supported by a bracket on the side of the higher pillars. There must have been upward of a thousand pillars, and from the differing styles we may conclude that this colonnade was made from materials, already old and probably not all built in one period. Not many of these columns now remain *in situ*, but the ground is one continuous field of prostrate stone, entablature and pillar, frieze and capital, plinth and torus, for here, where not covered with rubbish or soil, the colonnade is furnished with bases for the columns. As we proceed northward, at the point where a lateral street crosses the main avenue are four cubical masses of stone, probably pedestals for a group of statuary. Nearly in the centre of the town was a group of buildings of great beauty and extent. There is evidence of the propyleum of a great Temple to Jupiter or to the Sun-god. It stood upon a terrace, five hundred and twenty-seven feet long and three hundred and forty-four feet wide, which was enclosed by two hundred and sixty columns. The Temple, itself, is eighty-seven feet long by sixty-six feet wide and rises upon a podium eight feet in height, the flight of steps leading to which has disappeared. On the east it appears that an apse was built so as to convert a section of the colonnade into a church. The temple, indeed, must have been magnificent to judge from the ruins still remaining. The columns of the portico give one the best idea of its grandeur. Of the original twelve, nine still remain standing; they are eighteen feet in circumference, with shafts

formed of five pieces only, and are of Corinthian order. In the adornment of this temple alone, Burckhardt computes there were upwards of two hundred columns. Little remains of the walls that has not either been thrown down or displaced by earthquakes; still there is sufficient in carved capital and niche, in massive wall and arched doorway to proclaim to the world this was once one of the most magnificent cities of Syria. It is surprising that history says so little of it.

Atheistically it was written: "An honest God is the noblest work of man." But in one sense this is true. Man's idea of God is the criterion of his mental elevation. From the heathen god that is all malevolence, and must ever be propitiated, through the truer though still imperfect knowledge of God by the Hebrews, as the Lord of Hosts, a God of war and of justice, to the Prince of Peace, the "God is Love," of St. John, there has been a great advance. The most wonderful thing is that with the advent of God in material flesh we have acquired a more spiritual conception of the Deity; through the visibly circumscribed we have realized that God is immense; through the apparently finite we know the infinite; because higher above our intellects He has come nearer to our hearts and our affections.

Taking the street that leaves the main one somewhat further to the north, and going to the left, we come to the remains of the northern theatre; here again we have a colonnade that formed the portico to the theatre. A portico of six columns on a side, as in the great temple mentioned before; of these columns five remain on one side and two on the other. This theatre has a larger arena but would accommodate fewer spectators than the great theatre; it has sixteen ranges of benches, and the lower ones are pierced by openings into arched chambers, which goes far to prove that this theatre was for gladiatorial combats; between the tenth and eleventh tiers are six arched recesses or private boxes. From here we obtain a magnificent view of the Temple of the Sun, and more to our left as we look south, and more in the valley of the Seil Jerash, the remains of extensive baths. The temple, the theatre, the bath! the three essentials of Roman life. Religion, enjoyment, health! Where did work come in?

The north gate was a plain substantial structure, but walls and gateway are now in ruins. Crossing the water course and ascending somewhat eastward, we are among a mass of ruins that was probably a Christian church, possibly a cathedral, for Gerasa was the seat of a bishopric at one time. Only one upright column keeps watch over this cataract of cornice and capital, shaft and corbel, base and terrace. Lower down the stream (which, however, we reach easiest by retracing our steps down the main

street and turning east at the *Rond-point*, as it might be called) are the remains of the Roman baths; the upper one covers a space more than two hundred feet square, and the western side seems to have had a row of columns; the walls must have been high with vaulted chambers, and traces of the aqueducts remain that supplied it with water. Below these baths is the beautiful and excellent Ain Jerwan, and still further down the stream was another large bathing establishment whose subterranean aqueduct is still useful in irrigating the fields and gardens. As we gaze from the north gate we recognize that the city is an irregular square, each side being about a mile; it is five miles from the Jabbok, whose rushing waters and tropical vegetation it lacks, but its loneliness is relieved by the little stream the Seil Jerash, that winds, oleander-shaded, through these ruins now so desolate, which speak eloquently, however, of "the beauty that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

This city was evidently built by the Romans and the Greeks under Trajan or Antoninus Pius or Marcus Aurelius, or perhaps partly under all of them, in the second century of the Christian era. There is no question but that Jerash is the Roman Gerasa, but no remains have yet been found to decide whether this was Ramoth Gilead of the Bible or not. The whole country around corresponds better than Es Salt with the events that happened in this vicinity. Probably further excavations of the *tells* west of here may throw light on the subject. In our Lord's time, Gerasa was one of the cities of the Decapolis; alone superior to it, was Scythopolis, now Beisan. The others of these ten cities were Philadelphia (Ammon), Gadara (Um Keis), Canatha (Kunawat), Capitolias (Beit er Râs), Dion (Eidum), Abila (Abil), Hippos (Kurbet-Susiyeh) and Pella (Fahil). Prior to our Lord's day, Gerasa is mentioned by Josephus as being taken by assault in 85 B. C. by Alexander Janeus. Of Medieval building—Saracenic or Crusading architecture—there is no trace. All that appears now is Roman.

There is a colony of Circassians, about fifteen hundred in number, governed by a Mudîr; the modern village is on the east side of the Wady, the ruins of the ancient city on the opposing and higher bank to the west.

Nowhere can we better meditate on the transitoriness of worldly pomp and luxury, nowhere better apply the words of Isaiah xxxiv: "The bittern and hedgehog shall possess it, the owl and the raven shall dwell in it, and a line shall be stretched out upon it to bring it to nothing, and a plummet unto desolation. Thorns and nettles shall grow up in its houses and the thistle in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be the habitation of dragons and the pasture of ostriches, and demons and monsters shall meet and the

hairy ones shall cry out to one another. There hath the lamia lain down, and there hath appeared the screech-owl." What an eerie and creepy menagerie!

Where shall we find the "Wood of Ephraim?" As the Bible narrative and the authorities point to the territory east of Jordan as the scene of Absalom's death in the oak tree, how shall we reconcile the statement of 2 Kings xviii, 6, that it occurred in the Wood of Ephraim, as we know that Ephraim had his portion west of the Jordan. Ephraim and Manasses being brothers are often named together, and Manasses was assigned one-half his portion, as we have seen, east of the Jordan. "And it happened that Absalom riding on a mule met the servants of David, and as the mule went under a thick and large oak his head stuck in the oak, and while he hung between the heavens and the earth, the mule on which he rode, passed on." Joab's servant refuses to kill the son of David, for the king had said "save me the young man, Absalom." Joab is more hardened, "Not as thou wilt; but I will set upon him; so he took three lances in his hand and thrust them into the heart of Absalom, and while he yet panted for life, sticking on the oak, ten young men, armor bearers of Joab, ran up and striking him, slew him," 2 Kings xviii. And so the hair of which he was so vain proves his undoing. In this connection there comes to our mind the oaks of Bashan. They are doubtless in this region of Jebel Ajlun. How wonderfully in our memory a tree or a flower is connected with a locality. The Oaks of Bashan, the Cedars of Lebanon, the Roses of Sharon, the Balm of Gilead.

"I have learned," says Atkinson, "to associate the tulip with the hill-sides round Nazareth and Jezreel; the hollyhock with Magdala; the apple of Sodom with Jericho; the blue lupine with the Mount of Beatitudes."

"Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozra? This beautiful one in his robe?"

To the northeast, as we said, are the ruins of the city Bozra; now called Busrah, which is evidently the Arab rendering of the old name. But there were two Bozras mentioned in Scripture, one in Edom (Isaiah lxiii. 1), the other was in Moab (Jeremiah xlviii. 24). If modern Busrah is this one, then Moab was used for a more extended region.

Many are the interesting ruins in Busrah. A triumphal arch forty feet in length by 20 in breadth and forty feet high; like many other triumphal arches it has a large central opening and two smaller side ones. A Latin inscription states that it was erected in honor of Julius Julianus. There is a temple of which, however, little remains, that little showing that the

capitals were Corinthian but of decadent architecture. The castle of Bozra is one of the largest in Syria, the walls are in a good state of preservation, surrounded by a moat which can still be filled with water. The interior is a labyrinth of half-ruined courts, halls, corridors, staircases and vaults, with Greek inscriptions here and there on loose stones and on tablets in the walls; but the most interesting object in the castle of Bozra is the theatre, which stands in the centre of the building. The upper tier of six benches is still perfect, as are also the arched *vomitories* underneath. It is evident that Bozra had its gladiatorial shows. There is the great mosque, attributed to Caliph Omar; there is also the minaret close by, from the top of which is a magnificent prospect. Looking east we have Salkhat, to the southwest Jebel Ajlun, in the distance the mountains of Hauran, and immediately below us the Nukrah, a fertile plain with tree and flower and grain fields. On the east side of the city is a large reservoir nearly four hundred feet square, and fifteen feet deep, which is, however, surpassed in size by another reservoir on the south side, and this again surpassed by one on the west which is over a thousand feet on a side. The inhabitants round Bozra are the most barbaric of any that we have yet seen, the women all tattooed, their eyes painted black with kohl, and their fingers red with henna. Nor are these Bedouins without tribal affection; "I may be against my brother," they say, "but my brother and I are against the world."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE DEAD SEA

A toilsome ride from Jerash to the Damieh Ford, descending first the Seil Jerash then the river Zerka; but when we reach the river banks what a prospect of winding river and green jungle! We can see distinctly the different levels of the river, and what a magnificent stream it was when it filled the Ghor from bank to bank! "The bluffs which overhang both the eastern and the western sides present a most singular appearance, often having sharply shaped conical peaks facing the river and are composed of a dull drab-colored clay or marl, which the winter rains have worn into innumerable gullies and narrow ravines. Their aspect is as forbidding as they are unique and striking. A short distance above the ford are the remains of a Roman bridge. They were six arches leading to the present bed of the river, and it would require three more to reach the land on the west bank. I think it probable that when the bridge was constructed the river ran beneath the three arches and that the present channel west of them in which the Jordan now flows has been made since, causing the abandonment and ruin of the bridge. It appears evident, also, that the Zerka or river Jabbok which enters the Jordan a short distance above the bridge contributed to that ruin by wearing deep channels beneath some of the arches. During the winter floods the water still flows through some of the broken arches," so says Thomson. This ford seems to perpetuate the name Adam, up to where the water rolled back in God-urged mountain waves to let the Israelites pass over dry-shod at the crossing place lower down. Josue iii. 16. In 3 Kings vii. 45, we read: "And the cauldrons and the shovels and the basins, all the vessels that Hiram made for King Solomon for the House of the Lord were of fine brass. In the plains of the Jordan did the King cast them in a clay ground between Succoth and Sarthan." If Succoth was as supposed, north of the Jabbok, and Sarthan be identified with Surtabeh, as Van de Velde surmises, it was somewhere in this neighborhood that the King of Tyre had his foundries, and certainly there is no lack of clay for the molders.

We had intended to push on and reach Jericho tonight, but the day is already so far spent that we must perforce camp at the Jordan. It is not an inviting place but we are well armed and guarded. We read in Thomson: "It is now the haunt of the wild boar and the wolf, as it

seems to have been of the lion in the time of Jeremiah, 'Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan as against Edom, and the prophet repeats the figure in exactly the same words in the next chapter as against Babylon.' Jeremiah xlix. 19 and l, 44. It is safe to conclude, therefore, that this river bottom, then as now, abounded in impenetrable thickets and that there the lion had his lair, and from thence he made destructive forays into the neighboring districts." I would remark that the lion of the Jordan valley is the jaguar or mountain lion, *Nimr*, of the Arabs and not the king of beasts. One would naturally expect to find this Jordan valley fertile as Egypt and well inhabited, yet it is a dreary desert. "The reason why the Jordan is not utilized for irrigation is at once apparent in such localities as that of the Damieh Ford. It flows two hundred feet below the level of the *Ghor* and the canals for irrigation would have to be taken out far above and conducted for miles over the plain at great expense, owing to the many gorges and precipitous ravines which cut through it to the river. The soil of the *Ghor*, itself, is a stiff hard clay, requiring much labor to render it productive, and a greater outlay of capital than the fellahin have ever possessed. Add to all this that the valley has generally been the borderland between antagonistic tribes, and consequently unsafe, and one needs no longer to wonder at its desert character and oppressive loneliness." Another reason is doubtless the apathy of the government and the laziness of the Arabs.

We open the Bible—our *vade mecum*—and enjoy it as we never did before. We speculate on what that book would have been had it not been written here? Thomson fittingly words it: "Think if you can, of a Bible without Patriarch or Pilgrimage, with no bondage in Egypt nor deliverance therefrom; no Red Sea; no Sinai with its miracles, no Wilderness of wandering; without a Jordan with Canaan over against it, or a Dead Sea with Sodom beneath it; no Moriah with its temple or Zion with its palace! Whence could have come our divine songs if the sacred poets had lived in a land without mountain or valley, where were no plains covered with corn, no hills planted to olive, fig and vine.

"The shepherd and his flock, the sheep and the fold, the ox and his yoke, the camel and his burden, the ass and his owner, lions that roar, wolves that raven, foxes that spoil, harts panting for the water brooks, doves in the clefts of the rocks, sparrows on the housetop, storks in the heavens, eagles hastening to the prey, the busy bee, the careful ant—are merely random specimens out of the world of rich materials of this land.

"Again, suppose there had been no heathen with idols to corrupt, no enemies to fight like the Philistines and Midianites; If there had been no



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plowing and sowing, no seed time nor harvest, no summer threshing floor, no vineyard or vine dresser or wine press, if there had sailed over Galilee no boat and no fisherman had cast a net in its water, if there had been no weaver with his shuttle, no refiner with his furnace, no warrior with bow and spear and battle ax, how could this book have expressed the duties of man upon earth—or pictured the strife between evil and good?"

Having forded the Jordan with the usual picturesque bustle and barbarian noise, we camp for the night, which passes uneventfully, undisturbed by wild beasts or wilder Bedouin. Ruskin says, "all should see the sunset and the sunrise and nothing but dreams between them," so we watch him go down behind Jerusalem and are up betimes to see him rise over the mountains of Abarim, "in dyed garments from Bozra."

While breakfast was preparing, taking a ramble through the jungle, I found a bird's nest in a tree of about fifteen feet in height and examining it found it was no tree at all but a large specimen of the mustard, thus confirming the words of our Lord: "The mustard is indeed the least of all seeds but when it grows up it becomes larger than all herbs, yea a tree, so that the birds come and dwell in its branches." Mat. xiii. 32. Wondrous simile of His kingdom, the Catholic Church. It alone fulfills the predictions made in Scripture of the Kingdom that God would establish; it was

to be indefectible and its teachings infallible,—“If the trumpet speak in an uncertain tone, who shall prepare for the battle?” It should be a perpetual kingdom,—“Of His kingdom there shall be no end.” It should have a priesthood who would speak with authority,—“Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen, all the day and all the night.” “The lips of the priest shall hold wisdom, and they shall seek the law at his mouth.” Again, the priesthood of Christ was to be according to the Order of Melchisadech. There was to be a visible sacrifice offered in every place, not only on Calvary. And still again: “This is my covenant with thee, My spirit that is in thee and the words that I have put in thy mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed from henceforth and forever.” This is in the Old Testament, but it would be untrue if spoken only of the Jewish people—true if spoken of its continuation, the Catholic Church.

Hallowed by so many recollections no wonder that the Jordan is the goal of so many devout Christian pilgrims, and it is with regret that we leave it—to visit the Dead Sea—to exchange the waters of life for those of death! Alas! is that not what so many thousands are doing continually, mentally and spiritually?

We do not depart, however, without providing a flaskful of the precious water to carry to our homes. We remember that in the ages of faith, water was carried from here to bless ships (better than breaking a bottle of wine!), and so we mount and in single file proceed northward after first going slightly to the west.

Our path is through the feathery tamarisks and the juicy bushes, the foliage so watery that they are food and drink.

To-day is for the Dead Sea. It is a good three hours' ride. There was rain in the night and the clay soil coated with salty slime makes very disagreeable travelling, but the distant water bright as metal in the now clear day invites and encourages by its apparent nearness. When five miles distant we thought it only one. Veiled in a slight haze, the view is entrancing, the water, deep blue, seen from a distance, but becoming greenish as you approach.

The first sight of the Dead Sea at the north end is a revelation and a joyous surprise. Our fancy had pictured it black as the fabled Styx, loathsome with slime and bitumen floating on the stinking surface; we behold it crystal clear and sparkling in the sunlight. We first take a good look at it as it stretches away fifty miles to the southward and twelve miles to the east. The promontory on the right is Ras Feshkah, next the Ras Mersid, beyond which is Engedi. The debouchure of the Jordan is hid-

den in jungle. Still further south but hidden by the intervening headlands we know is Jebel Usdum. The Wady es Suweimeh comes down in the northeast corner of the sea, supposed by some to be the Beth Jesimoth of Numbers xxxiii, 49. The Zerka Ma'in comes in from Moab, some miles southward, and midway towards the south end, the Mojib, the great Arnon; beyond, the promontory of El Lisan appears almost like an island floating low in the water. There is a sandy beach of fifteen or twenty feet, much littered over with driftwood brought down by the Jordan, together with dead fish and shells and white ridges of froth. Indeed there is no limit northward to what might be called the beach, for all the plain between here and Jericho was probably once occupied by the sea. Everything is crusted over with salt.

The sea is exceedingly calm and to look at the water is to desire to drink and to bathe. One would not dream of it being five times as salty as ordinary sea water, but so it is by chemical analysis; it is well named the Salt or Bitter Sea. The salts that it contains are principally sodium, magnesia and lime. If this prevents us drinking, it cannot prevent a most enjoyable bath; indeed, the salt adding greatly to its buoyancy makes it delightful for bathing, only one must be careful not to swallow any of it and should, if possible, be prepared to wash in pure water afterward to avoid the unpleasantness of the salty remains on the skin, which is apt to leave the lips swollen and chapped. I walked out far and could stand upright, however deep the water, as one does not sink below the chest. A fresh egg floats almost half out of water. When swimming, however, one is obliged to maintain an angle of about 45 degrees or the feet would float to the top, with danger of the head being submerged. We all have a higher opinion of the weight of our brains as we come out. The intense heat renders it advisable to tie a *keffieh* around the head to prevent sunstroke.

The Dead Sea is called in Scripture by several names: The Salt Sea, The Sea of the Plain, The Sea to the east; by the Arabs of today, Bahr Lût, Sea of Lot, thus reminding of the events of Genesis, Ch. xix. It is about 53 miles from north to south by 10 from east to west; it is 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean, thus making it one of the hottest places on earth. At the northeast shore "where Moab dips his foot in brine," it has a depth of 1,300 feet of water but grows much shallower to the west and south, especially the latter, which shoals to a few feet in depth in the summertime and is never more than fifteen feet in times of flood. As we look to the southeast the line of cliffs that bound it is broken but by one notable Wady, that of Mojib, the ancient river Arnon; though there are many

minor ravines, the mountains that fence it in on the east and west rise to a height of 2,000 feet. There is an exuberance of vegetable life on the east shore; the plants are like hot-house productions growing wild. The date palm dips its branches into the sea and the oleanders are like jewels on its neck.

The exact sites of the notable localities that were near the Dead Sea, especially that of the fire-and-brimstone-destroyed Sodom, are in great obscurity and dispute. From the account in Genesis of the five cities of the Plain we would naturally expect Sodom to have occupied the northern end, for Lot looked out from near Bethel and "saw that the valley was well watered and he chose it and dwelt in Sodom." Gen. xiii. 12. He could not have seen these places had they been in the south end, and if one objects that the wells of bitumen are less frequent round the mouth of the Jordan might not the conflagration of the wicked cities have consumed the supply, and thus their comparative absence be an argument in favor of the north end? On the contrary, the description in the Book of Wisdom, "The five cities whose corruption is still marked by the smoking earth and which remains barren, whose trees bear fruit which never ripens, and where one sees a statue of salt, the monument of an incredulous soul," Wisdom x. 4, this describes much better the south end where Jebel Usdum, the mountain of Sodom, perpetuates in its salty whiteness the name of the doomed city, and where the *osher* grows to a tree six or eight feet high, hanging with fruit of an orange color, but which in ripening time seems to decay, turning black and the inside spongy and dry. It is the *Kalotropis procera* of botanists, which might be translated the "Beauty quick-changing." The natives use it for lighting their *tchibouks* and firing their matchlock muskets, making the fruit thus literally dissolve into smoke and ashes, as Josephus states of the Dead Sea fruit, "that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lips." Moses does not speak of the "apples" of Sodom, but of "the vine of Sodom, their grapes are gall and their clusters are bitter." Deut. xxxii. 32. This would correspond better with the other plant suggested as the Dead Sea fruit, the *Solanum Sodomeum* with its clusters of potato balls.

In the south end is a desolation that might well fit Sodom and Gomorrah. Here too are most of the bituminous wells, mostly in the bottom of the sea, though they are not entirely wanting in the north end. It is principally after slight earthquake shocks that the bitumen is loosed from the bottom and floats to the surface. The whole account in Genesis of the destruction of these cities is exactly such as a petroleum eruption would have occasioned. Since God uses natural means as instruments of His

punishments, as well as of His rewards, this does not detract in any way from the belief that the destruction of these wicked cities was the providential act of the Deity.

"In this awful hollow," says George H. Smith, "this bit of the infernal regions come up to the surface, this hell with the sun shining into it, primitive man laid the scene of God's most terrible judgment upon human sin, the glare of Sodom and Gomorrah flames down the whole length of Scripture history."

Everything considered, I am of the opinion that Sodom and Gomorrah were near the entrance of the Jordan into the present Dead Sea, possibly occupying both sides of the river. This is indeed at variance not only with Josephus' account, but with the authorities of half a century ago, who agreed to place Sodom and Gomorrah at the southern end, so Robinson, De Saulcey, Lynch, Stanley—names not to be despised. Of late years, however, opinion seems to favor the north end. Perhaps later excavations may shed light on the localities. If we wish to see how God regards impurity, which men esteem so trivial or so impossible for human nature to avoid, look to its punishment as related in the Bible, "It repents Me that I made man," and the judgment of the Deluge follows; there were not ten just found in Sodom, and fire and brimstone was its fate. The Benjaminites sinned and their tribe was almost obliterated.

This sea is a unique and perpetual wonder. There is the perennial flow of the Jordan, the Arnon and other smaller streams into this basin. The inflow according to civil engineers is six and one-half million tons a day. How does it not fill up? It has no outlet; evaporation must be the cause. This evaporation will account for the heavy dews that render the region beyond the Jordan so fertile, forming thus a partial substitute for rain, and accounts for the luxuriant vegetation which thus receives the moisture without the salt. The salt, however, is not without its uses, solar salt being obtained in a small way from evaporating plants; and I was glad to see it on the tables of the Franciscan hospices. One should use as far as possible the products of his own land. There is no life of fish or mollusk in the lake. Birds are sometimes found swimming in it or flying over it contrary to the belief of many who suppose that to fly across it is fatal to birds. There are indeed vultures, kingfishers (a yellow variety as well as our western blue one), and ravens in abundance who find an ample living in the fish brought down by the Jordan and which quickly die in the salt water.

Here I had an illustration of the inability of the Arab mind to comprehend a joke. I asked my guide if the salt fish of commerce did not

grow in the Dead Sea? He was scandalized, and said sorrowfully: "Father, you are exceeding the bounds of propriety."

One boat navigates the lake to-day, between El Lisan, the port for Kerak, the only considerable modern city near the Dead Sea, and the north end.

It is a thousand pities that boats do not tour these interesting spots; water-travel would be delightful; and by land it is in some places nearly impossible.

Our next objective point is Engedi. It was a long, tiresome and varied journey, riding sometimes along the sand of the shore, sometimes clambering over rocks or pushing our way through underbrush. We were obliged to camp after crossing Wady en Nar, which comes down from Mar Saba—water mingled with fire; Wady Merajde and the ascent of Cis, reminding of Saul. In the morning we push on for we have still sixteen miles to Ain Jidy. After passing the two headlands mentioned above we climb, and up one-third of the 2,000 feet of ragged cliff reach Wady el Ghor in which is situate Engedi, the fountain of the kid. The spring bursts forth from under a shelving terrace of rock over which sprawl a few sickly creepers, not enough to justify Ruskin's line, "The trailing vines of Engedi." That the Beloved in the Canticle is compared to a cluster of "camphire in the vineyards of Engedi" would lead us to the belief that vineyards abounded here, but the aspect of the country must have changed greatly if this was ever the home of the grape. The henna or camphire if correctly identified with the camphire of Scripture would also seem to have been plentiful here. Engedi may well have embraced more than the present spring and its immediate surroundings; indeed, in the days of Eusebius and Jerome there was a large village called Engedi on the shore of the Dead Sea, and on the small *delta* made by the waters from the kid's fountain are the remains of buildings yet noticeable.

We study the flora of this extraordinary region. We remark the *Acacia seyal*, the gum arabic tree, the *Calotropis procera*, also the Rose of Jericho, *Anastatica Hierochuntica* grows here (but not at Jericho, nor is it a rose), and lower down at the lake the *Asteriscus aquaticus* which some assert is entitled to the name and is more like a rose. The *Anastatica* is the resurrection plant sold in the bazaars of Oriental cities, particularly Jerusalem, a dry, curled-up head which opens out in water. The city round this spring can never have been extensive and only a mass of ruins remains. The water is not enticing being warm and brackish.

The ravine is one of the wildest in this wildest of regions, the water is excellent though warm; it falls in cascades down the cliffs and having

reached the bottom-land runs through a jungle of cane, dom acacia, osher, oleander and other shrubs. The sea beach is here half a mile wide, and one and a half long, partially inhabited by Bedouins, who can raise fine crops on the rich soil. I am inclined to think that this plain and not the spring above it in the cliff is what the Scripture calls "Hazizon Tamar, which is Engedi," for here the palm tree would be in its element. Tamar, we remember, means palm in Hebrew, the other word means "the pruning." This Hazizon Tamar which 2 Chronicles xx. 2 tells us is Engedi, is mentioned in Genesis in connection with Abraham's victorious expedition against Chedorlaomer and his associate kings from the north, who had driven out the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, and three other insignificant rulers, and with them Lot. On his account Abraham pursued them and brought his brother-in-law back. What small things kings must have been in those days! Not more than the chief of a clan, not more than an Arab sheik.

But Engedi is principally interesting to us as the refuge of David when pursued by Saul; these rocky fastnesses were hiding places, these caves were ready-made dwellings and this spring was doubtless his drink and the wild goats his sustenance. Some miles back a grotto is pointed out as David's. These cliffs were even then called the rocks of the wild goats, and Engedi would have been their gathering place. These natural caves are used all over Palestine as sheep cotes, which gives us the local coloring for the drama of Saul entering the cave where David and his men lay. The darkness hid them, and the flocks with their pattering feet would prevent conversation being heard. So David cuts off the end of Saul's skirt but will not use the advantage to kill him because he is "anointed of the Lord," and so Saul escaped.

David calls after him and argues his own mercy to prove that he does not plan Saul's downfall and to effect a reconciliation, which is happily concluded, for Saul is convinced that God is with David. 1 Kings xxvi. The wild goat is still occasionally seen in this wilderness, and the Arab hunter can add to his meager store by the carcass and skin of the "*beden*" as he terms the animal. It is rather an ibex than a goat, with long horns curved backward, and generally of a gray color, and with all the agility of its alpine cousins. Mr. Tristram tells us how he tried to rear a young *beden*, but that it died in ten days. The flesh of the *beden* is said to be superior to that of the gazelle and may have furnished the savory mess that the blind old Isaac loved, and of which he was incredulous could have been obtained so soon; it may also have been after the fatigue and disappointment of an unsuccessful *beden* hunt that Esau was so famished that he sold his birthright for a mess of lentil pottage.

Again Engedi comes into prominence as the scene of the self-destroyed Moabites and Ammonites. They came from beyond the Dead Sea, probably round the south end, and King Jehosaphat meets them in the wilderness around Engedi. He consults the Lord and is assured "ye shall not need to fight in this battle, stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord; and Jehosaphat appointed singers unto the Lord who should praise the beauty of holiness and through these desolate gulfs and from these hard rocks resounded the song, 'Praise the Lord for His mercy endureth forever,' and when they began to sing the children of Ammon and of Moab were smitten, and every one helped to destroy the other, and when Juda came to the watch tower in the wilderness behold they were dead bodies and they assembled in the valley of Barakah and blessed the Lord." 2 Chronicles xx. The Arabs still say *al Barakah* over meat or food or children.

We are to encamp at Engedi for the night, but are horrified to learn that our commissariat has run entirely out of bread. "You satisfy?" he asks, if he makes some native bread; he can obtain some barley flour from the fellahin of the scattered village below, and possibly light on a piece of *beden* meat. We are only too delighted to have the experience. The barley flour is obtained, but alas! not the wild goat. Wood is gathered from the shore and the cakes—scones they would call them in Scotland—are laid in a rude hole that has been lined with flat stones and heated by burning in it the driftwood and the dried *nubk* bushes. Such cakes "made on the hearth from three measures of meal" did Sarah lay before her angel visitors in Mambre, four thousand years ago; such cakes did Lot place before his guests; such cakes did the widow of Sarepta offer to Elias; such unleavened bread did the Hebrews eat with shoes on their feet and staves in their hands on the night of their liberation from Egyptian bondage; such round cakes Jesus used at the Last Supper and passed to His Apostles after miraculously changing the bread as expressed in His words: "This is My Body."

It requires nice calculation to obtain the required heat; there is great danger of the batch being burned or being underdone, or both, which Osee tells us was the case metaphorically with Ephraim, that is, scorched by the judgments of God, but not benefited thereby as he ought to have been had he rightly used them. To make our menu speak still more explicitly of Abraham and Sarah, our Dragoman promises to obtain a kid from the peasants, as did Abraham (Genesis xviii) "Give a kid to the young man, who made haste and boiled it." This is to be for the morrow's breakfast. The more adventurous of us climb the cliffs for the sunset.

CHAPTER XXXII

MAR SABA

The spring of the kid is about one-third up the cliff, and below it is all terraced gardens, truly a magnificent opportunity to rival the hanging gardens of Babylon. As we gaze down on the South Sea we remember Ezekiel's vision and wonder when it will find fulfillment; "Fishers shall stand over these waters from Engedi to Engallim, there shall be drying of nets and the fishes shall be as the fishes of the great sea." Is this a picture of the soul, refreshed with the stream of grace from the Redeemer's side, or is it a prophecy also of what this land may be in the physical geography of future ages?

The *Salṣola Kali* grows on the beach and is here used for soap-making, Al Kali. Remaining here over night gives us an opportunity for writing up our notes. Some of the natives have followed our caterer to our camp. The poet is attempting a sonnet; he has the bad habit of putting his pencil point in his mouth. "See," says one Arab to another, "he has the ink in his mouth."

We have leisure for a little natural history study; we came on a colony of ants. The ant is a synonym for industry and thrift: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise; she provideth her bread in summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." Proverbs vi. 6-8. This passage has its fault-finders who allege that the ant being carnivorous could not gather her food in the harvest and preserve it for future use. But hear what Dr. Lincecum writes to Charles Darwin:

"This species of ant I have called agricultural, for it raises and smooths a low cone for a habitation and clears the ground of all obstructions for a distance of three or four feet from the gate of its city. Within this paved area not a blade of any green thing is allowed to grow except a single species of grain-bearing grass. Having planted the crop the insects tend and cultivate it with a constant care, cutting away all other grasses and weeds. The cultivated grass grows luxuriantly, and the white, flinty seeds like rice when ripe are harvested, carried away, threshed and stored. There can be no doubt of the fact that this particular species of grass is intentionally planted for the next year's crop." There is no need therefore for apologizing for the sacred writer, and saying that he mistook the *pupa*, which we see the ants carrying when their nests are disturbed, for grains

of corn, or any other explanation, when we have the statement of scientists quoted by Wood and corroborated by the testimony of Mr. Niel that at the Lake of Tiberias he saw ants carrying away barley grains that had been spilt on the road.

We have been on the lookout for the hyrax or coney of Scripture, for Mr. Tristram relates that he found them in the Kedron gorge up which we came this afternoon. "There be four things which be little upon the earth, but they are exceedingly wise." Proverbs xxx. 24. These four mentioned are the ant, the locust, the spider and the coney. Again, "the coneys are a feeble folk yet make their houses in the rock." Proverbs xxx. 26. The coney belongs to the pachyderms, and was forbidden as food to the Hebrews, "because it cleaves not the hoof." Deut. xiv. 7. It does not "chew the cud" either, but was popularly thought to do so from the movement of its jaw when at rest, but naturalists say it is then only sharpening its teeth. We were not fortunate enough to come upon any of these animals.

The next morning we rise early and having climbed the hill above Engedi, all south and west of us is the Jeshimon—the Desolation. We have spoken of Masada and of Jebel Usdum, the one the ruined fortress, the last stand of Jewry, the other a long mountain of salt cliff running for miles nearly level-headed from the ruins of Masada, forming thus the southwestern boundary of this sea of death. Its sides are broken by ravines, the harder rocks standing in pinnacles of various sizes and shapes. To one of these the Arabs have given the name of "Lot's wife." There are many others that might be as appropriately selected. "Remember Lot's wife," says our Lord, when he would impress on us the criminality of turning back to the evil left behind, or from the good in advance. The Fathers regard this as a real fact that she was changed into a pillar of salty, petrified matter, and one who has seen the corpses of Pompeii will not need to call in supernatural explanation of a miracle which we cannot deny to God. Geikie says of Jebel Usdum, "A mountain at the southern end of the sea of pure rock salt three hundred feet high, and six miles long." In this locality Holman Hunt, the English painter, resided for a time composing his terrible picture of the scapegoat, an embodiment of that portion of the Dead Sea at sunset. This name Jeshimon reminds us that it was into this wilderness between us and Jerusalem that the scapegoat was yearly sent according to Jewish ceremony. A curious rite this described in Leviticus, ch. xvi, "Afterwards let the priest offer the live goat and putting both hands upon its head let him confess all the iniquities of the Children of Israel, and putting them on his head turn it out by a



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man, ready for it, into the desert, and it shall carry all their iniquities into an uninhabited land." This scapegoat represents Christ who took upon Himself the sins of the world, coming out from heaven into the desert of earth, going out from Bethany to the wilderness of the Quarantana Mountains for the forty days of fast. Going out from the Cenacle's feast of desire and of love to the Garden of Gethsemane to be weighted to the ground by the oppression of assumed guilt; going out from Jerusalem to Calvary, He the Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world.

Moses had ordered the scapegoat to be led away into the wilderness by a man "ready to receive it." The animal was to be driven from Jerusalem on the Sabbath, but as the Law permitted a journey of only 2,000 cubits the goat was not taken so far but that it sometimes happened to return. To prevent the recurrence of an event so ominous it must be taken farther and pushed over a steep, rolling slope. But how make on the Sabbath day this distant journey? Jewish subterfuge is equal to anything. At the limit of each legally possible advance a booth was erected to represent the home of the person in charge of the scapegoat, who by

simply resting and eating ever so little could truly say he was starting out from his own house each time to a lawful distance! Such legal fictions were common among the Hebrews, an outcome of the multiplicity of legal observances, the difficulty of observing them all naturally leading to the evading of some; it is said to have required ten such halting places before the hill was reached, which would make a distance of six and one-half miles from Jerusalem, and west of Mar Saba, where El Muntar rears itself, is the spot which Capt. Conder has fixed on as the hill of the scapegoat.

As we turn to descend again the mist is lifting from the bosom of the Dead Sea and we are reminded of the words of Genesis xix. 28, "The smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Below us is the ever beautiful Ain Jedy, ever an eye in a repelling visage. "A fairy grotto of vast size under a trickling waterfall with a great flat ledge of rock overhanging it, dripping with stalactites and draped with maiden-hair fern. The sides of the cliff, as well as the edges of the grotto, were clothed with great fig trees; mingled with these were occasional bushes of *Retem* with its lovely branches of pendant pink blossoms waving their sweet perfume all around." Thus Tristram writes.

But we must no longer be detained by beauty of spring nor grandeur of prospect; we intend to ask the hospitality of the monks at Mar Saba and no one is admitted after nightfall; we must retrace our steps sixteen long miles of seashore and rocky obstruction. "The easiest route to this strange community which offers such a link with early Christianity is by a track leading westwards from the shore of the Dead Sea, up the Wady Feshkah. It runs at first across the border of the lake, through scattered weeds and gaunt shrubs which break the utter barrenness of the undulating chalky ground, aided in some spots by a few patches of reeds and flowers. After a little more than a mile these earth-waves begin to swell into low hills, white like the soil of the plain. No rocks are visible, however, till the mountains are reached, but the scene around is still very bare and uninviting. Among the upper hills grass shoots out here and there from the clefts of the rocks, as the way continues in successive easy upward and downward slopes; at one time through narrow wady, which shuts out the view except of its rough sides; at another, up the mountains, to a small plain above; then presently down to a valley—all alike desolate.

A little more than a mile before reaching Mar Saba the path leads to a tremendous gorge, which is part of the Valley Kedron, or, in Arabic, Wady en Nar. Perpendicular precipices rise more than six hundred feet above the abyss from which they spring, but a well built road guarded by

a strong stone fence leads one safely up the west side of the chasm, and brings the monastery in sight. Its lofty massive towers are seen clinging to the almost plumb-line sides of bare rocks rising up wildly above it and sinking beneath it into frightful depths, with great walls of rock, hundreds of feet up and down, forming the other side of the wady, and the only view before the monks on the eastern side of the valley. Fearful desolation and loneliness reign around. You seek in vain for a leaf or blade of green to relieve the barrenness of the shattered and weathered rocks. In summer the heat reflected from the naked precipices is almost unendurable, and in winter the rains stream in torrents from the heights, checked by no soil or herbage.

In an age like the fifth century, when the Roman Empire was breaking up and the world itself seemed sinking into ruin, the craving after retirement from universal commotion and storm drove multitudes to seek a retreat in the loneliest spots they could find. Among these few could realize the ideal of entire banishment from mankind more than Mar Saba. Early known from its nearness to the holy places of the faith, it was natural in such a troubled age it should attract numerous hermits. A passion for desert life had seized almost every earnest soul. Hither, therefore, came an army of eremites, who hewed out for themselves small caves in these rocks and used them for dwellings. Multitudes of such cells are to be seen on both sides of the awful gorge, for there were in this part at one time 10,000 of these renouncers of the world. From among these the anchorite Sabas, about the middle of the fifth century, collected a number who agreed to live together, and thereupon he laid the foundation of the cloister which bears his name. Many storms have passed over it in the fourteen centuries since his day, for it has often been plundered and laid waste, and hundreds of monks have perished by the sword or spear of the foe. Indeed even in this century it has been once more surprised and plundered by a Bedouin horde, so that its defenceless loneliness in the wild hills has from the earliest times made fortifications a necessity. The famous Emperor Justinian contributed to these a watch tower which rises imposingly on the north side of the monastery and still shows its high antiquity by remnants of peculiar masonry, though it has in great measure been rebuilt, with its connecting walls, within the last fifty years. How the stones were ever brought to such a place or built up into the castle-like wall which rises step over step from the precipitous abyss, clinging to the nearly upright slope till it joins the tower above the monastery, is a mystery. Fortunately such a defense was needed only on one side, for a yawning chasm effectually protects the other. Steps cut out from the dry torrent bed below lead

in one direction to a carefully fortified postern, and in another, to the flat shelf above, from which the tower rises. To secure space for the monastery, huge buttresses have been piled up on a slight bend in the rocks and filled in behind, so that the main buildings can rest against them. Above this rise the cells of the monks, clinging to the mountain one over the other like swallows' nests; rude balconies of many patterns projecting from before them over the dizzy chasm and forming a picture as romantic as can be imagined.

On arriving at the foot of the conglomeration that forms the Deir or Convent we are astounded at the courage that could build in this impossible place. Was there no level land on which to erect a monastery that these monks must "cling like limpets to the rock;" that their convent must be half inside the rock and half projecting over the abyss of the Wady en Nar, and buttressed up from the torrent-bed by masonry and sometimes by studding, or by flying-buttresses projecting from the rocks?

Perhaps it was for better protection that they chose this eyrie. "He shall dwell on high," says Is. xxxiii, "His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks," and even in such places "His bread shall be given him and his water shall be sure."

We call for the porter and he appears away above our heads like a Turkish priest about to cry the Muezzin, lets down a basket to receive the letter we have brought from their superior, the Greek Patriarch in Jerusalem, without which no one is admitted. Being satisfied, a door is opened through which we enter this land of enchantment, and for which an Aladdin's lamp is necessary to light up the maze of doorways and stairways and pathways, of chapels and courtyards, of cells and projecting windows, and corridors from one part of the precipice-hung nest to the others. The stone work is for the most part substantial and there are many small gardens on projecting ledges of rock, and a solitary palm-tree rises among the buildings on the monastery plateau, but it is secured by clamps to prevent it plunging into the wady 400 feet below.

A strange place for the dwelling of men! In this age when people want to be odd, let them look here!

But Mar Saba in its season is not a solitude. It attracts pilgrims from all over the earth, and these are a substitute for the daily paper.

The monks had formerly a very good library here, most of which, for security, has been transferred to Jerusalem.

Mar Saba, St. Sabas, is perhaps the very most picturesque and lonely habitation in the known world.

From the earliest ages of Christianity anchorites have sought to leave

the world and lead lives of meditation, prayer and perfection. The world to-day does not so understand perfection; but, never mind, there is much to be said for the secluded life: "Doing good to others is a profession that is over-supplied," says Thoreau. St. Euthemius came here in 405. The Empress Eudoxia, attracted by the sanctity of his life, came to see him, but the rule not admitting the entrance of women, even empresses, she built a tower where she dwelt and which is still a godsend where ladies can find refuge. St. Sabas, who came a little later, was the principal builder of this rock-perched eyrie of the monks, and it was named after him. He is commemorated in both the Latin and the Greek calendars on the 5th of December—the day of his death at 94 years of age.

A *laura* differs from a monastery in this, that it has a separate building for each monk; a village as it were of hermits, meeting only at certain times for the divine offices; while in a monastery they are all under one roof, working together and eating together. Mar Saba partakes of the character of both; there is the principal structure where dwell forty monks, and individual habitations scattered over the face of the rock wherever there is room enough for a cell.

Quaresimus states that at the beginning of the seventh century 4,000 religious lived in community here, and that there were 10,000, including those scattered over different parts of these rocky gorges, all under the Abbot, St. Sabas.

We could well spend a day in this most peculiar retreat. There is the tomb of St. Sabas to be visited, although it is thought he is buried at Venice.

There is the rock-cut church of St. Nicholas, a veritable "antre vast" entirely hewn out of the precipice. It is one of the most ancient in Christendom, for nothing but the destruction of the mountains could destroy it. It shows us how early was the devotion to the saint whom the whole world venerates and looks to for Christmas gifts.

We must visit the chapel of St. Sabas where he prayed, and where he offered up the holy sacrifice only after he was nearly sixty years of age, and only then under obedience, so great was his reverence for the office of priest which he succeeded in evading so long. This chapel is called the "lion's grotto," for one day the saint found a lion in possession thereof, but he calmly said to the animal, "There is room for both of us," and went on with his work and meditation undisturbed.

Such control over the brute has the saint who has learned to control himself perfectly! We may see this even to-day! Canon Tristram noticed a wolf that came every evening as the Angelus-bell rang, to get

a piece of bread dipped in oil and dropped over the wall to him by a monk. Also a small troop of jackals and of foxes came regularly to be fed.

Nor must we forget St. John Damascene, who lived here retired from the enticements of pleasures and business of that oldest city of the world, Damascus. His cell and oratory are still shown. Here this great Father of the Church studied and wrote his excellent treatises on the veneration of images, proving how different it is from adoring them, and how reasonable this respect is. He was a noted mathematician, but writes: "Suffer not yourself to be bewitched by the enchantment of geometry—without prayer mathematics is the death of the spirit." We are reminded of Darwin's dictum in his old age, that "every one ought to read some poetry every day and hear some good music, that mere science starves the heart." Here St. John's tomb was found in the twelfth century.

The importance of this community is seen in the name *magna laura*, given to it in the heyday of its existence.

The convent of Mar Saba has often been plundered in spite of its almost inaccessible eyrie, its inhabitants often massacred, though the buildings were never wholly destroyed, the community having the unfortunate reputation of being wealthy.

It is still considered so, though whence comes its revenue it would be difficult to conjecture; for though pilgrims make offerings, very few on a journey far from home are open-handed with their purse strings, especially in this land clamoring with a hundred tongues for "backsheesh."

We are glad to remain here over night. We are glad to see it in the darkness; this is surely the region of the "shadow of death, where no order but sempiternal horror inhabits." Job x. 22.

But even here "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me, Thy rod and staff have comforted me." Ps. xxii. 4. We feel the guidance of that rod and the support of that staff. For here too, we are in the hand of God; even here we are encompassed by Bible thoughts and suggestions; nowhere can the believing soul find a spot uninhabited by deity. But here are even our fellow mortals—the good monks.

Although we are Latins we are well treated by the Greeks. They accord us the best guest-chambers; and the long couches in the community rooms, padded and covered with chintz, so much more inviting than straight-backed chairs, remind us that our Lord reclined at table. In the refectory long tables are covered with white cloth, and wax candles in tasteful holders light up the shining dishes which contrast artistically with the dark wine-flasks as in some Flemish inn.

Was it here that David uttered that Psalm, "Out of the depths I have

cried unto thee?" He was surely well acquainted with this fierce gorge of the Kedron and probably often passed the night here—so different from the star-lit plains where he tended his father's sheep near Bethlehem.

The saints are to be admired not imitated, is our thought as we prepare to leave St. Sabas. The monks give us the best they possess, therefore we leave a blessing behind, also an offering, and are thankful that we can go to more varied and fuller existence. So it seems to us. We have no sympathy, however, with those so positive in their opinions, that the life of religion is "narrow," "selfish," "useless," or "morbid." There is other broadness than globe-trotting, other unselfishness than hospital or slum work, other "use" than money-making, other "health" than the continued excitements of life.

We climb upwards leaving the monastery behind us. There is a ruined tower on each side of the wady nearly on the summits; these are seen by those approaching from above long before the convent is seen, whose presence could not be guessed. Looked at from above, the monastery appears almost at the bottom; viewed from below, one would think it on the summit.

We often look back, as we climb, at this wonderful monastery. "Its huge flying-buttresses, castellated walls, high towers and steep ascent of churches, cells, guest-houses and offices, hard to be distinguished from the rocks to which they cling; the awful precipice of nearly 400 feet above and below, aptly called the Valley of Fire, bare and tawny and falling sheer down as if the hills had been violently rent apart by some terrible earthquake, can never be forgotten." Geikie.

We do not wish to forget it; but as we leave the torrent bed of the Wady en Nar and ascend towards Salem we say with fervor and without intended irreverence: "Ain't I glad I'se got out de wilderness."

West of Mar Saba is El Muntar, the Watch Tower, prominent, barren and gray. Capt. Conder considers that this was the mountain down whose sloping precipitous side the scapegoat was pushed. We are glad to escape the heat of the Wady en Nar, true to its name even in April—and what will it be in July? We are still "in the land wayless and waterless," but we have now the refreshing breeze over the uplands of Judea from the Western Sea, and Jerusalem will be soon in sight.

"I do not believe," remarked the Pessimist, as we looked out over this stony, sterile Judea, "that this land where appear more stones than tufts of herbage could have supported the population that the Bible indicates." "But this is a question for exact mathematics and science," said the Philosopher, "not for imagination nor sentiment. Let us make a little calcu-

lation as we rest under this tree that gladdens the desert." He took out his pencil. "In rough figures Palestine is 150 by 50 miles in extent; that equals 7,500 square miles, or 4,800,000 acres; now if we allow the 800,000 acres to the Philistines, this would leave 4,000,000 acres to 2,000,000 inhabitants." Even considering that there was a poetical license used in Goldsmith's expression:

*A time there was, e'er England's griefs began
When every rood of ground maintained its man,*

we are here in much better case for there are two acres for each inhabitant instead of a rood. Not much you will say, thinking of our magnificent western prairies, but remember life was very much simpler in those days of fewer necessities, and there is no reasonable doubt but what the land was very different. What is now bare, rocky hillside with only the fig-leaf to hide its nakedness was doubtless covered with soil, since washed away by floods which the tree-stripped land permitted. Again, several crops may be raised here in a year, and we must not forget that the Holy Scripture calls it a garden, a land flowing with milk and honey. Milk indicates grass for the kine; honey indicates a generous *flora*; but how deteriorated in this land to-day; just look at the peasant plowing. Does it not recall the words of the Prophet Amos vi. 13, "Can horses run upon the rocks, or can any one plow with buffles here?" Dr. W. M. Thomson relates how a man told him he had come to Palestine in order to shake the testimony of the Scriptures by proving the impossibility of so many having found a living here; and he acknowledged that he had failed. So another scepticism is disposed of.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM

Holy week commences with Palm Sunday. The *Stele* of Bethphage recently unearthed at the traditional spot where Our Lord mounted the ass for the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, is the starting point on Palm Sunday for the Franciscan procession. To go here is to remember that it is also the reputed spot of the conference between Mary Magdalen and Jesus before he raised Lazarus. To follow the procession is to recall the very day when the enthusiastic multitude: "some spread their garments in the way, others cut down branches from the palm trees and strewed them in His path, and they who went before cried Hosanna to the Son of David, responded to by those who followed: Hosanna to our King."

Over the summit of Olivet and down the valley of the Kedron winds the procession, violet-robed and vocal, redolent of incense. There are no palm-trees that will lend their branches, but many pilgrims have provided themselves from the heaps of palm-fronds in the market, plaited or natural, that were the staple in yesterday's sales; many also bear sprays of the olive.

"Glory, praise and honor be to Thee, O Christ, King and Redeemer, to whom boyhood's beauty pours forth a pious Hosanna. The Hebrew people came to meet Thee with palms; with prayer, vow and hymn, behold us in Thy presence. Those to Thee about to suffer paid their offerings of praise; we to Thee triumphing, behold, sing our melody." It is a mingling of the past and the present. The procession climbs to the Bab Sitti Miriam: "When the Lord entered the Holy City the children of the Hebrews announcing the resurrection of life cried Hosanna!" Then along the *Via Dolorosa*: "My feet almost slipped, my steps almost spread." The basilica is reached and the Mass gives us the *Passion* according to St. Matthew.

Palm Sunday is a strange union of triumph and defeat, of joy and sorrow. Every day at 4.10 P. M. the Franciscans and the pilgrims make the round of the Holy Spots in the Sepulchre Church. The procession starts from the Franciscans' chapel where alone in the basilica the Blessed Sacrament is preserved. Every one is provided with a thin, long taper, lighted, and a booklet, the *Processional*, may be had in many languages. The large crucifix is held aloft—the banner to be followed; *Vexilla Regis*

prodeunt! and the chant is taken up by Fathers and Brothers, answered by the weirder tones of the natives. The first station is made in the chapel of the Apparition of Jesus to Mary Magdalen. After this it turns left through the "Arches of our Lady" to the chapel called "Prison of the Lord," where He rested before the crucifixion, coming out of which darkness we traverse the open ambulatory to the chapel of St. Longinus, of whom the Evangelist wrote: "One of the soldiers with a spear opened His side and immediately there came out blood and water." John xix. 34.

The procession moves into the basilica proper, turning left and passing the so-called chapel of Our Lord's "prison" where He rested before the crucifixion. We commence the tour of the cloistered choir with chapels opening toward the outside and with the great chapel of the Greeks within. Stops are made at the chapel of the Division of the Garments, saying: "They divided His garments, and on His vesture they cast lots," then ascending to Calvary the Chant tells "and it was the sixth hour and darkness was spread from the sixth to the ninth hour, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain. Now there stood under the Cross, Mary the Mother of Jesus and Mary Magdalen and John, and Jesus cried with a loud voice, 'Father into thy hand do I commend my spirit,' and bowing down His head He gave up the Ghost." A stillness falls on the entire assemblage, broken only by sobs. With stroph and antistroph the graphic drama proceeds; it is a daily "Passion Play."

From Calvary we descend by another stairway to near the main entrance of the church where lies the Stone of Unction. All kneel in groups around, undisturbed by those coming in at the door, and from the chanters comes the strain: "And Nicodemus came bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundredweight and they took the body of Jesus and bound it in linen cloths with the spices as the manner of the Jews is to bury." When the procession is past many will come with a winding sheet the exact size of this stone, spread it out and carry it home for their shroud. The next stop is in front of the Sepulchre chapel between "the place where they laid Him" and the Greek Church. The chapel is too small for the procession to enter; this is done only by the priests and ministers. This every day—in Holy Week the procession is more elaborate.

Christmas is glad the whole world over, but nowhere so reminiscent of the glad tidings as in Bethlehem. Holy Week is sad the world over, but nowhere so sad as in Jerusalem. Palm Sunday is the last gleam of joy in the life of Jesus, after that it is all sorrow. The Last Supper (too saddened to be the exultant feast of the Eucharist, which the Church reserves for Corpus Christi), the washing of the feet, the bloody sweat,

the betrayal, the passion, the death, the entombing, all are commemorated in the ritual of the Church, wherever there is a Catholic priest. You may imagine how impressive they are on the very spot of their happening. And as the Passion of our Lord is renewed in the Mass every morning, so here every afternoon of the year, the crucifixion is commemorated by a procession, in this church of five rites, with forty languages spoken by the pilgrims and sermons preached to them in half that number.

The Catholic ceremonies of Holy Week are: for Thursday, early Mass at 6:30 in front of the Holy Sepulchre at which all receive Holy Communion; (How we would wish to have this in the Cœnaculum on Zion!) a procession round the rotunda and ambulatory, and then the Sacred Host is deposited in the sepulchre. The washing of the feet is done in the Basilica at 2 P. M., but is an insignificant affair as compared with that of the Greeks. The *Tenebræ* terminates the services for the day, our hearts sinking deeper as each candle in turn is extinguished.

Friday morning again at 6:30 the Catholics have the right of way, and the customary Mass of the pre-sanctified is celebrated on Calvary; in the afternoon the Way of the Cross is made, with a Franciscan preaching a sermon at each station; in the evening there is a procession to all the principal altars in the church, and sermons preached in nine different tongues. On Calvary the *corpus* is taken from the large cross and four priests carry it wrapped in a white shroud to the stone of unction, and after anointing it, bear it to the marble slab covering the Holy Tomb. It is a cenotaph funeral.

On Saturday there is Pontifical Mass and the Holy Saturday ceremonies at the Sepulchre, but Saturday is the great day of the Greek fire and Catholic services must be curtailed.

These Holy Week ceremonies are not appreciated—nay, condemned often by the Protestant. I am glad therefore to quote from John Ruskin, not always too tender of Catholic practices: "I have no doubt but what the untaught Christians who are to-day creeping to the Cross or prostrate before crucifixes, *Bambinos* or *volto Santos* are finding more acceptance with God than many Protestants who idolize nothing but their own opinions or their own interests. I believe those who have worshipped the thorns of Christ's crown will be found at the last to have been holier and wiser than those who worship the thorns of the world's service, and that to adore the nails of the Cross is less a sin than to adore the hammer of the workman."

Jerusalem is unique; it keeps perpetual Passion-tide. There is no wheeled vehicle allowed inside its streets—how would they ascend these

slippery inclines and these stepped passages! There is no place of amusement, no theatre, no museum, no library, no parks, no gardens! It is one vast church, a sanctuary of the ages, and a sepulchre! What should amusements do here!

It is remarkable that Friday should be the day of grief for both Jew and Christian; but it is on Friday that the Jews congregate at the Wailing Wall, just outside the Temple Area.

We go then to visit Jerusalem of the Jews. We may have pictured this city as the capital and metropolis of Jewry. Misleading fancy! They are confined to the most wretched and squalid quarter of the town. Statistics are hard to get at; from some the statement is heard that there are more Jews in New York to-day than in Jerusalem, Cram's Atlas of 1906 stating that only one-fourth of Jerusalem's forty-one thousand inhabitants are Jewish; MacCoun, on the contrary, says the Jews number two-thirds of the population, and certainly outside the city the Jews in Palestine are multiplying fast. But here in Jerusalem they are the least respected, their dwellings the dirtiest, even their places of worship are insignificant, except the synagogue of the Ashkenazim on Mount Zion. They appear silent, haggard, fearful, ashamed. They seem unable to look one in the face. They are still the sordid money-changers as in the days of Our Lord. They are not allowed inside the basilica of the sepulture and resurrection of Him Whom they slew. Their living are exiles in every land, and their dead are on the western-looking slope of Olivet. Indeed the malediction they called down on themselves has been fulfilled: "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

And yet what a history has the Jew! Antiquity is stamped upon his forehead. He has a lineage more ancient and more noble than the oldest royal houses, for he can trace his pedigree back through a thousand generations to the loins of Abraham and through him to that Patriarch who builded the ark, and thence up to Adam himself.

Our history has its breaks and is lost in obscurity, but theirs is a stream whose course can be observed with certainty. Alas, that such nobility should have the curse upon it of a rejected Messiah! Of a crucified Redeemer! Is it never to end, their wandering? The Church does not despair, but continues to pray for "even the perfidious Jew."

The Wailing Place is difficult to find, through tortuous, narrow and dirty streets; it is wisdom to take a guide. It is only a short distance from Bab es Silsile. When arrived you are in a kind of pocket, surrounded by stone walls. The stones are very unequal, some courses large and well-dressed, others of smaller rubble; some intact, others worn away. Although



JEWS' WAILING PLACE

the wailing place has always been considered part of the ancient enclosure of the Temple Area, as the stones show now they are evidently not *in situ*, though some of the individual blocks may well have been those that supported the gable of the past.

The great lintel covering the closed entrance to the Harem, commonly known as Barclay's Gate, is visible in a small courtyard, immediately south of the Wailing Place. The wall extends over seventy feet below where we stand, so one may imagine how gigantic is the *fill* that has been made. The wall of Wailing that to the Jews is so sacred is a hundred and fifty-six feet long and its height above the pavement is sixty feet.

But now let us watch the worshipers! From all countries the Jews come hither. The Hebrew Jew, we notice by the lovelocks on his temples, the Polish Jew by his ragged dirtiness, the Spanish Jew by his blackness, the Russian Jew by his long hair and intense piety. They lay their heads and hands up against the stones, they kiss them, they weep over them. A continuous chant goes up from their mouths, harrowing in its despair:

For our palaces that lie desolate—

We sit alone and weep.

For our walls that are in ruins—

We sit alone and weep.

*For the precious stones that are burned—
 We sit alone and weep.
 For our heroes that are fallen—
 We sit alone and weep.
 For our kings who are discrowned—
 We sit alone and weep.
 On account of our priests who have stumbled—
 We sit alone and weep.*

The picture forms itself to poetry:

*The moaning sea against a rocky shore:
 Such art thou, Israel, in thy awful woe,
 With palm and forehead pressed forevermore
 Upon those blocks that raised thy temple's glory;
 Or swaying palsied gray hairs to and fro,
 And giving to the winds thy anguished story:
 "Oh! for our Palace walls in desolation—
 Temple and bucklered tower now overthrown;
 Oh! for the perished glories of our nation,
 Oh! for our priesthood fat and lazy grown,
 Oh! for our Kings and Pontiffs gone astray,—
 We sit alone and weep." Oh! restless sea!
 Return! return! Jerusalem, and stay
 The sobbing of thy mournful litany.*

Although circumcision among the Jews is not confined to any time of the year, we might mention it in this connection. It was given to Abraham as the sign of his Covenant with God. It was made obligatory on every male child—who should be circumcised on the eighth day after birth. It occupied the place that baptism does in the New Law—taking away original sin, and admitting to the Chosen, the elect. It was symbolical, this cutting off of a small portion of the foreskin,—of removing the profane. It was not a ceremony conferred by the priest; it was done sometimes by the mother, oftener by the father. It was accomplished by the use of stone knives, the finding of which in ancient excavations is one of the landmarks for archaeologists. "Make thee knives of stone and circumcise the second time the children of Israel." Josue v. 2 Stone was considered more sanitary than metal.

It has fallen into disuse in the present time among the Hebrews, and it is more universally practiced by the Mohammedans than by the Jews. Indeed it is wonderful how many ancient peoples have had circumcision as

a religious ceremony—Egyptians, Phoenicians, Ethiopians—still more surprising that the Copts who profess Christianity practice it, and even some Catholic tribes in the Philippines with whom it is regarded more as a social custom than a religious rite. There is no proof however that it was anterior to Abraham, to whom it was given as “a sign of the Covenant,” Gen. xvii. 11.

However much the world despises and hates the Jewish people, there is something in this nation that touches the heartstrings. They were the chosen people of God; for 2,500 years they kept alive the law of Sinai, engraven, not so much on tablets of stone, as in our human nature; they were the true Church through which Jehovah made his revelations and bestowed his favors. How touching is their Passover supper; it is celebrated on the fourteenth of Nisan, and so the Jewish Easter will not often coincide with ours. It commemorates the day of their delivery from Egyptian captivity. It is at night. They chant the 117th psalm. It is a pæan of joy in “the Lord my helper against the nations that encompassed me about.” “The stone which the builder rejected, this same is become the head of the corner.” This line, that on Christ’s own authority, Christians understand of Him, the Jews interpret as meaning the Hebrew nation which will yet be builded into the Temple of Jehovah.

They proceed to the supper table. There is no Paschal Lamb now, but a symbol of it—a lamb’s bone. There is a pile of unleavened bread—small, thin, circular cakes. There is a dish of lettuce, of horse radish,—the bitter herbs. The Rabbi reads a long service, the relation of the covenant made with them in Egypt. He institutes a search that there may be no leavened food in the house; then there is an interminably long ceremonial of sanctifying the bread, washing of hands, breaking of the cake; eating the bitter herbs, eating of the meat, filling a cup with wine, taking the lamb-bone while all hold on to the dish; then the Passover hymn is recited. “Lo, this is the bread of affliction, at present we celebrate it here, but next year in the land of promise; this year we are servants, next year we will be free-men in the land of Israel.” Sad and wonderful hope that can continue for nineteen hundred years. “How is this night distinguished from all other nights?” is one of the appointed questions, and the answer: “On all other nights we may eat leavened bread, but on this night only unleavened bread. On all other nights we may eat any kind of herb, but on this one, only bitter ones; on all other nights we eat sitting, but on this night we must eat standing, with our staff ready for the journey.”

“Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Creator of the fruits of the earth.”

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who created the fruit of the vine."

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Creator of the radiance of the fire!"

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Thou who makest a distinction between holy and not holy, between light and darkness, between working days and feast days!" The continuation is a hymn of praise:

"And the Eternal brought us forth from Egypt with a strong hand, with an outstretched arm, with terror and with signs of wonder." All this of the ten plagues of Egypt. Then as if God were the speaker:

"I am the Eternal, and I will pass through the land of Egypt. I, Myself, and not an Angel, and I will smite all the first-born; I, Myself, and not a Seraph; and on all the Gods of Egypt will I execute judgment; I, Myself, and not a messenger. I am the Eternal."

The ritual turns to gratitude:

"What abundance of favors has the Omnipotent bestowed upon us!

"If He had but brought us forth from Egypt and had not inflicted justice on the Egyptian,—it would have been enough.

"If He had inflicted justice upon them and had not destroyed their gods,—it would have been enough.

"If He had executed judgment upon their gods and had not slain their first-born,—it would have been enough.

"If He had slain the first-born and had not bestowed their wealth upon us,—it would have been enough.

"If He had given us their wealth and had not divided the sea for us,—it would have been enough.

"If He had divided the sea and had not caused us to pass through on dry land,—it would have been enough.

"If He had caused us to pass through on dry land but had not plunged our oppressors in the sea,—it would have been enough.

"If He had destroyed our enemies and had not supplied us with food in the wilderness for forty years,—it would have been enough.

"If He had supplied us with necessities in the wilderness, but had not fed us with Manna,—it would have been enough.

"If He had fed us with Manna and not given us the Sabbath,—it would have been enough.

"If he had given us the Law and had not brought us into the Promised Land,—it would have been enough.

"If He had brought us into the Promised Land but had not built us the Temple,—it would have been enough."

What a wonderful *sortes*! What a heaping-up as of wave following wave, when the stormy tide comes in.

Then follow long prayers and the singing of the little and the great Hallel; that large rejoicing made up of several of the psalms, and ending with the words: "Blessed be our God of whose bounty we have been satisfied, and through whose goodness we live! Blessed by His name!" The whole ceremony lasts several hours. But I think after the Catholic Mass there is nothing so fine, at least from the literary standpoint—though some say it is often carried out with much distraction of intervening talk.

Rabbi Gamaliel says: "Whoever does not, at the Passover, mention three things—the Paschal Lamb, the Unleavened Bread and the bitter herbs—has not done his duty, so they are specially mentioned.

"The Paschal lamb, what does it denote? That the Most High, blessed be He, passed over our fathers' houses in Egypt when he smote the Egyptians. These unleavened cakes, wherefore do we eat them? Because there was not sufficient time for the dough of our ancestors to leaven before the Holy King of Kings redeemed them. This bitter herb, why do we eat it? Because the Egyptians embittered the lives of our ancestors with cruel bondage, in mortar and brick and with labor in the field. It is therefore incumbent upon every Israelite in every generation to look upon himself as if he had actually gone forth from Egypt, as it is said: 'And thou shalt declare unto thy son what the Eternal did for thee.' A perpetual remembrance!"

We now turn to the paschal ceremonies of the Greeks.

The washing of the feet is, for them, the great event of Holy Thursday; in many parishes in Latin Christianity, the Bishop washes the feet of twelve old men, in imitation of Our Lord washing the Apostles' feet, but with the Greeks at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre it becomes an overwhelming function, surpassed only by the Holy fire of Saturday. This washing of the feet is performed outside of the basilica, but even so the danger of death or injury in the jam is not absent. For hours previous, every coign of vantage, every foot of space in the square, every roof top of the surrounding buildings is crowded with expectant humanity; even temporary cages and platforms are let down from the roofs and hold numbers in midair, pendulent and perilous.

There is a dais and a pulpit erected for the occasion with two benches with six cushions each, and carpeted in red and gold for the so-called twelve Apostles, whose feet the Patriarch will first wash from a golden ewer and basin. Above the pulpit is nailed a picture of Christ washing the feet of His chosen Twelve. The square is packed, but soon the continual uproar increases as the procession of Bishops enters, and the Turkish officials in blue and red beat back the surging multitude to provide a lane through the pop-

ulace and a space round the platform. The Greek priests chant their weird prayers and at intervals one ascends into the pulpit to pronounce some passage of scripture, to which of course no one pays any attention, for it is drowned in the ringing of bells, the clack of the Cawass' staves and the clamor of the crowd.

The eye, too, is occupied in watching the long line of Bishops, ended by the patriarch, and preceded by a gold cross of immense size. The priests are in the usual high black hat with the rim on top, the Bishops in fantastic mitres, in copes, gorgeous in lace and gold, and literally stiff with gems of various colors, yellow and magenta predominating. Arrived at the platform, the ceremony proceeds until all who present themselves (and one franc, I am told) have been washed.

With apparently as much stress on one command as on the other, Christ said at the Last Supper, "Do this in commemoration of me," and "If I have washed your feet, you must wash one another's feet." Only the Church which has been with Christ from the beginning—she who can say, "what our hands hath touched and our eyes hath seen, and our ears heard of the Word of Life"—can tell us which injunction was intended as a sacrament of vital importance and for all time, and which one merely a ceremony and not essential.

As we sit in the gathering gloom of the chapel of the "Earth's Center," we reflect how, to the majority of the people, Christianity is divided into two camp—Catholic and Protestant; but here we are confronted by an assemblage of clergy and laity who are neither Catholic nor Protestant, namely, the Greek Church; we meet their priests on the street more often than any other clergy; they throng the Holy Places of which they possess the lion's share; their pilgrims are a multitude.

They are not Catholic, as they do not acknowledge the Papacy, that centripetal power that Christ made to insure unity in His fold: "Thou art Peter, on this rock I will build My Church." These Greeks go by the name of Orthodox, but that is from their standpoint, not ours. Those who obey the Pope of Rome are termed United Greeks, and the only difference between them and ourselves is a difference of ritual, which divergence is permitted by Rome, being only in non-essentials.

But the Schismatic Greeks are not Protestants: they would repudiate the term; nor are they founded on the Protestant sand, private interpretation of the Bible. They have a true priesthood, which no Protestant sect possesses, and consequently have the Holy Sacrifice and true Sacraments and articles of faith almost identical with the Catholic Church. They are therefore a Church not to be slighted, nor a people to be laughed at, serious and devout as they are, and the common people, at least, doubtless in good



WASHING OF FEET

faith. They separated from the Catholic Church in the eighth century; it was political reasons more than doctrinal ones that caused the secession, and still keeps up the schism. They number about 94,000,000 by the latest census. The Greek is the state religion of Russia, Greece, Roumania, Serbia and Bulgaria. In Palestine they use the Greek language in the saying of Mass, sometimes the Arabic. Their ceremonies in many ways differ from the Latin Church. The Mass is very long and intricate, without genuflexions but with many profound bows. The Greek priests do not celebrate Mass every day, but only on Sundays and feast days. They have three altars, at all of which some part of the ceremony is performed, cut off from the church by the *Iconostasis* or image screen pierced by three doors. Part of the Mass is sung inside and part outside of the partition. There is a monotonous chant of priests and ministers through the whole service, and much incensing of the altars and of the Elements. Before the Consecration, the Catechumens are notified to leave. The bread they use is leavened; this was perhaps to differentiate them from the Jews, but it is sure that Our Lord used unleavened bread at the Last Supper.

Several priests join in consecrating the Elements, the same as is the rule at the ordination of priests in the Catholic Church. Although we have said that Greek is the language most commonly used, especially in Constantinople and Greece, old Slavonic is used in Russia, with its nearly seventy millions belonging to this Church. The Czar of Russia is virtually their head, though they have a Patriarch who is nominally head of each national division. At Mass all partake of the consecrated wine, but it is by means of the Host moistened in the Chalice. Most of this ritual is observed even by the United Greeks, who however have a daily Mass, with more or less chanting in a weird fluctuating voice. The Church is doubtless wise in permitting the Oriental Ritual, but it would not suit the western world.

The *tour de force* of the Greek Church is on Holy Saturday. I was here in 1889 and witnessed the so-called miracle, believed in firmly by the common people, of the descent of the Holy Fire. The basilica was thronged, indeed had been filled all the night previous, by the Greeks, mostly Russian, who remain here all the time from Good Friday night; and live in a promiscuousness revolting to think of, in connection with the church's sanctity; it is even said that children of this night have a special blessing upon them for life.

At first I despaired of even reaching the basilica but fortune favored me. The tap of a cawass's staff on the pavement made me turn, and there was the French Consul piloting Bishop Rademacher through the throng; the Bishop, beaming with excitement and the heat of exertion, told me to hang

on to him, and literally clinging to his coat-tails (as I hope to be pulled into heaven by the prayers of some saint), squozen and jammed, with clothes all rumpled and with my pilgrim medal torn from my coat, with the cawass beating and forcing a road through the mêlée, succeeded in gaining entrance to the church. Once within, some magic words from the Consul admitted us to a stairway and to the gallery, and comparative spaciousness, where we could look down on the ceremonies better, and on the actions of the populace, more interesting than all the religious pomp.

Nothing can be imagined more different from a church celebration. We are accustomed to quiet in our church: here was a mob howling, shouting, singing, clapping hands; we are accustomed to stillness: here was a multitude, swaying hither and thither, a very ocean of humanity, moving like waves when hidden rocks and currents influence their motion; we love the dim religious gloom: here was later a blaze of light from thousands of candles. But we are anticipating.

First the procession of clerics, priests and Bishops circles three times outside the chapel of the sepulchre, which is under the dome of the basilica. They are obliged to have a way opened for them each time, for the reflux crowds at once close up the space. The Patriarch enters the Chapel of the Angel and after long chanting on the part of the priest, drowned by the hubbub of the vast crowd, whom no one attempts to keep quiet.

After perhaps half an hour of intense suspense and waiting for the Holy Fire to be kindled (as they believe) from heaven, it is thrust out through a circular orifice in the wall of the chapel, and the cry resounds: "Christ is risen!" The excitement is terrible—the crowd has become two deep in places, men swimming round on the heads and shoulders of those underneath, and ever the ringing chant: "Christ is risen!"

The Holy Fire seems thus to symbolize Jesus rather than the Holy Ghost.

There were runners, clad for their long distance journeys in white *abba* looped up for running. They receive each a part of the holy fire and like an arrow from an arbalist, they are gone to Bethlehem, to Hebron, to St. Johns, even to distant Nazareth. It is who shall be first; the runners knock down all in their way, and so the Easter fire is kindled in city after city even as the Baal fires burst from hill upon hill—or as the Church lamps and candles are lit consecutively from the new fire of Holy Saturday.

Within the basilica the scene was indescribable—hundreds, yes thousands of candles were produced, all eager to be lighted; they were passed overhead and they were passed between limbs; they were let down from the balconies on strings that would catch fire and drop the whole bunch of

lighted tapers on the crowd below. Many heads were singed of their hair, and that there was not a general holocaust was owing to the garments being woolen, and to the prompt extinguishment of any incipient blaze of clothing. The yelling settled down to a monotonous *tempo* or beat, four short and two long syllables o o o o — —. I asked what they were saying and learned it meant "Christ is risen to save us!" "O Jews your feast is of the Devil, ours is of the Church"—"Christ is risen, the Redeemer."

Robert Hichens describes it thus: "Fire encircled the rotunda—three tiers of fire; fire rushed into every recess of this temple of worship and frenzy, up to the roof and down to its most remote cave. The light of day was blotted out by the glare of the fire, as the desperately struggling multitudes sent it on from hand to hand. The thousands of faces were lit by yellow glare; above the contending bodies rose wreaths of smoke; a heat that felt unnatural invaded the sanctuary, growing stronger with every moment. The roar of voices sounded menacing: always above it rose the wild twittering of the women. And still the serpents of flame grew longer, winding over the thousands of heads as more and more candles fed greedily at the sacred fire."*

To the enlightened Greek priests and Bishops this ceremony is symbolical—as the Catholic Holy Week ritual—but one cannot witness the frenzy of the populace without feeling certain that they think they witness a miracle of fire direct from heaven, as when of old, "Sinai was all in a blaze." Why is this manifest deception practiced? I was answered: "The people have been deluded so long that were they now to be enlightened they would either become Catholics or infidels." May it be the former!

It would certainly hinder this magnificent concourse of pilgrims, which is a great replenisher of the Greek Church's treasury, but whose multitudes do not always return safe to their homes. In 1834 more than four hundred dead bodies strewing the basilica was the result of the ceremony.

We were glad when it was over and the crowd sufficiently lessened for the Consul to advise departure—gladder when we reached the open sky.

Christ is risen! Easter morn in Jerusalem! We rise to a perfect day. Surely the sun danced this morning, as the pious Irish say, and as Esther in the presence of Assuerus all nature seems to have robed herself in beauty for this coming of her God!

And yet somehow the sepulchre does not respond to the risen joy: the bursten seal; the rolled-back stone; the freedom of outdoors is lacking. The splendor of the glorified body is realized only on Tabor and on Olivet.

**The Spell of Palestine*, Robert Hichens.

CHAPTER XXXIV

RAMBLES

Some days we love to wander without any objective point, just drinking in the Orient atmosphere, and stumbling on whatever we may encounter. At one time threading our way among the thronged streets hearing the cries of warning, "Kish," Take care; "Rasak," Look out for your head; "Riglak," Your foot; "Shmalek," Turn to your left; "Yeminak," To your right; "Ya bint," O girl; "Ya Hadji," O Pilgrim; "Ya waled," O boy; "Ya sit," Take care lady.

At another time peering into the work-shops where, lighted only by the door, the brass beater is making his pans, the carpenter is planing the sweet smelling cypress-wood, or with lathe is turning the twisted olive trunks into still more twisted candlesticks; where the fez-maker is pressing between hot forms his caps of red fustian; where the worker in mother-of-pearl is polishing or cutting shells, and the potter rounding his jar; where the caterer is frying his pieces of fish, or cutlets of lamb in olive oil, or displaying his fly-blown plates of rice or *leben*, the curdled milk of the Arab dairy, or baskets of dirty and small eggs (not dirty, thank God! inside), and slices of eggplant. There are so many ways of cooking this that if in its season a wife should question: "What can I get for dinner?" her husband may divorce her.

We amuse ourselves sampling the confectioner's sweets, cloying sweets, the *hulweh*, or the *bunda*, the *mulabbas*, or the *Turkish delight* made of corn starch and sugar, or munching the roasted chick-peas, the pumpkin seeds, or much better the *fistok* or pistachio nut, in which nature has provided a slit to open it with the thumb-nail. We learn object lessons by purchasing the market fruits, the prickly pear which is sickly, or the *loquat* which we found very tasty, mulberries which are tasteless, and *medlar* that the natives term "the next world," as being too good for this. The pomegranate, better to look at than to eat, and the ever abundant and ever excellent orange.

Or we drop into the American Colony's store, kept by a Mr. Vester, where we may meet countrymen or possibly acquaintances with news from America, or make purchases of curios or religious souvenirs against our own return. Here is also to be found the most extensive and artistic collection of unmounted photographs. There is always something new, always some-

thing entertaining and instructive in these rambles; always some local coloring for our Bible story.

See those women over yonder! the loose, flowing robes of scarlet silk; the large bangles in ears and round necks, the henna-tinted finger tips, and the kohl-blackened eyes. They are the descendants of the beloved nation that so often fell off from Jehovah. But the heart of God is tender to His chosen people if only they will return: "Stand ye in the ways, and ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk ye in it."

Then the promises of God for the return of the Jews. "Put off O Jerusalem, the garments of thy mourning, and put on the beauty of that everlasting glory which thou hast from God, for God will bring Israel back with joy." Baruch v. How literally all those prophecies were fulfilled in the Captivity and the Return!

Or we attempt entrance into some windowless hovel, sometimes repulsed with a curse, oftener invited with "*Achlan wa' s' achlan*," "Welcome and welcome."

In these dens indeed it would require a candle to find a lost groat: "She called in her neighbors and acquaintance, saying: Rejoice with me because I have found the groat which was lost." As in making a bargain, so any unusual occurrence is the signal for the neighbors to flock in.

Furniture of the scantiest, and food of the dirtiest, and yet withal they seem happy. They have the necessities of life and have not been educated into craving its luxuries. We would gladly have given a "backsheesh" to one old crone, whose utter poverty haunts us. Jeremiah xxv. 10 says, "I will take away the voice of the bridegroom, the sound of the mill, and the light of the lamp." Food, light and love! How desolate is life when these are gone!

Sometimes resting in a retired spot we wait to hear the call to prayer, as made by the Muezzins from the balcony of the minarets. Five times a day they issue the invitation, "God is God! Allah hu!" Literally, God is it! "I bear witness that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet! God is most great! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!" It is unearthly without being heavenly. It is a wail, it is a quaver, it is a chant. The priest is chosen for his voice; and especially in the dawn hour it is most solemn, like a wandering spirit above the town.

When the Mohammedan finds himself where there is no Muezzin he guesses the hour as nearly as possible, turns toward Mecca (for which they often begged my compass) and performs his devotions.

Numerous are the books written on the "spell" of this land and of that. The spell of Egypt—the old gold of the misty Pharaos; the spell of the



MOLA ASSINARIA



TALENT

Desert—immense loneliness; the spell of Italy—sensuous landscape, art and the splendor of the Cæsars and the permanence of the Popes. What is the spell of Palestine? Not the spell of Phryne in her beauty on Cytherea; nor Minerva with her wisdom in the Parthenon; nor the spell of Juno's power, nor of Mars' red battlefields; not the spell of the Siren of Parthenope on her isle of Capri. The spell of Holy Land is the spell of sacrifice: "When I shall be lifted up I will draw all things to myself." John xii. 32. After Palestine there is only one other country that can exercise a higher spell—Heaven.

So wherever we wander we always come back for a fresh look and a meditation in the Holy Sepulchre. Just as "all roads lead to Rome," just so all history comes back to the life, and death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. It means much. We think of all that His coming and His rising mean to mankind. Christ has given you an example. The Blood of Christ redeems us: if Christ is not risen our hope is vain.

"It was not merely to offer vicarious atonement for sin that Christ came," says Lyman Abbott in his *Life of Henry Ward Beecher*. "Indeed, had His life and sufferings remained vicarious, that is, outside of us, His coming had been in vain; but He came to reveal to us the Father, to let us know the nature and the heart of God, as far as that is possible for beings of flesh. He came to make us understand that God is not an abstraction, but a synthesis of all good—truth, love, mercy. That the miracle of contradiction is possible in God, that, though perfectly happy in His own beatitude, as far as we are concerned, His heart yearns to us; that while hating sin, He loves the sinner, that while all justice He is at the same time all mercy."

"In this sense He says, 'Philip who seeth me, seeth the Father.' John xiv. 9. Jesus was not someone coming between God and man, He was God manifest in the flesh. No wrath in God that was not in Christ; no justice that was not in Christ; no meekness, tenderness, sympathy, long-

suffering in Christ that was not in the Father." The realizing that He is a God to me individually is the experience that makes the saint, and as the beatific vision will make it quite impossible to fall off from God, so this consciousness that the Lord is *my* God makes it nearly impossible for the saint to sin, even in this world.

Instead of going south from the square of the Holy Sepulchre down Christian Street, we go east a short distance past a small ruined mosque of Sidna Omar to Haret el Dabbaghin, Place of Tanners, turning south down Emperor William Street, and come to the site of the great old Muristan, a square area of over 500 feet, covered partly with ruins and partly with restorations, and showing bazaars to the west. The most prominent building is the Holy Redeemer's Church; it is well worth visiting. Consecrated in 1898, in the presence of the Emperor William II and the Empress Augusta Victoria, it is the only noteworthy temple of Protestantism in Palestine.

The foundations are in some places forty-five feet deep. The restored church following the lines of the Church of St. Mary Major, built by the Knights Hospitalers of St. John; it is divided into three naves, the center apse alone holding an altar, the one to the left having the organ and that to the right the baptismal font. Its original builders give us the key to the meaning of the name Muristan; it was a hospice for pilgrims, a hospital for the sick. It was a little city in itself with its attached convents and churches. The restored church still shows carvings representing the months—February, a man pruning a tree; April, a sitting figure; May, a man working in the soil; July, a reaper; August, a thresher; September, a grape-gatherer; October, a wine-maker; November, a woman holding her apron, possibly a figure of plenty. This whole neighborhood is occupied by convents, hospices and chapels of the different branches of Oriental Christianity, but all of which appear like old barracks.

A fine view is obtained from the belfry which is seen from all over the city. North runs the Tarik Bab el Amoud to the Damascus gate; south of the Muristan district is Bazaar Street running west to the Jaffa gate. The Jerusalem bazaars are very mean and meager compared with Constantinople, Cairo and Damascus. All below and around us are the Greek buildings; the Monastery of Abraham, the Monastery of Gethsemane, the small Church of St. John, belonging to the Armenians; the Chapel of St. Michael of the Copts; the Hospice of the Russian Palestine Society, and the Abyssinian Monastery projecting over the Chapel of St. Helena. To the west of the *parvis* or square in front of the Holy Sepulchre are the chapels of St. James, St. John, and of the Forty Martyrs, all belonging to the Greeks.



BABY VIRGIN



ST. ANN'S

Southeast of the Muristan a little chapel was in existence in the twelfth century, supposed to mark the site of the prison from which St. Peter was liberated when "the angel of the Lord, striking Peter in the side, said, 'Arise quickly!' " Acts xii. Those chains are preserved in Rome and have a church dedicated to them, and a feast day, August 1. It is the fate of Peter to be bound, but only that he may be loosed by angel hand.

We assisted this day at the celebration of Mass according to the rite of the United Greek in the Melchite Church of the *Via Dolorosa*. Very wisely does the Catholic Church permit their own ritual to these Orientals. Ceremony is but the outward garment and never has the Church confounded it with the life, though the casual onlooker often thinks she does in his ignorance. Indeed, in a soul's progress there is a change in the relation of ceremony to inner devotion. As Coventry Patmore well says: "Up to this point the progression is from truth to good, afterwards from good to truth; * * * * the substance becoming guide to the form; whereas, before, the form was guide to the substance."* Where the essentials are preserved the Church knows how to accommodate herself to the changed circumstances and customs of different people. To us their ceremonial is not as simple and majestic as ours, but in the fact that they are real priests and have a real consecration of the elements and consequently a real communion of the real Body and Blood of Christ, they are the same as Catholics of the Latin rite. The principal difference in the ceremony consists in this, that the priest does not genuflect, but only bows very low, that the sign of the cross is made an incredible number of times, that there is continually a monotonous chant proceeding, and frequent incensing, even on common days, that the Catechumens are excluded at consecration time according to the primitive discipline of the Church, that the consecrated bread is dipped in the consecrated wine (in remembrance of the sop given by our Lord) and given to the faithful in a spoon. The bread is leavened and it requires the presence of several men in Orders, as the Greeks have no low or private Mass, and all the priests join in speaking the words of consecration.

The language used in Jerusalem is Arabic, but I think it is not better understood than the Latin is among us, and we would not like to see English introduced in the Mass which is addressed to God. The Catholic Church, nevertheless, as English becomes more and more the language of the world, might well allow the prayers preparatory to the reception of the sacraments to be said in the vernacular with happy results.

We dropped in to the White Fathers at St. Anne's and spent some

**Religio Poetarum*. Coventry Patmore. 1893.



GARDEN TOMB

hours studying the Museum. One can learn much in a museum that does not make interesting reading. The Scripture coins are all here, from the widow's mite, to the talent. The former is a coin just visible to the naked eye, the latter is a weight, and the Museum possesses the only known specimen, ova-form in shape, about the size of a large bucket, and weighs over eighty pounds. From this we learn how overwhelmingly great was that servant's debt "who owed him ten thousand talents." We see here the *denarius*, a silver coin worth sixteen cents, and probably the one for thirty of which Judas sold our Lord. Four hundred and eighty cents! "the price of Him who was appraised!" We note the *Mna*, the *shekel* and the *half-shekel*, and the *stater*, the coin with which Peter paid the tribute. Matthew xvii. The *groat* which the woman lost and rejoiced in the finding, the *ass* and the *didrachma* of which Judas Maccabeus sent twelve hundred to Jerusalem for sacrifices to be offered for his fallen soldiers, and from which action we learn that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Here is purgatory believed in even under the old law, 2 Maccabees xii.

Even the small coins were valuable in olden times, so that we must not understand that the laborers receiving a penny a day were underpaid, even "when they had borne the heat and burdens of the day."

One of the most instructive objects was the *mola assinaria*, the mill turned by an ass, to which our Lord refers when He says, "He that shall scandalize one that believes in me it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and be cast into the sea." Matthew xviii. 6. In this mill the centerpiece is stationary and the outside revolves, as the donkey makes his "round-trip." The whole would certainly sink one's body as effectually as bad example does the soul.

There are specimens of the *Tamarix manifera* thought by some to have been the Manna of the Wilderness, but it does not answer to the Scripture description "like coriander."

There was a pyx that interested us from the early Christian times, in the shape of the peacock or phoenix bird, for carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. The phoenix signified everlasting life, and was a reminder: "I will raise him up at the last day, who eats My Body." John vi. 55.

After the confinement of this study we are eager to get into the open country.

Leaving the city by the Bab Sitti Miriam near by, we turn up the valley of the Kedron, make a circuit of the northeast corner of the city wall and up to our right see the elevation called Gordon's Calvary, which is a Mussulman cemetery, at whose foot is the grotto called of Jeremiah, where he is said to have penned the Lamentations:

"How doth the city sit sorrowful that was full of people! weeping she weepeth in the night."

"From the Daughter of Zion all beauty is departed. How is the gold become dim, the finest color changed; the stones of the sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street!"

"All ye who pass by see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow." The grief of Jerusalem is merged in the passion of Christ.

We descend into an area which was doubtless a quarry. It is planted with trees and shrubs and holds a praying-place for Islam, and there are remains of a circular building that once stood here before the Moslems' time, then through a passage into the grotto, rudely circular, over one hundred feet across, and supported by columns of the original stone.

A rock-cut, shelf-like opening is called the Tomb of the Prophet. It is in keeping with the gloom of the Lamentations.

The traditions regarding Jeremiah's connection with this locality are not very satisfactory, but as we know he wandered round Jerusalem giving to the winds his tremendous Lamentations, it may well be that he found shelter in this grotto.

We may take this occasion to recall that forceful character sanctified and chosen from birth to be a prophet, called to utter God's message at sixteen years young, and his ingenuous reluctance "A, A, A, behold O Lord, I am a child and cannot speak." Which excuse God takes away with the assurance: "I will be with thee, thou shalt not be afraid of their presence, whatever I shall command thou shalt speak." "And I make thee this day a fortified city, and a pillar of iron and wall of brass."

From this height Jeremiah, born in Anathoth off there yonder to the east, may have had the vision: "I see a rod of almond watching." The almond is early in flower before the leaves, when other trees are not budded, so the simile is a good one of early vigilance. The rod of Aaron that blossomed was a branch of almond, and the Jews still carry them to the Temple on high festivals.

And how forcibly the many broken cisterns in the vicinity recall the complaint of God through this prophet's lips: "My people have forsaken me the fountain of living water and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." His eye wanders over the hills, grove-crowned, and he complains: "On every high hill and under every green tree thou hast prostituted thyself;" traversing the three summits of Olivet it rests on the slope down yonder of the hill of Scandal, and he breaks forth again: "My people have changed their glory into an idol. How canst thou say, I am not polluted, I have not walked after Baalim; see thy ways in the valley." Lowlands apostatize while Highlands keep the faith. And again the Lord complains, that, like the modern evolutionist, "Thou sayest to a stock, thou art my father; and to a stone, thou hast begotten me." And therefore comes the sure displeasure of Jehovah and the punishment through the Assyrians. "Behold I will bring a nation from afar, a strong nation, an ancient nation, a nation whose language thou wilt not know. And they shall eat up thy corn and thy bread, and shall devour thy sons and thy daughters, and destroy thy strong cities. For thus saith the Lord: Hew down her trees, cast up a trench round about Jerusalem, this is the city to be punished." "O Daughter of Zion! great as the sea is thy breach, who shall heal thee." "But thou, O wasted one, what wilt thou do? Though thou clothe thyself with scarlet, though thou deck thyself with ornaments of gold and encircle thy eyes with paint, thou shalt dress thyself out in vain."

A wonderful piece of literature these lamentations of Jeremiah, running like a litany through all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." "Take up weeping and lamentation for the beautiful places

of the desert!" It is not history merely, remote and impersonal; it is prophecy for the world, a microcosm of each life for the individual.

The hill above is where Gen. Gordon, in 1882, three years before his death at Khartoum, came out to pray, saying it realized his idea of Golgotha. Following that lead some English authorities have "invented" the sepulchre in a garden tomb in the west end of the hill, which may be visited on the payment of a fee.

The imaginative upholders of Gordon's calvary even see the eye sockets and the mouth of a skull in the cuttings of the rock face! If it looks like "the place of the skull" now, it is proof that it did *not* in the time of Jesus; for the excavations have changed its appearance. When we believe that the Dearborn Monument in Chicago should be placed twenty miles west because "the massacre occurred on an uninhabited prairie," then we may appreciate the arguments of those who would change traditional sites for picturesque reasons.

Next day we proceed further north, stopping to say Mass at the Dominican convent of St. Stephen. We took the short cut from the *Via Dolorosa* to the Damascus Gate, through narrow, dirty streets. We always admire this Damascus Gate. We feel sure that it ought to take its old name of St. Stephen's Gate, which is falsely applied to the Bab Sitti Miriam.

St. Helena did not discover the spot of St. Stephen's martyrdom and burial; this was reserved for the Empress Eudoxia. She was Athenais, a daughter of Leontius Heraclitus, a Greek pagan philosopher who "cut her off with a shilling," saying that she had fortune enough in her beauty and talent.

Hers were misfortunes and triumphs; she might have taken for her motto that of Margaret of Austria: *Fortune, infortune, fort une*. On marrying the Emperor Theodosius she became a Christian and was the author of the first metrical version of the Old Testament books. Photius called her work the Metaphrase of the Octoteach. She it was who sent the chains of St. Peter to Rome, now venerated on the Esquiline, in the same church as the marble Moses of Angelo, and part of the relic of the protomartyr now in San Lorenzo outside Rome where Pius IX is buried.

She built a grand church, the first St. Stephen's, in 455, on the spot where the Dominican church now stands, and she, the petted and harassed of fortune, the little pagan Athenian, at one time the mistress of the world, ended her career in humility and works of charity near the Saviour's Tomb, and was buried in the church she had builded. She also added a considerable monastery to serve the basilica.

To this church, destroyed, succeeded that of the Crusaders, but the



ST. STEPHANS

site was lost sight of till our own day, when, in 1882, Father Matthieu of the Friars Preachers, assisted by Alphonse Marie Ratisbonne, purchased the ground and outwitted the Greeks, Russians, Abyssinians and Bulgarians, who were scheming for its possession. But funds were necessary for excavating, for building church and convent, for gathering together Dominican Fathers, and for establishing a school of Biblical Science and Archeology, and a hospice for Pilgrims. Father Matthieu faced the difficulties—"Now I perceive," he said, "the disadvantage of not being a saint." But if he could not work miracles, he could at least scour Europe for funds and for the blessing of Pope Leo XIII; and the work was accomplished.

The excavation justified the traditions, fine mosaic flowers being found—the pavement of Eudoxia's Church. As the foundation lines could be traced, the handsome modern church in basilica style carries out the plan, and in the crypt below can still be viewed the original mason work and mosaics.

"There is only one locality," writes Father Malloy, "better authenticated than that Damascus Gate is the real St. Stephen's Gate, and that the Dominicans have their convent on or near the place of the stoning, and that is the traditional Holy Sepulchre." Now that is killing two birds with one stone.

Northward stretches the road, white and dusty, over which the world has travelled, the world of conquerors and of robbers, the world of pilgrims, the world of Crusaders.

And now among the stones that endeavored to silence the voice of the Deacon rises the beautiful modern basilica with the Friar Preachers continuing his work.

Kindest of hosts are these Dominican Fathers, with a fine Biblical library of which I was given the freedom. They have given many enlightening books to the world, besides their annual publication, *The Revue Biblique*.

At the Dominican Convent a pretty and edifying ceremony is practiced on the last day of the year. All of the community from the superior to the lowliest domestic assemble in the salon of the Infant Jesus, where the crib is erected, and have their names written on separate slips of paper and deposited in an urn. In another urn are the same number of slips with a saint's name and in still another slips with a motto from the writings of the saints. A name is drawn at random and at the same time a motto and a saint's name; which thus becomes the motto and the patron saint to that person for the year—a perpetuation in a religious spirit of the valentine custom that has become so distorted in our day.

Taking as our point of departure the hospitality of St. Stephen's, where we say Mass and breakfast, we go to visit the Tombs of the Kings. Off to the left are mounds, ash-heaps. St. George's college buildings are on the way, with the residence of the English Bishop. About half a mile from St. Stephen's, and about one mile north of the Damascus Gate, at the turn of the road to the right, are the Tombs of the Kings. It is not probable that it has much connection with the Kings of Judea (or of Israel), for we are informed by the sacred writings where the major part of these were buried: David on Mount Zion; Solomon, Roboam, Abias, Aza, Jehosaphat, Joram and Ochozias likewise, in the City of David; Joatham and Achaz also; Joachaz died in Egypt; Jechonias and Sedicias in Babylon, where most probably they are interred.

This monument, so called, of the Kings, Ferguson thinks was the mausoleum of Herod the Great, which the majority of authorities consider was at the Frank mountains. Geikie and Brother Lievan concur in the opinion that it is the tomb of Queen Helena of Adiabene, a province of Koristan, east of the Tigris, of which Josephus speaks.

She and her son Izates embraced Judaism and she was a great benefactor to their nation. This prince had twenty-four sons, not to count as many daughters. They came to Jerusalem in the year 44 A. D. to be instructed, and many of them settled here.

Josephus relates that this queen had a palace on Mt. Acra, and a funeral monument three stadia from Jerusalem. These figures correspond almost exactly with the tombs we are at present examining, and the great number of places for coffins points to a numerous family, and the magnitude

and excellent workmanship of the whole shows royal expenditure. We descend eighteen feet down a rocky slope, and after passing through an arched opening in a wall of the rock that has not been excavated, find ourselves in a great court, about 90 x 90 feet, hewn out of the rock, thus leaving a perpendicular face for the entrance to the rock-cut tombs. This area may have been an ancient quarry.

The façade has at one time been rich in rock-cut ornamentation in late Roman style of wreaths, fruit and foliage which extend across the thirty feet of front. There were formerly four pillars which have been removed. The center of this frieze contains a bunch of grapes, the recognized emblem of this land of promise, and also figuring on Asmonean coins, which has led some to think that these tombs belonged to the Asmonean Kings. They are without comparison the most pretentious tombs of Jerusalem, except those of the Judges.

The portico, like all the rest of the construction, is cut in the living rock, is completely open to the east and almost the size of the façade, viz., 39 feet long by 15 feet high, and 17 feet deep toward the west.

From this ante-chamber the tomb-chambers proper, of which there are four, are entered by a low opening near the southern end of the vestibule. It is nearly four feet high and was closed by stone doors, of which one is still seen in a narrow passage east of the entrance.

In front there is a groove, 18 or 20 inches wide, in which rolled the millstone-like door. A portion only of this stone standing eastward in the groove remains from the vandalism of time, but it must have slightly exceeded the opening, and may have measured four feet in diameter.

There is even an opening for a person to stand in to push the stone away. We have here a very lively picture of the Maries' dread on Easter morn: "Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, for it was very great." This slab of stone is over six inches thick.

In connection with these tombs, however, there is another style of door which Maundrell saw in 1697; there door and hinge were in one piece, with projections up and down for hinges moving in the rock. Conjecture has been lively as to how they were made or gotten into place; some have suggested they were cut of the same rock; and they are of identically the same stone as the jamb, but as the upper edge of the door does not reach the lintel there would be opportunity to enter the upper hinge first and drop the door into the lower socket.

The interior is a bewildering labyrinth of chambers and passages. In the chambers at the foot of the rock wall there is a ledge on which mourners

could stand without incurring legal defilement, for they could thus claim they were not on the same story with the dead body! Another sample of Pharisaic legalism.

The first room is 19 feet square and seven or eight high; from this three passages conduct into other chambers, two to the south, about twelve feet square, and one to the west, about thirteen feet square. Those to the south contain six crypts or burial places each. From that to the west a stair descends to a large vault running north where are more crypts along the walls. In this chamber M. de Saulcey found a coffin containing the skeleton of a queen. Some of these funeral crypts have at one end a smaller cavity which is supposed to have contained the treasures of the deceased.

Only a short way northeast from the Tombs of the Kings is a series of more humble burial places, excavated in what were originally natural caves, in the north declivity of the Kedron. They are about seventy in number and called by Thomson the tombs of the Sanhedrim, and of Simon the Just. This Simon, the high priest, served for forty years in the Temple, and the praise of him in Ecclus. l. 1-8, reads like an Oriental poem, which it truly is.

On the 33rd day after the Passover the Jews visit this tomb, performing their vows, especially one almost fantastic, but doubtless prompted by true religious devotion, viz., they shave their hair off and give the weight of it in silver to the poor. I have heard of a like custom in some Christian families, of weighing an even scale of money against their baby with each succeeding birthday and making it the inheritance of God's poor.

Another day we give to the Tombs of the Judges. They are a mile northwest of the 'Tombs of the Kings; with the minaret of Neby Samwil beckoning us on we ascend the Kedron and find this beautiful sepulchre in the north side of the valley. As we rejected the supposition that Juda's kings were buried in the former, so here we cannot suppose that this was the burial place of the fifteen judges that ruled over Israel, for nine of them are recorded as having been buried with their respective tribes.

Brother Lievan ventures the opinion that these tombs are those of the members of the Sanhedrim, the Great Council of the Jews, numbering seventy numbers, of which Gamaliel and Hillel were conspicuous members. Indeed the Jews call this the Tomb of the Seventy. The number of burial crypts would certainly correspond better with seventy than with fifteen, for there can be counted about sixty, and another room in course of construction, as this rock could be hewn out as occasion demanded.

In these funeral chambers the *loculi* are much smaller than in the Tombs of the Kings, where the crypts were intended to contain large stone



ASHES OF SACRIFICES



TOMB OF THE KINGS

coffins—here the dead must be simply wrapped in the grave clothes and the crypt serve as coffin. The Germans call them *schiebgräber*.

These tombs are cut entirely in the solid rock, where a perpendicular face has been made or left after the quarrying of stone. The entrance to these tombs faces west and is much better preserved than that of the Kings. It displays a vestibule 12 feet wide and 8 feet high, perhaps more, if the rubbish were cleared away. The opening is framed in by the cornice moulding being brought down on the ends, and above this frame rises a low Greek pediment. All of this is beautifully carved and adorned with clusters and wreaths of magnificent fruits and flowers. On the low angles of the pediment rise ornaments of the Renaissance order which might be intended for conventionalized palm branches.

The workmanship is quite different from that of the Tombs of the Kings. At the center of the vestibule is the entrance to the burial rooms—a small but beautifully carved doorway with a moulding of cross-bars crowned by palm leaves.

The first room is the largest, being about twenty feet square, and eight feet high and furnished with two stories of *loculi*, or receptacles for corpses. The upper ones are in an arched recess. Doors to the south conduct to a smaller chamber nine feet square, the three sides unoccupied by the door being pierced with three crypts on each side. To the east of the large room passageways lead to two rooms of about the same size, nine feet square and six feet high, where the walls are again pierced with *loculi*.

In truth this is a land of tombs multiplied on every hand; anywhere round Jerusalem one never knows how many subterranean sepulchres may be below him.

We are glad to escape into the fresh air and say: "Let the dead past bury its dead." Good as respect for the dead is the Jews had doubtless allowed it to become a superstition, and the time they gave to it an impediment to more useful work. Therefore does our Lord decry it and denounce the Jews: "Woe unto you for you build the sepulchres of the prophets and your fathers killed them." Matt. xxiii. 29.

Our Lord, with the omniscience of God, knows that these Jews are to reject His teachings and crucify Him. They cannot make it up by later building Him a monument. So does the world to-day permit its prophets and saints to go to their death, with its ears closed that should have profited; with its hand unopened that should have assisted; with its mouth closed that should have applauded; and then at the funeral sends its flowers or builds the granite monument.

To-day we will visit the grouped chapels. We have come day after

day to venerate the different chapels of the basilica; they begin to arrange themselves in our mind so that we can write more intelligently of them. At first they were so bewildering—look in the plan and you, reader, will be confused, for the chapels are on four distinct levels. We group them—

I. On the highest level, viz., the Calvary Hill. (1) The Chapel of the Erected Cross. (2) The Chapel of the Nailing—they are two naves as it were of one room. (3) The Altar of the *Stabat Mater*, between the last two, and (4) the Chapel of the Franks, formed from an ancient porch into which one can look through a grate from Golgotha, and now reached by an outside stair to the right as you enter the basilica. These latter are the property of the Catholics, and many Masses are said every day. The altar-piece in the Franks' Chapel is a painting of the *Pieta*, the dead Christ on His mother's knees.

II. Those on the *rez de Chausee*: (1) To the right as we enter from the street, under the Chapel of the Franks, dedicated to the Mother of Sorrows, is the Chapel of Mary of Egypt, that she the sinful might be near the sinless Mary. (2) The vestibule of the stone of Unction. (3) The large choir chapel of the Greeks, extending east of the rotunda. (4) separated from it by a broad passage, the Sepulchre itself, with (5) its antechamber of the Angel. (6) Back of the Sepulchre the chapel of the Copts—a mere niche in size, eight feet square—and across the ambulatory that encircles both Sepulchre and Greek choir. (7) The chapel of the Syrians. Adjoining it and owned by them is (8) the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and another styled of Nicodemus, evidently Jewish tombs, and a valuable confirmation that here was the Lord's tomb, and that this was outside the city walls at the time of Christ, for no graves were allowed inside. Of course there is no certainty that these tombs are rightly named.

To the north are the Latin possessions. (9) The chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, dedicated to the apparition to her of Christ, whom she mistook for a gardener. Ascending a few steps from this is the chapel of the apparition of Jesus to His mother; in this chapel is preserved a part of the column of the flagellation; it is porphyry about three feet high, enclosed in a screened niche, and permission is obtainable by an organized pilgrimage to have it uncovered for their veneration; its companion piece is in St. Prassede at Rome. In this chapel only is the Blessed Sacrament kept, and here in their stalls the Fathers of the Holy Land chant the Divine Office night and day; further on the Sacristy and the Franciscan convent, entirely enclosed so that they cannot leave except by the Turk-guarded common entrance to the basilica. The Austrian Emperor Francis Joseph obtained

for them in 1869 a small terrace surrounded by high houses, but where they can get a glimpse of the sky and air.

Returned again to the ambulatory we pass through a gallery with seven arches, called the arches of the Virgin, and which was thought to have formed a part of the surrounding of the *Anastasis* Church and come to (11) the chapel of the Prison of Christ; it is quite dark and belongs to the Greeks. It was probably a sepulchre vault. (12) Further on is the chapel of St. Longinus, the soldier who opened the side of Our Lord with his spear "and immediately there came out blood and water," John xix. 34. That spear opened the soldier's heart also. The water and the blood were for Longinus' healing. This chapel also belongs to the Greeks. (13) The chapel of the Division of the Garments belongs to the Armenians, and is exactly in the rear of the Greek choir. The Holy Winding Sheet was here commemorated in the early days, and is now venerated in Turin. Of the outer garment of Our Lord the Gospel says: "Now the coat was without seam, and woven from the top throughout. They said then to one another, let us not cut it, but cast lots for it." John xix. 23. The Holy Coat is preserved in the cathedral at Treves. (14) Further on is the chapel of the Reproaches, commemorating the mocking and the crowning with thorns in the hall of Pilate. Below the altar is a short pillar on which pious tradition says our Lord sat, thorn-crowned and reed-sceptered. "Hail King!"

III. We must now descend to the story below ground. Retracing our way a few paces we find a flight of twenty-nine steps which leads to the Church of St. Helena, or of the Holy Cross. This chapel is 75 by 40 feet, divided into three naves. The roof is vaulted and a cupola admits a dim light. The central altar is dedicated to St. Helena, that to the left to Dismas the penitent thief. Instead of an altar in the right-hand apse is the stair going down to the chapel of the Invention of the Cross; it is ludicrous to hear it said that this term is proof of imposture, for the Latin word simply means "finding." To the right of St. Helena's altar is a parapet-like stone seat, called the spot from which the Empress watched the excavators.

IV. But the lowest chapel of all is yet to be visited. Descending thirteen steps to the southeast we are in the chapel formed out of the cistern where the cross was found. It is in the natural rock, of irregular shape about twenty-two feet square, and belongs to the Latins. The altar was presented to us by Archduke Maximilian, unfortunate in accepting a throne in Mexico. A bronze statue of St. Helena on a rock-shaped base of serpentine adorns this chapel.

TOAIB OF THE KINGS ROLLING DOOR



In face of the sneers of moderns it is refreshing to see Robinson, who gives a full quotation of the authorities, say that there is hardly any fact of history better accredited than the finding of the true cross. St. Helena in 326 set herself to the work of discovering and restoring the holy spots and if possible of finding the instruments of the Passion.

She had the wealth of an empire in the first fervor of its conversion at her disposal, she would have the very best of archeologists and savants for excavators, she had Eusebius of Cæsarea, and Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem. We may or may not credit the tradition that states that the three crosses were so nearly alike that the miracle of healing a sick woman was necessary to identify that of Christ. Had they been wishing to make out a case they would have simply found the title still attached to the Holy Cross, or some patent eminence of size or form. Legends gather round all things great; it is the tribute of the popular mind, but is it not inconsistency to believe the miracle of 3 Kings xvii. 21, or 4 Kings xiii. 21, and not believe that the cross on which our Saviour hung should have any healing power?

Father Breen thus describes the Coptic Mass: "I went to the small chapel just behind the Sepulchre. It is the Coptic chapel; mass had just begun. A few Copts were standing or squatting in front of the chapel. A company of little boys chanted squatting in a group in front a little to the right of the entrance. The chapel where the priest stood is not more than 10 x 10 feet, arched overhead, and is constructed of iron trellis-work with a door of the same. The walls are draped with red curtains, and a curtain is arranged over the door, which is drawn at the communion of the priest to shut out the view. The liturgy is in the Coptic tongue, with many Greek words. It is so sung that a continual chant is carried on by the priest and the boys outside. They chant simultaneously, and nothing that I have ever heard equals its weirdness and its harshness. Pope Pius X may reform the Gregorian Chant but no created power can reform this horrible sound.

The priest was assisted by a youth of perhaps eight years. I suppose he was the deacon. They make innumerable bows and signs of the cross after the Latin form, but they never kneel, neither do they bow so profoundly as the Greeks. The bread resembles a small biscuit. The chalice stands in a sort of a frame covered with red cloth; only the top of the chalice is visible.

The priest has a long sort of a tunic over his regular clothing, and his head is covered with a white cloth marked with a cross. He puts off his shoes before entering the chapel. The Coptic priests always wear a white

skull cap. The physical strain to retain in memory and chant that long liturgy must be great. The priest used no book during the Mass. Much incense is used. At the Communion the priest divided the bread and shared it with the deacon, the priest placing in the mouth of the deacon successively three pieces, while the priest also alternately ate of the bread. The bread was contained in a shallow golden basin. The chalice in form did not differ from the Latin chalice. The priest shared the chalice also with the youth whom I have called the deacon. He gave him three successive spoonfuls. The priest drained the chalice himself. In purifying the sacred vessels the priest rubbed his index finger many times around the surface of the gilded basin, and each time licked his finger with his mouth. After purifying the basin and the chalice he washed his hands and his beard about his mouth in the basin and drank the water. While his hands were yet wet he approached the door of the chapel and all the people went up and he stroked their faces, placing a hand on each of their cheeks and drawing the hands down to the chin. He then wiped his hands and distributed blessed bread to the people. He stood at the door and broke bits from a small loaf in his hand and gave them to men, children and women. This was the end."

The day after the two American ladies were wounded at the Mosque of Omar, I wished to visit them at the hospital; as I could not obtain reliable information as to their whereabouts, it took me nearly a whole Sunday to find them. They were not in the same hospital, but this gave me an opportunity to make the whole round. Jerusalem is well supplied with hospitals, as is fitting in the land of the great healer.

The Jewish are in the majority. There is the Rothschild hospital outside the city to the north, one each of the Sephardim and of the Askenazim Jews, one of German Jews, and one for the insane. The London Church Missionary Society has one, as also the English ophthalmic hospital near the station. The principal Catholic hospital is that of St. Louis kept by the French religious. The Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth, German Evangelical, north of the city, most homelike among its gardens. The Moravian Brothers have a hospital for lepers. The Greeks and the Russians also have their hospitals. This is in addition to the many hospices of the different rites, which are also equipped with medical "first aid."

To-day we give some attention to that part of the city where the Armenians predominate. This church began to gravitate away from the Catholic communion at the Council of Chalcedon (IV General Council); and although their bishops attended the V, VI and VII, which councils they

admit, they seem to have persisted more or less in the Eutichian heresy condemned by the IV council. Many of them were brought back to the Roman communion in the fifteenth century by the Jesuits. These are called united Armenians and are allowed to keep their own liturgy and discipline. In both the united and the heretical Armenians, the priests may marry before ordination but not after. Bishops must be chosen from the unmarried, who are everywhere held in greater respect than those with wives. The priesthood is hereditary among the separated Armenians, which is another source of weakness. Their dogmas are almost identical with those of the Greek church, which differ from the Catholic mainly only in the rejection of the "*Filioque*" of the creed. That is, they hold that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, while the Catholic teaching is that He proceeds both from the Father and the Son. What a point to separate the two largest armies of Christian believers, a dogma that has no bearing on Christian practice or morality, and is never thought of by the majority of either party! It is true that deep thinkers would not have such a true grasp of the ineffable Trinity without recognizing the proceeding of the Spirit from both the other Persons. Surely good-will and enlightenment would soon heal the breach if it were not for the politics of Russia.

The Armenian church is national in Armenia, where they have two Patriarchs, one at Sis, one at Etchmiadzin, and they have a Patriarch at Constantinople and at Jerusalem. It is the patriarchal cathedral of the latter that we visit to-day.

We go south from inside the Jaffa Gate with the city walls to our right hand. The first notable structure is the English Protestant church, designed for converted Jews, said to be on the site of Herod's Palace, the Herod who ordered the massacre of the children. There is a small church dedicated to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem, and further south three small chapels of the Maries, who met our Lord after the Resurrection. Adjoining is the barracks of the Turkish soldiers. We are now in the pleasantest street in Jerusalem, broad and clean, and the proximity of the gardens of the Armenian convent, that can show more greenery than any spot except perhaps the Temple Area, makes the locality delightful. The Armenians are said to be quite wealthy; their quarter has an air of aristocracy about it, and their church of St. James is the largest next to the Basilica of the Sepulchre. The number of resident Armenians, however, is small, but largely augmented by pilgrimages. The church is well worth a visit, being of the older structures the most important after the Sepulchre. It is the cathedral of the Armenians, whose patriarchal palace is across the street.



TOMB OF THE JUDGES

The present church dates back to the middle of the twelfth century, and was probably built by the Spaniards. It is of inspiring size, with three naves and a dome. Toward the north is a small chapel in the wall marking the spot where St. James the great was martyred.

In the choir is an old seat called St. James' Throne.

There is a fine vestibule to the south but the outside doors are walled up.

In the east end is a pile of three stones, the lowest from the bed of the Jordan, the middle one from Tabor and the topmost from Sinai. I do not know that they have any special significance, but the thought occurs that there is a connection between Sinai with Moses, and the thunders of the old law, and Tabor with the Saviour and the mild splendor of the new law of love.

The Catholics have had, until lately, permission to use this Church on the 25th of July, that being the feast of St. James, but a narrow-minded Patriarch forbids it at present, and, as the authenticity of the place is not established, the Latins do not often visit it. *Pazienza!*

The seminaries and hospices of the Armenians are all grouped in this neighborhood. In a narrow street to the left is a church repaired by the Crusaders, on the site of the house of St. Thomas the Apostle; the Moham-

medans turned it into a mosque, but apparently have forsaken it. The convent of the Sisters of Charity of the separated Armenians, Deir ez Zeitouneh, convent of the Olive, from the tradition that to an olive tree in this vicinity our Lord was tied, on Thursday night. There are still a few memorial olive trees in the garden. This convent is on the reputed site of the house of Annas, father-in-law to Caiphas. Here a plenary indulgence may be gained. Annas had been removed from office, and so was unable to take any judicial measures against Christ, but probably he was the instigator of the arrest, and so the soldiers bring our Lord to him for further orders. memorial olive trees in the garden. This convent is on the reputed site of the Armenian convent outside the city, not far from the David Gate, and near the church of the Dormition.

Here then our Lord was arraigned; here He was questioned regarding His doctrine; here He said plainly that He was the Son of God, and understanding well that He made Himself equal to God they condemned Him as a blasphemer.

Here He was struck in the face and reviled, and Peter was all the while outside in the courtyard with the servants. Our Lord had instructed His disciples to "watch and pray lest you enter into temptation." Alas, Peter had not prayed! He was vaingloriously confident of himself. Alas, Peter had not watched! He had been warming his hands. At the word of a maid and a menial he denies his Lord, in the foolish way that many do even when they are certain to be detected in the untruth. "Even thy speech betrays thee," say the servants. In the church is a lateral chapel, and an altar which has for its table a semicircular stone, said to be half of that which was rolled to the entrance of the Sepulchre. St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who was born as early as 315, speaks of the stone as then in existence, and St. Antonine describes it as shaped like a grindstone, which is accurately graphic.

Among the underground wonders of this city we must not forget the Cotton Grotto. We leave the city by the Damascus Gate and find the entrance one hundred paces east, in the rock from which the city walls rise.

The grotto extends under the city over six hundred feet, the ceiling supported on natural columns. The surface is very uneven and littered with rubbish and requires a good torch and circumspection.

Evidently a quarry, still showing that the blocks of stone were detached by wooden wedges swelled by water, its age is unknown, but it may have furnished material for Solomon's Temple.

CHAPTER XXXV

GEZER

At the salient points of Palestine the thoughtful traveller, besides noting how these sites appear at present, asks: How much is left? and how did these places appear in the principal eras into which our mind divides the great past, namely the pre-Hebraic of the Hittites; the patriarchal era of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; the conquest era of Moses and Josue; the Solomonic era of David and his son; the Christ era; the era of Roman luxury; the Crusaders' era?

Of a number we will have the sites identified of all the epochs, but in very few will be able to find actual traces of all; indeed it will be only in the virgin rock as of Araunah's threshing-floor or Mount Carmel's eminence, not in structures of human building, that we can say that we have the actual stones of the patriarchal era; and only in the rock-cut caves the dwellings of the prehistoric race.

On the line of railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem, half way between the stations Ramley and Sejid but off some distance to the east, is Tell Gezer; it is here that R. A. Stewart Macalister has recently made extensive excavations which throw much light on the ancient history of Palestine. Similar excavations have been made at Tell el Hesi, Malha, Taanach and other places. But as such work is pretty much the same we take this as an illustration. We will describe the mode of operating in the words of Mr. Macalister himself.*

"On the boundary line separating the foothills of the Judean mountains from the fertile maritime plain, which was occupied during nearly the whole of the Old Testament history by the Philistines, and about five miles southeast of the modern town of Ramleh, there rises a long, low mound, rendered conspicuous by a modern two-story house erected on its summit. This is the mound which conceals the ruins of the ancient town of Gezer.

"If the reader could have visited the hill any time between June, 1902, and August, 1905, save when the winter rains or summer heats made work impossible, he would have seen at the bottom of a deep trench cut straight across the hill a crowd of laborers, some with picks loosening the earth, others with peculiar adzelike hoes scraping it into baskets; while a ceaseless procession of boys and girls, filing backward and forward, carried the

**Bible Side Lights from the Mount of Gezer*; R. A. S. Macalister, 1906. *Passim*.

baskets away thus filled, and emptied their contents on to a rapidly growing 'dump-heap.' [One is reminded of the Psalm (Ps. lxxx. 7): 'His hand served in baskets,' indicating the toil of the hod-carrier.] He would notice that the area in which the work was carried on was all subdivided into small compartments by low walls, crossing one another rather irregularly, exactly as is shown in the figure. These little compartments, he would learn, are the floors of rooms, and the low walls are the foundations of partitions. As he watched, possibly the foreman might bring for his inspection a small object of interest that had just been found by one of the laborers when sifting the earth before basketing it away; it might be a *scarab* of Amen-hotep III adding its testimony to that of the other objects already found among the houses, which experience had taught the excavator were to be assigned to the date of that monarch—say about 1450 B. C.

"If the visitor should return a day or two later, he would find a change. The laborers would still be at work in the same pit; but the walls would have completely disappeared. If he should ask the cause of this, he would be told that after they had been carefully measured, planned, and, if of special interest, photographed, they had been removed in order to find what was underneath them. And if he should remain by the pit a certain length of time, he would see as the work advanced one stone appearing here and another there till gradually a second series of walls, in style resembling the first but of plan entirely different, would be exposed before him. So the process would continue from day to day, and from week to week, till at last the rock at the core of the hill was reached. When the entire rock surface at the bottom of the pit was exposed, a second pit was begun, unless under the accumulated earth a rock-hewn cave or cistern were discovered, which would of course require to be emptied.

"The history of the growth of the great mound of earth—in some places as much as forty feet in depth—which to-day covers the rock and marks the once flourishing and important city of Gezer is the same here as in the other ancient cities of Palestine. Defence was a necessity in the times when every city was a unit whose hand was against all its neighbors—a state of society reflected in the record of the Canaanite cities, each with its own king, which Joshua subdued, and even more prominently in the Tell el-Amarna tablets. The city, therefore, like that used as an illustration in Matthew v. 14, was set on a hill when it was founded—the steeper and more unscalable the hill, the better.

"If a dweller in a European city should return to earth and revisit his old home, say two hundred years after his death, he would be perplexed by the change of architectural style that had taken place in the meanwhile.



GEZER

He would, however, find the churches and other ancient public buildings more or less as he remembered them; and with these as landmarks he would before long recognize the thoroughfares to which in his lifetime he had been accustomed, though probably there would hardly be a single house that had not been rebuilt, or at least radically altered. The case of a resident in an ancient Palestinian city, returning in the same manner, would be different. No unwonted architectural developments would meet his eye; he would find his great-great-grandchildren occupying huts exactly similar to those in which he and his contemporaries had dwelt. But it would strike him at first sight that the city-crowned hill was a trifle higher than in the days when his daughter used to climb it daily with her waterpot from the spring in the valley; and as soon as he entered the city gate he would be hopelessly bewildered. In his day the city has been a maze of narrow, crooked causeways and blind alleys, which however he knew perfectly. On his return he would find a new labyrinth, to which he had no clue substituted for the old. And even if by some chance there were a palace, or other building of a more permanent character, which had lasted from the city of his recollection, it would give him no help towards finding his way through the entirely altered lanes that surrounded it.

"In dealing with the remains of an ancient city such as Gezer, therefore, we may think of the different series of foundations, one above the other, as

being like a set of bookshelves. The analogy is not quite perfect, for the change of level did not take place over the whole city at the same time, except in the not frequent case of its being totally destroyed by an enemy and afterwards entirely rebuilt. For practical purposes, however, the book-case illustration serves very well. In the top shelf will be written, for those who have eyes to read them, the records of the last inhabitants. The history, manners, customs, and beliefs of their immediate predecessors find illustration in the shelf next below.

"So we proceed to the bottom shelf, where we learn what we may regarding the ancient people who were the first to dwell on the site we are examining.

"Let us now apply these principles to Gezer, and endeavor, so far as the material at our disposal permits, to reconstruct its history. Fortunately we are able to assert the identity of our mound and Gezer with an assurance that would be highly indiscreet in the case of many other identifications of Biblical sites that have been suggested from time to time. The discovery of Gezer is due to the distinguished French Orientalist, Professor Charles Clermont-Ganneau, and its story is one of the most interesting of the romances of modern archaeology.

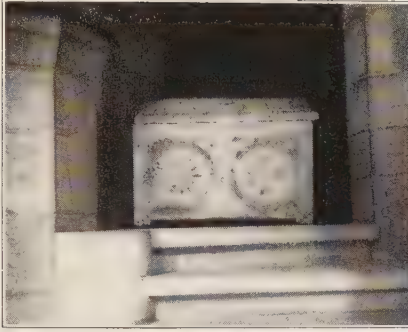
"The mound of Gezer has a peculiarity which it displayed throughout the whole period of the excavation recently closed. It is essentially a mound of surprises; and it commenced, even at that early period in the history of its investigation, to display this pleasing characteristic."

These excavations revealed seven different cities or strata. Commencing with the uppermost we have:

City VII. A city resembling the modern rude Arab dwellings. The principle of the arch is known. The building stones are squared. Iron is the regular metal for use, bronze for ornament only. From an inscription found it is probable this city dates from about 400 B. C.

City VI. Rude housewalls of field stones set in mud. Jar handles with "Royal stamps." This is the upper limit of lamp and bowl deposits under the foundations of buildings. Iron is used but bronze and flint are more common than in No. VII. Time perhaps 1000 B. C.

City V. The pottery is transitional between pre-Israelite and Jewish. Lamp and bowl deposits first appear in this stratum. Iron is only just beginning to be used. Bronze is the regular metal and flints in great abundance. This is probably the city where the Chanaanites and Israelites dwelt together. The city that was destroyed by the King of Egypt: "Pharaoh came up and took Gezer and burnt it with fire and he slew the Chanaanites who dwelt in the city and gave it for a dowry to his daughter, Solomon's



OSSUARY



POTTERY

wife." 3 Kings ix. 16. The next verse tells us that Solomon rebuilt Gezer, which would account for the diminished size, for now it was not needed for the more ancient race. Era about 1500.

Cities IV and III. Undoubtedly pre-Israelite, approximately 2000 B. C., the highest Amorite civilization. Two successive strata which cannot be easily distinguished, except by the superimposition of the city walls. Bronze is the only metal used, but fine flint knives are in evidence. The great temple in the central valley occupies both these strata. The second burial cave belonged to this period.

City II. Remains very scanty. Very rude pottery and apparently an entire absence of metal implements. [With this stratum Father Breen associates the cremated remains in the first burial cave.]

City I. Represented by troglodyte dwellings artificially cut in the hill-top underneath the Temple, but for which natural caves were doubtless the commencement. No metal, very rude flint and bone instruments, and very coarse porous pottery. Time probably about 3000 B. C. We are now in the very misty past, among the Horites or cave-dwellers of this land.

The burial caves were grewsome finds for the excavators. On the rock floor of number II were found the remains of fifteen bodies and a number of bronze weapons. Though the cave was originally a cistern the corpses had not been thrown in but had been placed by people who descended into the cave, for they were disposed out of the way of the roof-entrance, and a large quantity of charcoal was found indicating either a funeral feast or a sacrifice. There is not evidence enough to say conclusively that here was sacrifice of human adults, though of the one female skeleton only the upper half of the body was buried here, and in the first burial cave was found an infant buried in a large jar, which some have thought was sacrificial.

These caves were connected by a crooked narrow passage, and Macalister suggests that they may have been used as the seat of the oracle before being used as cemeteries. He thinks that the sacrifice of infants is evident. "Over the whole area of this High Place the earth was discovered to be a regular cemetery in which the skeletons of young infants were buried. These infants were never more than a week old. They were deposited in large jars, and with them were placed smaller jars, possibly for food for the use of the little victim in the other world. Two at least of the skeletons showed marks of fire."

The discovery of the temple is by far the most important yet made on the *tell*. The temple consists essentially of the following members: (1) The sacred cave. (2) The alignment of pillar-stones. (3) The socket for the Ashêrah. (4) The temple area. (5) The boundary wall. The cave we have already seen. The stone pillars and the Ashêrah claim our attention. In connection with the pagan worship of the Amorites the Holy Scripture is full of mentionings of "the High Places." "Under every green tree they have made their abominations." Gideon cut down the Ashêrah or "grove" beside the altar of Baal (Judges vi, 25), and 2 Kings xvii. 10 mentions "setting up pillars and Ashêrah upon every high hill, and under every green tree," as sins unto which the Israelites were led by the Chanaanites and which were to be punished by the Captivity. Isaiah's denunciation is strong: "Ye that inflame yourselves among the oaks, under every green tree, that slay the children under the clefts of the rocks." Is. lvii. 5. "They have sacrificed their children to Moloch; they made their children pass through the fire." Here at Gezer we have visible, palpable testimony of this pagan worship. The essential features of the High Place would be: 1st. The altar. 2d. The standing stones. 3d. The Ashêrah. 4th. The laver for ceremonial washings. The actual altar of sacrifice has not been discovered but as this was probably of baked earth, as was described in Exodus xx. 24, it would be too fragile to have survived the centuries. West of the sacred cave commences the row of stone pillars and runs south. There are only eight *in situ* at present, but there were originally ten. They range in height from ten feet six inches to five feet five inches. They are unhewn blocks simply set on end and supported at the base by smaller stones. The first is a gigantic pillar which cannot be encircled by less than four people clasping hands. The second is comparatively insignificant, being the smallest of the whole series. It may, however, have been the most sacred of all the stones—possibly because it was oldest. The indication that suggests this is the existence on its top of certain smooth spots, that look exactly like the worn places polished by the kisses of devotees on

stones in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and other places of pilgrimage in Palestine and elsewhere. Compare: "All the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth that hath not kissed him," in 1 Kings xix. 18, and the reference in Hosea xiii. 2, to the kissing of the calf-images in the Israelite shrines.

The third and fourth stones are comparable, but inferior, in size to the great block with which the series commences. The fifth and sixth are comparatively small and insignificant.

The seventh, which is rather larger, is of greater interest. It is the only stone of the row which differs in its composition from the rest. The other pillars were hewn from the local rock; this stone displays characteristics that show that it must have come from some other site, which would corroborate the mention on the Tell el Amarna tablets that Mesha of Moab "dragged the altar hearth of Jehovah before Chemoth" the Moabite god.

The eighth stone of the series is more shapely than the rest, and is peculiar in that it stands in a hollowed stone socket. It is flanked by the stumps of the two broken pillars. These three stones are divided from the remainder by a wide interspace no doubt with intention. Ten, seven and three are all numbers that seem to have had a certain sanctity among the western Semites, and cases illustrating this are not wanting in the Old Testament.

There can be no doubt that with the pillar there was associated an Ashêrah, whatever that may have been. As the Arab word for tree is to-day "shejere," Ashêrah was probably the tree of the High Place; and later, when trees were wanting, was a pole erected to represent the tree. May this not have pointed forward to the tree—the rood—on which the ransom of man was to be accomplished? There is a large stone with a square orifice that Dr. Breen concludes was the socket for this Ashêrah, but which may have served as the sacrificial laver.

We are prone to consider the present inhabitants of Palestine only as the descendants of the Hebrews or the following of Mohammed from Arabia or mixed with a little European blood from the Crusades.

But a conquered race is never quite obliterated, and the old Canaanites, especially, persisted side by side with the Israelites who in spite of prohibited intermarriage could not entirely prevent it; so that there is quite a number of these peasants who are the descendants of the Canaanitish tribes, the primal owners of Palestine, and many of their rites and customs are still those of Paganism. The religion of the lower class Mohammedan is thoroughly heathen and superstitious. "In a fever case the patient had to stand above a small wood fire, open his girdle and look in his *thobe* by

the collar; an old woman who was a good hand at curing diseases, burned a paper so he could inhale the smoke." What was written on the paper? Behold it! 'There is no God but God, it turned and returned; there is no God but God, it fired and refired; there is no God but God, around the throne it turned; there is no God but God, with God's knowledge it disappeared.' At the word 'disappeared' the fever is expected to depart." Innumerable are the superstitious objects and practices employed in driving out disease. The head of a serpent salted and dried and sewed into the white cap of the children, is a favorite remedy against epilepsy. Wheat-grains threaded on a string are a sovereign remedy for preserving life. The eggs of the Egyptian vulture are employed on lunatics. Consumption is treated by fiery nails applied on the breast or on the back between the fifth and sixth ribs; from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pin-pricks are needed for curing rheumatism, into which is rubbed garlic juice. Whooping-cough is cured by binding the axis-bone of a wolf tightly to the neck of the patient, then pressing a knife to the throat and saying three times: "In the name of God and in the name of the she-wolf." Serpent bites are cured by repeating certain verses of the Koran. Erysipelas is cured by borrowing a cauldron (it must not be *bought*) which has belonged to a family for several generations, the soot of which must be scattered on the sore cheek. Ophthalmia is cured (or attempted) by the juice of aloes, tomatoes, kohl, which must be mixed with the gall of a raven. Another remedy is to take two eggs of an owl and prick a needle into each, the one that rusts under the operation will be found serviceable in ophthalmia.

The Mohammedan *mukam*, one of the most striking features of Palestine, is no other than the "place" that the Bible speaks of as the spot sacred to the idolatrous rites of the Canaanites. "Upon the high mountains and upon the hills, and under every green tree," idols were set up, altars smoked and even human sacrifices were immolated. This idolatry is called in Scripture "prostitution," giving one's self up, namely, to a union unsanctified.

The Hebrew word *Makom* continues in the Arab term. The traveler is hardly ever out of sight of these *mukams*; they all exhibit a family likeness—a small building of stone, four square, with a dome of the same material, perhaps a tree standing near, for *ex-votos* to be hung upon, tatters of garments wind-swayed; these *mukams* are so sacred in the eyes of Mohammedans that articles of value may be left near them without danger of being stolen.

They are not used as places of public worship, they are too small; they are shrines of the local saints, the tutelary deities of the country, though it is remarkable, says Geikie, how often the names they go by are Christian

saints, as if behind it all, the saints of Christianity were revered. To enter them the peasant takes off his shoes, as in a mosque, and votive lamps are often placed there for sick wife or child or for absent friend. Sheep are at times killed near it and eaten as a sacrificial feast in honor of the saint. Processions again, are made to these lowly sanctuaries, the men, rich and poor, marching in their best clothes, with rude music before them, closing their pilgrimage by a solemn "*Zikr*," in which a ring having been formed they chant verses from the Koran, amidst wild swaying backwards and forwards and great excitement.

The excavations furnish information of the domestic life of these people. Corn was ground in three ways, in mortars with pestles, by rubbing stones, and by quern stones. Their dishes were all unglazed pottery. The arrow and spear heads are very similar to those found in the American Indian mounds, many are of stone and some of copper or bronze.

"In these unearthed burial places," says Macalister, "we have evidence of the widespread custom of devoting the first-born, a part of the practice where the first-fruits of man, of beast and of the field were sacred to the Divinity; Abraham seems to have had the knowledge that God could demand such sacrifice and felt an impulse to immolate Isaac (Gen. xx. 1), and Mesha, king of Moab, on an occasion of emergency, sacrificed his eldest son (2 Kings iii. 27). That the ancestors of the Hebrews like the other Semites, practiced this custom may be regarded as certain, though in their earliest legislation the savagery of the human sacrifice is modified by the substitution of an animal victim, (Exodus xiii. 13) which also prescribes substitution in the case of an animal which it was not lawful to sacrifice, or by dedication to temple service as in the case of Samuel and probably in that of Jephtha's daughter. The sacrifice by fire of children to Moloch is prohibited in Levit. xviii. 21, but this law was disregarded by many of the kings. Outside of the high place other discoveries were made throwing a lurid light on "the iniquity of the Amorite." One of these may be briefly alluded to here: A cistern, at the bottom of which were fourteen skeletons, one of them that of a young girl who had evidently been sawn asunder, the skulls of two other girls who had been decapitated were found at the mouth of the same cistern. It recalls the tradition of the death of Isaiah, generally supposed to have been sawn in two by order of Manasses. It in no way justifies the belief that it was customary to build cities with the sacrifice of children in the cornerstone. The words of 3 Kings xvi. 34, "Hiel of Bethel built Jericho; in Abiram his first born he laid its foundations, and in his youngest son Segub he set up its gates" is the fulfilment of the curse in Josue vi. 26. Another very remarkable find,

made within the precincts of the High Place was the unique figure of the two-horned Astarte, one of the first representations of this mysterious goddess to be found. To quote from Prof. G. A. Smith: "We realize through this work what the purer religion of Israel had to contend with through the centuries. We have been told that Monotheism was the natural offspring of desert scenery and of desert life. But it was not in the desert that Israel's Monotheism developed and grew strong and reached its pure forms. It was in this land of Palestine of which Gezer, with its many centuries and its many forms of idolatry, is so typical an instance. When we contemplate all these systems, we are surely the more amazed at the survival under their pressure and against their cruelty, of a so much higher spiritual and ethical religion. Surely it is only a divine purpose, only the inspiration of the Most High which has been the cause. When we look at these things that are seen, surely we are more able than ever to appreciate the clear vision which the prophets of Israel had of the things that are unseen, and all their valour and persistence in pushing the consideration of these upon their countrymen. Surely we understand more than we did why Ezra and Nehemiah were so eager and zealous to raise the fence of the Law against heathenism which was bearing in upon Israel from all sides, and which overcame all other Semitic religions. And surely, last of all, we can recognize and appreciate the valor of the Maccabees who fought against the last tide of heathenism, and brought Israel through it pure, constant and with her Law untouched—that Israel out of which Christ our Lord was born and out of which our religion has grown."

Other events recorded in the Scriptures find confirmation here. There were found asses' jaw-bones set with flint teeth to be used as reaping hooks; which makes probable Samson's weapon, and the flimsy construction of some of the buildings shows the possibility of an exceptionally strong man pulling them down.

Determined to travel as much as possible by the primitive roads, we will go on to Jaffa to take the sea-board route to Caesarea Palestinae.

CHAPTER XXXVI

SHARON

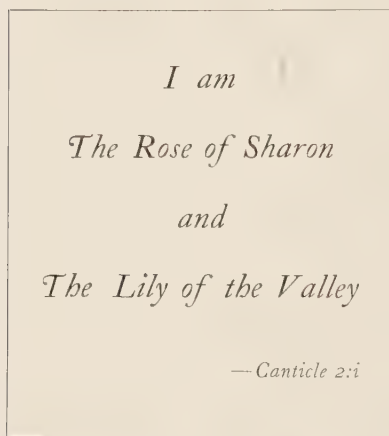
North, east and south of Jaffa stretches a fertile maritime plain, called Philistia southward and Sharon northward. It is mentioned often in Scripture and always with commendation. "The excellence of Carmel and Sharon." It had a king in the days of Josue, (Jos. xii. 18). It is being colonized of late, especially by Wittemburg Germans of the Temple sect, who, with irrigation and excellent tillage, are reclaiming even the arid portions. We pass Sarona with its euphonious name, though not, we think, as beautiful as Sharon, so familiar and so reminiscent.

Since we passed through this plain of Sharon the summer has advanced and the turtle-dove is plentiful among the trees. It is the only bird that could be used as a sacrifice, Levit. i. 14; xv. 14. "They are found everywhere, and pour out their plaintive cooings in every garden, grove and wooded hill, from sunrise to sunset; the time of their arrival being so regular that the Prophet could speak of it as known to every one. The turtle-dove is more numerous in the Holy Land than anywhere else, and thus naturally becomes a source of Scripture metaphor; it is mentioned more than fifty times in the Bible. Two turtle-doves were enjoined as the offering at the purification of the leper and from the very poor after childbirth, Luke ii. 24. "Dove" is also used as a term of endearment, as when David cries to God: "O deliver not the soul of Thy turtle-dove into the multitude of the wicked." Psalm lxxiv. 19. Every house in Palestine has its pigeons. A detached dove-cote of mud or brick roofed over, with wide-mouthed pots inside as nesting boxes, is a special mark of wealth. They naturally become pets; it was fitting therefore for our Lord, amidst such familiarity with birds go guileless, to instruct His apostles to be as "harmless as doves."

The later flowers also are in bloom, especially the shrubby cistus, which for us must ever be the rose of Sharon, although no rose proper, and although the narcissus is supposed by others to be the flower alluded to in Canticles ii, and usually styled rose, and one translation gives us, "I am like the narcissus of Sharon and the lily of the valley," it does not sound right! Such power have accustomed words!

The gorgeous scarlet anemone has taken the place of the earlier and paler one and waves its bloody wings like a bird of prey. The Indian salvia and

other plants of the *labiatæ*, the showy desert spike, stachys, the dainty pink cyclamen that always reminds me of the orphan girls of my baby days—the comical bear's breach, which is, however, the classical acanthus of Greek architecture, and many kinds of mallow and of flowering flax are all dis-



ROSE OF SHARON



ANEMONE

playing themselves. The buglos, rather vulgar but of a beautiful blue, the leafless broom rape sending up its messy stalk of brown stem and yellow flowers, a parasite on roots of honester plants drawing their own sustenance from the soil, but most prominent of all, the blood-red poppy, "symbol in its soporific juices of the sleep of death, symbol in its multitudinous seeds of the new life hereafter."



SHEPHERD

We see many flocks of sheep and goats, the heavy tails of the former appear to be a great inconvenience in life but in the butcher's hand it is a rich morsel.

There is no figure under which our Lord has represented Himself to us more touching than that of the "Good Shepherd." We are everywhere reminded of the aptness of the comparison as we traverse this land of the Saviour's earthly sojourn. "He shall lead His sheep," says the Prophet; the shepherd here not using the compulsory goad that is employed on the cattle and donkeys, but going before the flock.

Another pathetic fact is that shepherd and flock sleep often in the same apartment, oftener under the same roof. There is, in consequence, a personal acquaintance: "He knows His own" by their faces. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," says Isaiah, of the coming Messiah. Not only guide them to where they may find nourishment themselves; but in times of necessity we see the shepherds even here obliged to furnish them food, so God not only gives us intelligence whereby the visible creatures become our food, but brings us the food from Heaven—feeds us Himself and with Himself. "The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep." Here is the climax. The shepherd is even now obliged to defend his flock at his personal endangering, even as David did when he fought the lion and snatched the

lamb from its jaws—for there are still wild beasts, especially in the jungles of the Jordan valley, though lions no longer are seen, and only occasionally leopards, but the marauding Bedouin is ever present. “He leaves the ninety-nine and goes after the one that had gone astray,” so Christ left the company of the angels to follow and retrieve strayed human kind. “They know his voice and follow.” A flock belonging to several owners will be at night folded in one *khan* and in the morning with the cry: “Tabbo! Tabbo! Tabbo!” each shepherd will issue forth and not once do they mistake the voice of their own master.

This first day's ride north from Jaffa is somewhat monotonous over the wind-blown sand, under which however lies fertile soil, and water may be readily obtained not over fifteen feet below the surface. We are greatly favored by the weather; if the season were rainy it would be necessary to keep well inland to cross the Nahr el Aujeh by the bridge. This river, next to the Jordan in size, is used for excursions, and sailboats may be obtained. It is four miles from Jaffa, rising at Ras el Ain and with but little fall turns several flouring mills; itself twisting through the valley so as to be called the “meanderer.” It is supposed to be the Biblical “yellow water of the Jarkon.”

Thomson shows satisfactorily that at Er Râs, and not at Kefr Saba must have been the Herodian city of Antipatris, for Josephus, although he relates that it was built in the plain called Capharsaba, tells us also of the abundance of water “so that a river encompassed the city,” and at the present day Kefr Saba there is neither water nor the remains of seven cities, which the name indicates.

Antipatris the city through which St. Paul was conducted from Jerusalem to Caesarea, when the Jews “bound themselves with a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed Paul,” is at this head-spring. North from here there is a road to Haifa, passing Gilgal on the Wady Kana, river of reeds, and is still true to its name. Kalansaoneh, the seat of a Kaimakamlik, is a considerable village. At Aphek (el Mejdél) we would cross Nahr el Meftir in Wady Kuderah, the “Dead River” of the Crusaders, from its stagnancy where all is stagnant, and later Wady Nughal, down which comes Nahr Zerka, which then trends north to enter the sea a considerable distance from Caesarea.

A little distance north of Er Râs, and still on the main road northward, is the village of Jiljulieh, marking the site of one of the Gilgals, of which there are several spoken of in Scripture. This is probably the one mentioned in Josue xii. 23, whose king was slain by Josue's army.

Over this road many armies have marched, Egyptian, Assyrian, Roman,

Crusaders; Paul was hurried along this way by the Roman soldiers—the natives even remembering Abûna Barte (their method of pronouncing Bonaparte), the last would-be conqueror of this land.

Abûna being the title the Christians give to the priest,—literally our father—they probably mean to call him Father Bart.

But the pleasanter trip is along the coast, which is only possible in dry weather, as there are the Aujeh and the Falik rivers and Nahr Iskanderûneh to cross, which, towards the sea, become marshes and can only be forded on the bar of sand at the mouth of the rivers.

I pity those who, tempted by the celerity of the now available steam cars, rush through Palestine like tourists do through Europe. The Holy Land, more than any other, requires the Oriental slowness of travel, the quiet meditation under the night stars, the genial conversation of the noon-day rest. It was in such manner that Jesus passed through these provinces; it was under the trees that He taught; it was in the darkness and solitude that He prayed. How delightful have been our studies and our conversations! How much we have learned from the genial instructions and talk of Father Felix. Yes, and how much we have gotten even from the donkey boy, and the mule driver! Every day rehearses a new idyl and every one in Bible setting.

To-day as we reached the Nahr Aujeh there passed a group: old patriarch, young mother, five-year-old boy, donkey with the family luggage (all the humans walking), and in the eyes of the child was the dark beauty and mystery, as if it were the Holy Family returning from the exile of Egypt, and taking this road to Nazareth to avoid Jerusalem, hearing that Archelaus reigned in place of Herod, and fearing to go thither.

As we journey along this shore we ponder on the Prophet Jonah. We know it was from Jaffa he sailed, but where did he land? Perhaps it was on these sands that he escaped from the whale, probably over there he journeyed when at last he obeyed the voice of God and proceeded northward to Nineveh.

The waters, as we ride along, are throwing up an abundance of wrack,—fertilizer in good times, food in hard ones. Only once does the Scriptures speak of this plant of the ocean, and there many doubt the translation; it is in Jonah ii. 6. "The waters compassed me even to the soul; the deep hath closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head." How graphic! and how profound! It is not only his body that is enthralled, it is his soul!

Tell el Rakeit, probably Rakkon the north limit of Dan, is on the seashore. Also Arsuf the Roman Appollonia, a point of considerable impor-

tance, which Richard the Lion-hearted captured and St. Louis fortified, now only ruins.

The Phœnician god Reseph seems to have been the equivalent of Apollo. Near by is a Moslem pilgrimage, Ali Ibn Aleim. Another long stretch of two hours over sand brings us to Nahr Fâlik, where we dine—gathering papyrus leaves and inditing a few lines to be posted when we reach postal facilities.

Here in the dirty, sluggish waters of the Aujeh is the paradise of buffaloes (the Behemoth of Scripture). This animal is not the noble bison of our western plains, but a true buffalo, like those of Italy. Buried entirely, with the exception of the head, their little beady eyes look out at you, "Monsters in their slime."

It is said that wild hogs abound here, but the buffaloes illustrate the "wallowing in the mire," figure of the low appetites to which the sinner returns.

Ten miles from its mouth the Aujeh has its source at Er Râs, (spoken of before) which simply means fountain-head. Near this is the ruined castle of Mirabel, built by the Crusaders, but very probably on the site of an older one. This would always have been a strategic point, being on the chief highway between Egypt and Cæsarea Palestinæ, once the capital of Palestine, and having the advantage of this generous outburst of water—a river from its inception.

Northward the route proceeds through a region comparatively uninteresting, for we find no Bible names nor places, and the country bears an evil reputation for the ferocity of its Bedouin Arabs.

Even from our coast route we locate the villages on the inland road. There is the Arab town of Kilkilieh, five miles from Er Râs, with a few stores and residences, rather better than the ordinary Arab houses; at the foot of the hills to our right is the village of Hableh. Oh, the donkeys of Hableh! more numerous and more noisy than anywhere on the footstool! There are old cisterns hewn in the rock, and some ruins that indicate that it was an ancient city, but nothing is known further.

Midway between Jaffa and Caesarea we come to the river Fâlik. It is not the mountain torrent like so many we have traversed, but draining the hills of Samaria, and flowing here through a region nearly level, it is a treacherous morass at most seasons of the year, and grown to tall grass and reeds that hide the deep mud till one is overwhelmed. Many have been the disasters in these marshes; and here grows the papyrus—paper—a morass, but also an ark of preservation.

Thomson suggests that this river Fâlik may be the Kanah of Josue,

that was the boundary between Ephraim and Manasses, as the present name signifies division. But the boundaries of the tribes it is now impossible to declare, and even in early times they seem to have been intermixed and disputed.

Manasseh is called "a great people," "and there fell to Manasses ten portions besides the land of Gilead and Bashan beyond the Jordan." Jos. xvii. 5. And again: "if thou be a great people go up into the woodland and cut down for thyself." The mountains of Gelboe, away to the north-east, was doubtless the timber-land indicated.

But how infinitely and discouragingly different from our magnificent forest growths any timber lands here. The Hebrew word for wood is Y'ar, and the Arabs still call it W'ar. But the word is applied to thickets of scrub timber of the most diminutive size, interwoven with thorns and thistles, all of which must be gathered for fuel. To be hewers of wood and drawers of water is indeed no enviable fate in these regions. As the Arab maiden must earn her own trousseau one method is gathering and marketing this rubbish that we would sweep together and burn. The stunted prickly growths rise ordinarily out of a litter of stones, making reaching it with the sickle a most distressing task. Ruth's gleanings in the fields of Boaz was ladylike compared with this.

We are safely over the river Fâlik, the Rochetaille of the Crusaders, thanks to the Mukâris, who are familiar with the situation.

The plain is very fertile, and the villages seem to have deserted the valley and settled on the hills further east, perhaps for mutual protection or sociability, perhaps for healthfulness. This is customary also in France, where the peasants go many miles to their work, and we perceive the force of the words "the sower *went forth* to sow his seed," the distance, too, from the crop will increase the danger from birds of the air and from the enemy; but the year-long danger from marauding Bedouins is easier avoided by gathering into villages.

We are now in the territory of Manasses. Joseph, his father, had thought to obtain for him the potent blessing of Jacob's right hand, by placing him to the right and Ephraim to the left, but Israel, less deceived than Isaac had been, crosses his hands so as to give the best blessing to the younger. Shall we not say that in both the clairvoyance of Jacob and in the dimmed sight of Isaac, God's intents were fulfilled?

As we proceed northward the soil becomes sand dunes toward the sea, and fine oak openings farther east. The oak our guide calls *sindian*—it is the *quercus pseudo coccifera*—and for Palestine there are here some magnificent groves, the finest, I should say, west of the Jordan.

We pass several villages with their "little clay biggins" and a fanatical population that go by the name of the Club-bearers. As we do not care to feel the latter's caresses we are advised to ride well in a body. A long stretch of desolate seashore before we reach Nahr Iskanderûneh, the salt river of the Crusaders, probably from letting the sea into its flats. This crossed, still another five miles of lapping water, and we reach Cæsarea Palestinæ, drowned in sand. For four miles east and for a long distance southward the sand has drifted inland and taken possession. "Sand shall inhabit their palaces." But it was once the capital of Palestine and transformed to a great city by Herod the Great, who chose this spot where stood Stratton's Tower, to open up a seaport town worthy of him and of Palestine.

There were no striking natural advantages but there was a great ledge of rock that was a partial protection, and Herod built piers and breakwaters, thus forming a double harbor, which, however, cannot have been large, but doubtless sufficed for the tonnage of those days.

The walls of the city enclosed four hundred acres, but gardens and villas stretched out into delicious suburbs. "On an eminence beside a temple of polished stone, near the sea, and visible far out, rose a colossal statue of Augustus as Jupiter Olympus. A huge open-air theatre was built on the slopes of the hills some miles north of the city, as well as a great amphitheatre, 560 feet in diameter and capable of containing 20,000 spectators. A hippodrome, or as we might call it a circus, over 1,000 feet long rose in the east of the city; the remains of a goal-post of granite, still seen on its site, showing the magnificence of the whole structure; for the three blocks of which it consists originally formed a conical pillar, seven feet six inches high, standing on a mass of granite proportionately massive, and all resting apparently on a base formed of a single granite block thirty-four feet long brought from Egypt.

To supply the city with water two aqueducts were built; one with a double conduit of great size, stretching away for the most part on arches, but in part in a tunnel, first north, then east for over eight miles to the great springs issuing all over this district from the Carmel hills which slant down beyond Cæsarea on the other side of the plain. The second aqueduct, on the level of the ground, ran three miles north to the perennial stream of the river Zerka.

It was hither that Peter came to baptize Cornelius, the centurion to whom God has spoken: "Cornelius thy prayers and thine alms are come up before God, and now send men to Jaffa and call hither one Simon whose surname is Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, he will tell thee

what thou shalt do." Acts x. And so a beginning was made in converting the Gentile world.

St. Paul was confined here for two years before being sent to Rome to be judged. He almost converted Felix the Procurator. To Peter's discourse on chastity he listened terrified; and said: "For the present go; at a more convenient time I will call thee." Alas procrastinating Felix! these are the words of the sinner who defers conversion till too late. "Almost persuaded! almost—and lost!"

City named for imperial Cæsar! is this all that remains of thee? Thy marble palaces are low, the sand drifts in where pleasure and youth once trod, the hoot of the owls supplants the seduction of the zither, and seaweed trails along where dazzling garments of silk rustled. "And owls shall answer one another there in the houses, and dragons in their palaces of pleasure." Isaiah xiii. 22.

The modern town is a settlement of Circassians. We walked out and traced the old Roman wall of the city, where it ran in a semi-circle inward from the harbor, of about two miles circuit, inside of which was the medieval wall, embracing a space approximately of 1,500 by 2,500 feet enclosing only a small portion of the ancient city—a sort of citadel. This place was early an important point for Christianity, becoming the residence of a Bishop, who took precedence even over Jerusalem; it went by the name of Cæsarea Palestinæ to distinguish it from Cæsarea Philippi in the north; here was found a vase, thought to be that used by our Lord at the Last Supper, which, under the name of "San Grail," has been the subject of much medieval poetry and legend. It was hexagonal in shape and of green crystal. Though the legend is not vouched for by the Church, yet it is proof that in the very beginning the true Blood—Sang Real—was believed to have been in that cup after the words of Jesus: "This is My Blood."

Hither came Peter to baptize the Centurion of the Legion called Italian. Acts. x. 1. In the conversion of Cornelius is showed to both Apostle and convert that "God is no respecter of persons," that prayers and alms deeds are a fore-runner of conversion and light, and that "in every nation those who fear God and work justice are acceptable to Him." Acts x. 35. How this can be quoted as an argument that every faith is equally pleasing to God, we fail to understand, the event making it evident that it was necessary for his same Cornelius to receive the baptism and accept the teaching of Peter.

It was at Cæsarea that the Deacon Phillip resided with his "four daughters, virgins, who did prophesy," and at whose house Paul was received; and where a certain prophet Agabus foretold "to the assemblage

that Paul should be bound in chains at Jerusalem, illustrating the proceeding with his girdle, and indicating the double chains, one for the hands and one for the feet," Acts xxi, as we still see in the chains venerated in Rome. "I am ready," said Paul, "not only to be bound but to die; why do ye weep?" *Ibid.* 13.

To regain the high road we must retrace our steps after crossing the Nahr ez Zerka, the Blue River, a beautiful stream, fringed with tamarisk and willow trees, and eloquent with reeds and papyrus plants. It is the Crocodile river of Strabo and Pliny, and as late as 1877 a crocodile was actually shot here by some German travellers. The reptile is now considered extinct.

After reaching the old Roman road our route turns northward through a fertile land to Zammarin, a Jewish village on a hill, where accommodations for the night may be found. The inhabitants, who speak German, are mostly from Roumania and thank Baron Rothschild for their home here surrounded by vineyards.

The next village is El Fureidis, Paradise, a name that is often given to places in Palestine, perhaps in irony. This is a miserable village.

*We saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,*

and the guide quotes the Arab proverb: "If fasting merits paradise, all dogs will be in Heaven, for they are always hungry."

We now approach the seaboard where lies Tantura, the ancient Dor, a small village of only a few hundreds, but whose *burj* still speaks of former greatness. It was a port, and the staple was the murex, abundant on this shore, from whence came the Tyrian dye used for kings' robes.

The next place, also on the coast, is Athlît, called in Crusading times *Castellum Peregrinorum*. It is the property of Baron Rothschild. It was once a commanding position fortified with towers and moated walls. The ruins are impressive, especially when the western sun gleams through their rifted strength as through the ribs of Coleridge's spectre-ship, or when at night

*In the hollow window cells
Horror dwells.*

The Carmel range has been crowding the valley into the sea so that now it is quite narrow, and we press forward through Khan el Keniseh and the German colony Neuhardttdorf, to Tell es Semak, probably the classical Sycaminum rounding the Ras Kurmul, Carmel's promontory, to Haifa. This route was ours on another occasion.

So far north however our journey did not take us at this time. We

ATHLET



turned eastward from Cæsarea climbing the Wady Difneh and by Wady Arah sought a short cut (if such a thing be possible in this land of circuitous trails) over the low part of the Carmel range towards our destination—Nazareth. In these wooded hills tradition places the retreat of Cain when he flees with the horror in his heart: "Everyone that findeth me will kill me." Gen. iv. 14. Some interpreters think he was finally killed by Lamech, who says: "I have slain a man to my own wounding." *Ibid.* 23.

We met a rabble of Mohammedans to-day proceeding with dance, and shout and clash of cymbals, and I fear I offended the proprieties and nearly got myself into trouble by taking a snap-shot; had I known it was a religious ceremony I would not so have violated good manners. It reminded us of the going forth of the women of Israel after Miriam, with timbrels and with dances, the natural expression of triumph and of gratitude. The dance was one of the promised rewards of the Lord: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, O Virgin of Israel! Thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets and shalt again go forth to the dances." Jer. xxxi. 4. David too danced before the Ark of the Covenant, and Jephthah's daughter came out to meet her father with song and dance, herself the foremost in the procession. Why is the dance looked upon by Christians to-day as something wicked? It is because the spirit of Herodias and of Salome have entered into it, the cruelty and the lasciviousness; while the joyousness and the religion have departed. Let the children again dance on the green with the moon, and their parents as witnesses, and religion will again give her blessing.

Dr. Huntington says: "The dance—a formalization of that vague and irrepressible sentiment, which, apart from definite wishes or individual preference, attracts the sexes to each other, combining it with art into a series of harmonized and regulated actions, subjecting it to the obligation of concurrence with an influence that unites the simplest of sensuous with the most refined of intellectual pleasures, and which permits it to be manifested unconsciously by the most modest and enjoyed by the most pure—is really as essential in its time and place as prayer, to maintain the healthy tone and cheerful decency of social intercourse. Banish it, if you like; but know that the candor of youth flies with its gaiety."

And John Ruskin: "No nation will ever bring up its youth to be at once refined and pure, till its masters have learned the *use* of all the arts, but primarily of music and dancing; till they again recognize the gulf that separates the Doric and Lydian modes and perceive the great ordinance of nature, that the pleasures which rightly ordered exact discipline and guide the hearts of men, if abandoned to a reckless and popular *Dis-order* as surely degrade alike the passions and the intellect."

And thus beguiling our road with philosophy we reach Nazareth.

CHAPTER XXXVII

TABOR

In conformity with our custom of celebrating Mass at as many as possible of the Sacred Sites we make an excursion to Tabor in the afternoon, armed with an introduction from the Custos at Nazareth, permitting us to stay over night with the Franciscans.

It is six or seven miles—that means a good two hours ride. The road passes our well-beloved Fountain of the Virgin, climbs the ascent toward the hospital of the Brothers of St. John of God, then leaving the route to Cana, turns to the right, and after another ascent Tabor is in full view, regal in its eminence, sole, with no rival. Some insignificant villages are passed, Khirbet el Tireh in ruins on a summit; Ain Mahel, a modern village on a hillside, with grain fields adjoining, and herds of poor-looking cattle and asses, through a valley well-wooded with oak, carob and ilex, or fruitful in olive and fig and red-lipped pomegranate, where wild flowers blooming along our path make the ride one of extreme delight. Little Hermon, with Endor and Nain, bounds the view to the south, while Daborieh, the Daboreth of Zabulon, nestles at the foot of Tabor, which dominates the view, rising like a huge round *mammelon* from the plain.

“*Allah youbarik beamrek*” (God Bless your life), say the Arabs as we pass, and we think of the degradation of which the Psalmist complains when he says: “And when they passed they did not say ‘God Bless You!’ ”

An early field is being reaped to our left, and with both tares and wheat present we see how it is possible for the householder to say: “Let both grow until the harvest, and in the the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: ‘Gather first the cockle and bind it in bundles to burn, but gather the wheat into my barn.’ ” Mat. xiii. 30. When the grain has had a good start it grows considerably higher than the *zawan*, the Arab cockle. The reapers here, however, reverse the order of gathering; they cut off the wheat, it being the tallest above the *zawan*, thus preventing the chess being gathered with the wheat. The tares and the bottom of the wheat straw are then gathered for fuel. The owners of a crop will be heard to exclaim: “Raise your sickles higher so to prevent taking the *zawan* in the sheaf.” If the parable referred to some other weed that grew higher than the wheat the operation would be in the order of Scripture.

But the most pestilent weed of all is the squill—comes of a respectable family too, the lily—fat and greedy, it usurps the ground. Piles of these onion-like bulbs lie along the edge of fields where it was possible to uproot them with the plow, but in pastures between the stones it monopolizes the little sustenance that should have produced grass.

We have reached the foot of the mountain. Before us, shutting out the whole country from the east, is Mount Tabor, rising like a cone of green to a height of thirteen hundred feet from where we stand, and over two thousand feet above the sea. It is better wooded than most portions of Palestine; besides groves of oak and ilex we see the locust, and sumac, and mock orange with the Christ-thorn, and the *abhar*, the bush from whose nuts the rosaries are made that we remarked in the bazaars of Jerusalem; flowers also are numerous. We have a laborious climb of forty-five minutes before us, so we look to our saddle-girths and attack the ascent; the road zigzags and doubles back onto itself repeatedly, but always at a higher level, and we are making good progress. Occasionally we look back at the view, for oftentimes the best outlook is not to be had from summits, and so here Thomson says the best view over Esrælon is from four hundred feet up. When at the top we are surprised at the size of the plateau, which we fancied would be entirely wanting, as in the approach it appeared a rounded cone, but it extends over nearly a square mile; not square, however, by any means, but egg-shaped with the large end to the east. The mountain is composed of cretacious limestone, the soil is fertile and under the care of the Religious, the *pistacio terebinthus* is regaining its former hold. Game also abounds—the partridge, hare and fox.

The Greeks have a convent and church on the northeast portion, the Catholics on the southeast, that is on our right as we progress from Nazareth. Each claims the site of the Transfiguration and though Thomson acknowledges that the southeastern portion would probably be the most retired at our Lord's time, the matter is still in doubt.

Really it is of no consequence just where the locality was; the principal thing is to take the glory into our lives. Alas, how few care for the splendors of life! We must have the necessities, but ease seeks the comforts, and pleasure and pride the luxuries, and the great things are forgotten and neglected.

Entering by Bab el Hawa, Gate of the Wind, we are the guests of the Franciscans; they are most hospitable and their convent restful. The large high-vaulted rooms are airy and cool, and the wine and fruit they set before us most welcome. A few religious pictures adorn the walls, with portraits of the three last Popes, and from the large dining hall open



CAPER PLANT



ZAWAN

bedrooms, neatly furnished with several beds apiece for the accomodation of pilgrims.

When rested we make an excursion to examine the remains of the Crusaders' church. It must have been a magnificent structure; these most extensive ruins are in the east of the plateau, on the property of the Catholics. From the fourth century there are records of a church being here, and St. Jerome, St. Paula and others visited the basilica of the Transfiguration.

In 570 Antonius of Piacenza speaks of three churches, "One to Thee, one to Moses, and one to Elias." At the entrance to the present ruins

there are remains of two chapels 20 by 13 feet, which bear the hall-mark of fourth century architecture, and beyond these the basilica of the Crusaders extends for over a hundred feet, ending in three apses, the side ones evidently to the honor of Moses and Elias.

The Benedictines were installed here early in the twelfth century, and built a fortified convent, which, however, could not hold out against the Mussulmans; and in 1631 the monks sought the refuge of Acre.

As we stand on this height amid fallen columns and capitals, we read from our Bibles (Mark ix); "And after six days Jesus taketh with Him Peter and James and John, and led them up into a high mountain apart, and He was transfigured before them." Peter and James and John! We will see them chosen again in Gethsemane to be nearest to Him. Why this preference? They were indeed fellow-townsmen from Bethsaida, but they must have held a closer union in our Saviour's thoughts than that of birth-place. Did they represent the three virtues that speak of God—Faith, Hope and Love? That were eminently fit. Peter, who must "confirm his brethren"; James, the hopeful, "who could drink of the chalice"; John, whose refrain was "God is Love." Surely it was fitting too, that in the desolation of Calvary they could look back and remember, "We saw Him in the Holy Mount." 2 Peter i, 18. "And His garments became shining and exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can make white." The attributes of the glorified body are agility, impassibility, subtilty and brightness. We have a hint of the last in the Transfiguration. "And there appeared to them Elias and Moses and they were talking with Jesus. And Peter answering said to Him: 'Rabbi, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias; and a great cloud overshadowed them, and a voice came from the cloud, saying: 'This is My most beloved Son, hear ye Him.' " It is another Epiphany! The Epiphany of Deity! and of the glorified body! And the Old joins hands with the New Testament in this supreme moment. From the Transfiguration we learn especially the personality of God. There is only one theoretical question, Is God a person? Only one practical question, Am I to live after death? These being answered in the affirmative, all theology is easy, and all duty of action plain. These questions cannot indeed be answered in the negative, and anæmic minds hesitating to answer affirmatively, the devil has invented in our times a *via media* declaring we cannot know anything about God nor about eschatology. This agnosticism will not prevent the man, earnest for the possible beatitude of futurity, from living as if there were a God, Judge, and Rewarder, but it allows the careless one to lull himself to ostrich-like security. But is the Agnostic

right in saying we cannot know anything of God? Can we not learn something of Him from the visible world, which we certainly did not create? Is even the fact that "He" or "It" "makes for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold puts it, not some knowledge of Him? By holding that God is a person we are not saying that He is a person *like us*, but that He has an existence, an intellect, and a will apart from the visible creation; that a Supreme Being must possess these qualities our reason assures us. But I think for common intellects, the life of our Lord on earth is the strongest proof that God is a person. The love and tenderness, and the patience, the loving-kindness, and the deep wisdom prove Jesus a person, and His miracles showing Him to be God, man says, even without reasoning on it: "God is a person." There are truths too plain to be capable of proof. The man and the woman know they love; could they prove it by logic? Perhaps not; but is it less a truth? "There are no mountains," says the dweller in the plains. "We have been there," says the traveler. "There is no supernatural," says the skeptic. "We have felt it," says the Christian.

For the material outlook from Tabor we ascend to the terrace of the Latin convent. What an admirable view! To the northeast the plain of Hattin with the horns not very prominent; the mountain slope where the Beatitudes were delivered; and Jebel Jermuk, with Safed, a bird with outstretched wings, clinging to a rock; further east, the northern end of the sea of Galilee, and further north the great Hermon

*Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet.*

Little villages are dotted below us, Loubieh, Kefr Jemr and Shora. Then to the southwest Endor, lurid with its recollections of Saul and Samuel, and to the west Nain, with its remembrances of the widow's son raised to life. How different the two callings from the dead! Further to the west, Little Hermon with the village ed Duhy on its side, and a Mohammedan tomb on its summit of barren rock. And still further the vision sweeps over Esdraclon to where we know Nazareth is nested by the *mukam* on the hill beyond the town, itself invisible, and beyond that, Carmel and the western sea.

And here in the upper air we think high thoughts; it is good for us to be here. Let us build for immortality, let us build for God, let us build for the spirit, let us see the great verities. Let us build here three tabernacles, one to the Christ, one to the Law, and one to the Prophets.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." Prov. xxix. 18. As we

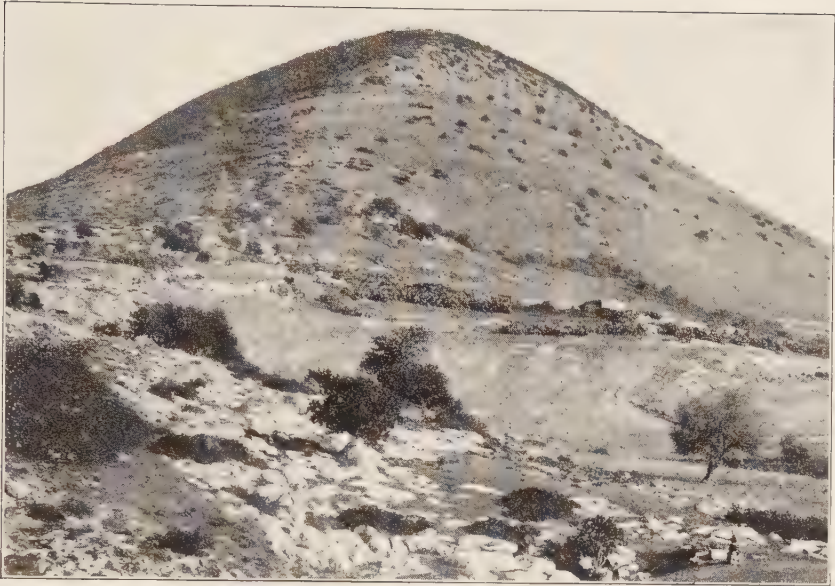
survey the glorious prospect from Tabor we realize that the Protestant reading, while including "prophecy" of the Vulgate, suggests other benefits from "vision"—the outlook of the general over the battle that results in victorious charge or saving retreat; the greater knowledge of the statesman that saves the nation; the wider outlook of the philosopher that lifts above the debasements of the pursuits of time, and the deeper insight of the theologian into the saving truths of eternity.

Another excursion should be made to the remains of the walls with which Josephus fortified this height. It can be traced its entire length, making a circuit of two miles, but the architecture is of the coarsest. There was also an inner wall erected by the Arabs surrounding the property of the two convents. Thus the army and the Church have alternately striven to hold this coign of vantage. We must not omit to visit the Greek convent and put in a good word for these monks. Their monastery of St. Elias, some distance across the road, is held by them as the site of the Transfiguration. Phocas, however, mentions it as the spot where Our Lord warned the Apostles: "Tell the vision to no man, till the Son of Man be risen from the dead," and himself a Greek, he corroborates the Latin tradition.

Their convent has a hospice for pilgrims and all glory to the active faith of the Russians, they send ten pilgrims to the Holy Places to our one. What can be the reason for error doing more than truth? It is perhaps more apparent than real, this zeal, and Russia pays the pilgrims' way—the Latin pilgrim must pay his own expenses. We return to the Franciscan convent and register in the visitor's book. Matilde Serao tells us sorrowfully that at the end of the pilgrim season, of the thousands who have visited Jerusalem, only eighty-three were inscribed in the register on Tabor, and laments the neglect. As we are in the beginning of the season we cannot judge if there has been any improvement, but heartily would we wish to see the Church restored and throngs of pilgrims climbing "Excelsior."*

In the evening, with the good Fathers, we go over the proofs for the authenticity of this spot; there are several good monographs on the subject in the convent library, especially Father Meisterman's. What other spot claims the Transfiguration? Cæsarea Philippi among the foothills of Hermon. "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name," says the Psalmist. The juxtaposition of these two claimants is remarkable. Do they rejoice in the dispute over their rivalry? If picturesque fitness would weigh in the argument for Tabor being the "mountain apart" where the Saviour was transfigured, it would have every vote, but sentimental reasons

*The enterprise is already on foot.



TABOR

count for nothing; our reasons for believing this is the site are based on the constant tradition of the Christian ages, from the very first, naming Tabor. Thus Origen, Eusebius, Cyril of Jerusalem, and scores of others are unanimous. There never was any tradition pointing to the foothills of Hermon. There is only the fancied argument because St. Luke ix. 28 says, in connection with Christ's being at Cæsarea: "about eight days after these words Jesus took Peter, and James, and John, and went up into a mountain to pray." Now a week is ample to make the short distance from Banias to Capharnaum, and being mentioned by all the Evangelists would indicate a desire on their part to transfer the events following to some other locality, rather than to hold them at Cæsarea Philippi. But, persist the critics, why was not Tabor mentioned? It is just as reasonable to suppose that it was so well known as not to require naming as it is to find here an argument inimical to this site. One more objection is commonly made, namely, that the top of Tabor was inhabited at the time of our Lord; to which we answer that the plateau of the mountaintop is easily large enough for there to have been inhabitants in one portion and solitudes in another. Thompson says: "Nor does the fact that there may have been a fortified city on the summit, at that time, present an insuperable difficulty. There are many secluded terraces on the north and northeast admirably adapted to

the scenes of the Transfiguration. All that we know about it is found in Matthew xvii, Mark ix, and Luke ix, which contain nothing decisive against the claims of Tabor." Father Breen's objection is that Mark's statement that after the Transfiguration "they went out from thence and passed through Galilee and came to Capharnaum" does not well indicate the journey from Tabor to the city He loved. This is quite true; but it expresses nothing *opposed* to the route from here to Capharnaum.

The apocrychal gospels from the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, speak of "The Mountain of Great Tabor" in connection with the apparition of Moses and Elias, and a later one, of the 4th century, "The Transfiguration of the Saviour took place on Tabor." While not inspired, these writings show the belief of earliest ages.

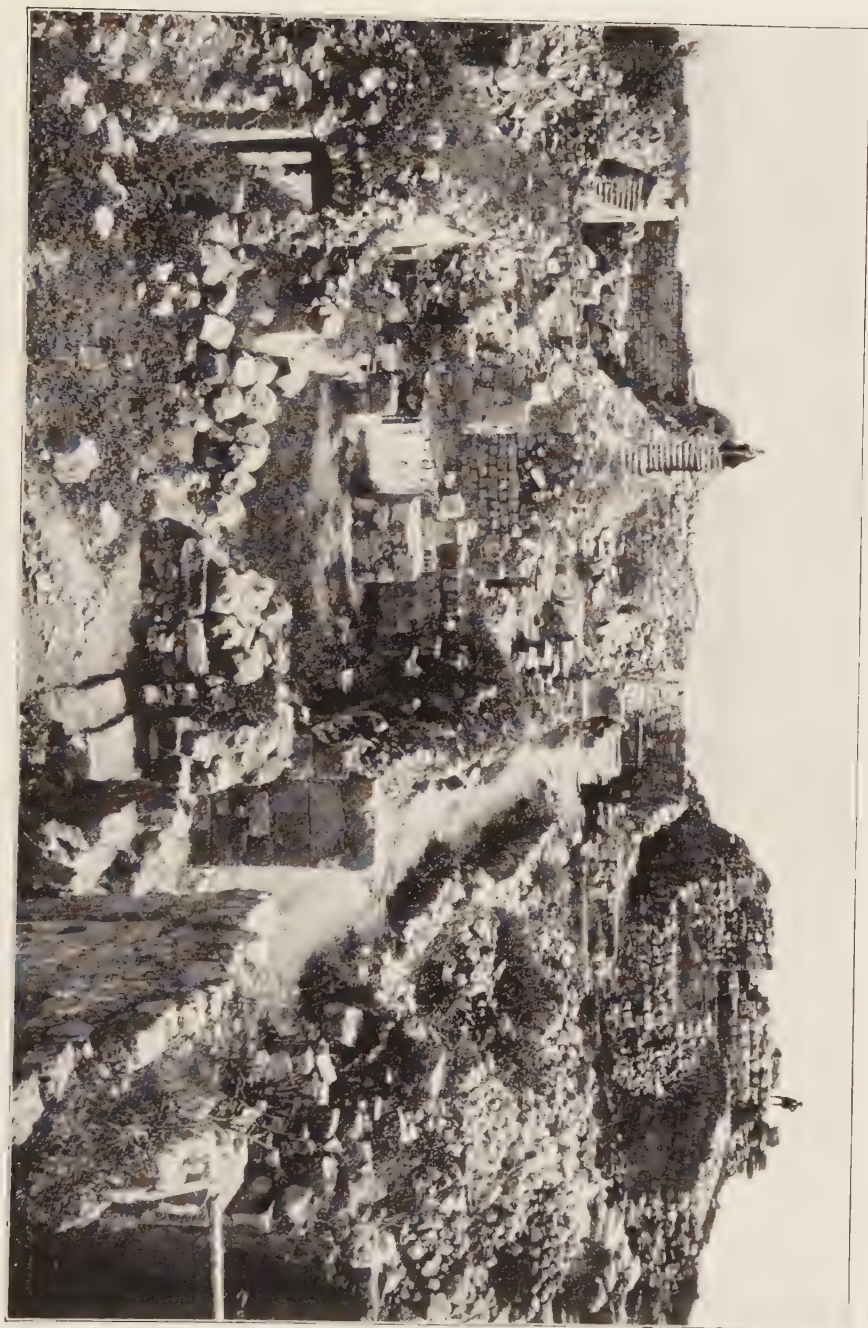
Up to the eighth century the natives called Tabor *Age-mons*, a strange mixture of Greek and Latin, for the two civilizations were mixing, but which certainly points to the belief that this is the Holy Mount where St. Peter in his epistle records they saw the glory, "In the holy Mountain."

We are early up, and as we see the sun rise blood-red and immense from the mountains of Moab we wonder no longer that thousands have hailed him as a God, Baal. The world is instinctively a fire-worshipper and with some aid from imagination we can see the clouds gather round the rising, in fire-tipped column, on each side of the sun and in prone trailing of robes below. We cannot but exclaim: Jesus is the Sun and here are forms of the Apostles! Every day is a Transfiguration, every life has its Tabors!

Below us at the northwestern foot of Tabor is a little village of miserable huts called Daborieh, mentioned in Josue xix as Daboreth of Zabulon on the frontiers of Isachar. The name is doubtless taken from the mountain, D and T being interchangeable. Tradition has connected it with the place where the disciples awaited the coming down of Jesus and the three favored apostles from Tabor after the Transfiguration, together with the boy out of whom the disciples had been unable to drive the evil spirit. This is fortunate for Raphael's masterpiece, the Transfiguration, because many have criticised it for its doubleness of scene and action. But what a deep philosophy runs through it! Man's helplessness without Christ. The Christian may enjoy the light of the mountaintop, the world is below gibbering like the maniac, or in helpless endeavors of saving him, like the disciples. Mark ix.

Acquaintance makes every beautiful and holy place as a friend from whom parting is pain. So we look back to Tabor as to some queen of our hearts whom we shall see no more—stately, "with roses bedight and with lilies be-sted."

RUINS ON TABOR



Some decide to go to Tiberias and are enthusiastic to descend by the eastern slope, but are deterred by the saner advice of those who have attempted it, so we descend from the mountain by the same road as we ascended; it being the only practicable one for horses,—not very safe even for them—and we are glad to dismount at places and lead our steeds. After reaching the valley, those for the Sea of Galilee turn eastward, and although to-day we return to Nazareth, we will go over this route to Tiberias, as I made it in 1889, skirting the mountain's base and leaving the now uninhabited Khan Tujar, Khan of the merchants, to our right, we proceed toward Tiberias. The khan spoken of is still used as a market-place. Every Monday its name Sûk el Khan is verified, meaning market-kahn. There is here a spring of good, but not abundant, water. This spot being in the line of the caravans from Egypt must have been of great importance formerly. Though deserted six days a week the buildings are extensive and in good repair.

After leaving Sûk el Khan, taking a northeasterly path through giant blocks of basalt, we pass Kefr Sabt and another deserted Arab village. More enormous blocks of basalt dispute the path. Ain Sauffleh is poor water and we push on and enter a fertile valley—Wady Besoum.

Looking back the westering sun stands on the mountain, making it a remonstrance of gold and many-hued jewels. Tabor's bright theophany!

Zigzagging through fields and rock-strewn ravines and thorny shrubbery and cactus hedges, after four hours from the top of Tabor we look down on the loveliest sight of all Palestine, the sea of Galilee!

It has long been our favorite in the dwelling places of Jesus. He seems more at home here than even in Nazareth, where He was not appreciated by His townsmen; on this lake was "His own city." Here He chose His Apostles; here He came after His resurrection; we would be less surprised to see Him on these hills and by that shore than anywhere else in the world; indeed it feels strange not to see His white abba-clad figure—with a strangeness that you feel in a house after a funeral. Poetry also comes to the aid of Sacred History. The pious McCheyne exclaims, and we with him:

*How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One Who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.
Fair are the lakes in the land I love
Where pine and heather grow;*

*But thou hast loveliness above
 What nature can bestow.
 It is not that the wild gazelle
 Comes down to drink thy tide;
 But He that was pierced to save from hell
 Oft wandered by thy side.
 Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
 Thou calm-reposing sea;
 But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
 Of Jesus walked o'er thee!*

And humming "Memories of Galilee" we descended, drinking in the beauty of the blue water and the green hills.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CANA

One of our donkey drivers was missing this morning. I asked the reason. "Don't know; he took his excuse with him." He had taken something else also, as we discovered—one of our sleeping rugs.

Our guide had another Arab proverb for the occasion: "If one is going away, increase the mischief;" which reminds of the parable of the unjust steward. But at last all is in preparation and we start for Tiberias by way of Kefr Kenna.

Never expecting to see Nazareth again we have a most homesick feeling in bidding farewell, for is it not the home for Christian hearts?

The road to Cana is a gradual ascent from Nazareth, passing the Greek church of St. Gabriel, the Fountain of the Virgin, and the hospitals of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Brothers of St. John of God. Reaching the upland, El Chanouk, we turn to enjoy the view of Nazareth, the home of our Lord's boyhood; Seffûriyeh is now visible to our left on its hillside. It is the ancient Sepphoris, an important town in the time of our Lord, said to have its name from the Hebrew Tsippor, a bird, attracted by the many springs of Sepphoris. The Romans renamed it Diocaesarea in honor of Augustus; in the second century the Sanhedrim moved hither; there was a Christian basilica, and Sepphoris did its duty in the Crusades. Here was one of their camps, and six hundred years later Kleber and Junot encamped here. It is the traditional birthplace of St. Joachim, father of the Blessed Virgin, and may have been the home of the Madonna before she espoused Joseph of Nazareth. At present Sepphoris has about four thousand inhabitants, all Moslems, but the Franciscans have obtained a foothold and have a chapel in part of the old basilica of Joseph, Count of Tiberias. A short distance from Sepphoris is Mughâret el Jehennum, the Cave of Hell. It is now used as a water tank. We leave these places to our left.

Er Reineh is a village of over a thousand, the majority Greek and Mohammedan with over a hundred Latins, and forty Protestants. The Catholics have a resident priest. There is a remarkable drinking trough by the roadside, a sarcophagus flower-garlanded. Crossing the stream of another spring, Ain es Shemalieh, probably the Cress Fountain of the Crusaders, we have El Mesched with Neby Yunas, the Tomb of Jonas,



CANA

according to a not very reliable tradition. This little village is supposed to be the Gath Hepher of 4 Kings xiv, the birthplace of the Prophet Jonah, and a mosque of two domes exhibits the veneration of the Moslems for the preacher of Nineveh. In twenty minutes through cactus hedges we come to the spring of Cana, in a field of pomegranates. The aqueduct leading the water to the city is supplemented by a sarcophagus serving for a drinking place.

If Jordan is the baptismal font, if the Supper Room is the Communion table, if Calvary is the altar, if the Cenacle is the Holy-spirit-filled cathedral, Cana is the wedding-hall of Scripture.

"The gods came to their marriage feast," the old poet wrote, regarding the union of Kadmos and Harmonia. Kadmos was the originator of written language, which, uttered in musical tones, is the highest human expression—"noble words set to sweet tune." Tennyson compares man to language, woman to melody; and in the perfect union of the two is the presence of the gods.

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there, and Jesus was invited with His disciples." John ii. 1. O happy couple of Cana! Not the gods but God, at the wedding banquet! O fair little town in the uplands of Galilee! how often has the clergyman used thy name as the symbol of the perfect union where the earthly is turned into the heavenly!

When Thetis was being married to Peleus all the gods were invited except Eris, the goddess of strife; so, angry at the slight, she threw among the three goddesses—Juno, Minerva and Venus—the apple on which was inscribed "for the most beautiful." Paris was appointed the judge and each goddess sought to bribe him. "I will give you the throne of Asia," says imperial Juno; "I will bestow on you wisdom and fame," says the goddess with the owl; "I will give you love," says Aphrodite. Paris decides for the last. Is it any wonder?

Power, Wisdom, Love, the attributes of God.

*Fecemi la divina Potestate
La somma Sapienza
E il primo Amore*

Made by these man aspires to all, but love is for him the nearest and dearest, as even in God it is "above all His works."

Many have thought that after the Nazarenes had so plainly exhibited their malice toward the Holy Family, Mary took up her residence in Cana, where she had friends, perhaps relatives. She would not be able to

accompany her Son in all His travellings through the land, and consequently we see Him accepting the hospitality of Peter's mother-in-law at Capharnaum, and of Mary and Martha at Bethany. This would explain the words of the Evangelist, "the Mother of Jesus was there;" it would explain also why Jesus was invited to the marriage, and why Mary is so interested in the generousness of the hospitality.

We must read the second chapter of St. John in this favored spot. "And the wine failing, the Mother of Jesus said to Him: 'They have no wine.' And Jesus saith to her: 'Woman, what is it to me and to thee? my hour is not yet come.' His mother saith to the waiters: 'Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye.' Now there were set there six waterpots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece. Jesus saith to them: 'Fill the waterpots with water.' And they filled them up to the brim. And Jesus saith to them: 'Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast.' And they carried it. And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the waiters knew who had drawn the water), the chief steward calleth the bridegroom, and saith to him: 'Every man at first setteth forth good wine, but thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

How important is marriage! How welcome the presence of Jesus! "How desperately necessary," says Mrs. Hugh Frazer, "the prayers the priest puts up," at every wedding for strength to bear the new responsibilities. It was not only to sanctify marriage that Jesus was here a guest, not merely to symbolize that matrimony raises what is low to what is supernaturally high but it was to sanction what is the fairest trait in the Oriental—his hospitality. From time immemorial it has been the prime virtue in a land without permanent homes. What would Abraham's story be without the Angels to whom he showed hospitality! What the Shunamitess without the terse enumeration of the objects in her guest chamber,—a table, a bed, a chair, a lamp. Nor could we understand the scarcity of wine at Cana's marriage without remembering that all comers were welcome and consequently their number unknown, nor understand the humiliation consequent on running short of viands. You must not only provide food and drink sufficient, but must not stop eating before your guest does; he on his part must consume as much as possible, not to shame you! "Do not mention disagreeable things at table," say the Arabs,—another proof of hospitable forethought.

Think again of the hospitality of the Wilderness, with its manna, and the hillside, with the bounty of Christ's multiplied bread.

From the rare mention that is made of the Blessed Virgin in the Scriptures, and especially from His words at this marriage feast, some have inferred that she was not held in that supreme estimation by her Son that Catholics claim for her.

But we must enter into the customs of the Orient to understand the silence and the apparent neglect. Even at this day it is not polite to speak about the women, nor for a man to notice them. We should rather look to the fact than to the words about whose meaning there has been much dispute; the fact is that at His mother's request He worked His first miracle, even though "His hour was not yet come," and she does not take the words as a rebuff but as an accedence to her wishes.

The few times that Mary is mentioned are of such supreme importance and dignity that the lack of quantity is counterbalanced by the quality. For the Incarnation: "Hail, full of grace"; from an Archangel; "That which is born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

For the Nativity: "They found the Child with Mary His mother, and falling down they adored Him."

For the visit to Elizabeth, who exclaims: "What a great honor that the Mother of my Lord should visit me," and Mary's inspired prophecy: "All generations shall call me blessed."

For the home life: "He returned from the Temple, where Mary and Joseph found Him, to Nazareth, and was subject to them," and for the supreme moment before His death, His expiring word is to that Mother, "Mother, behold thy son!"

Kefr Kenna lies in a depression in the upland plain northeast of Nazareth. We have no doubt that this is the true Cana, although there is a Cana of Aser further north which even St. Jerome confounds with the Cana of the Gospel. The same St. Jerome, however, tells us that St. Paula visited Cana where our Saviour changed water into wine "on her journey from Nazareth to Capharnaum;" this describes Kefr Kenna exactly. Very ancient mosaics have been found under the present church erected in 1879 by the Franciscan Fathers, though it is subject for regret that owing to the jealousy of the Greeks, and even of the Protestants, they were obliged to build the church as hurriedly as possible without giving time to archeological excavations. However, two feet under the actual level of the church were found considerable remains of an ancient mosaic pavement put together in the fourth century, but probably antedating that time. One of these mosaics reads: "In happy memory, Yoseh (that means Joseph) son of Tanhum, son of Butah, and his children who made this TBLH." The characters are Hebrew, and the abbreviation is supposed to mean *tabula*, which would



MOUNT OF BEATITUDES

commemorate the marriage *table*, or the *altar* of the shrine that succeeded it. Of this Joseph, St. Epiphanius relates that he was a count of Tiberias, a Jewish convert to Christianity, who built basilicas at the principal towns of this neighborhood. Under the choir of this very interesting church we may visit a part of the underground chapel or crypt which is so often mentioned in the accounts of the ancient pilgrims. We descend by twelve steps; at the foot of the stairs we see a pitcher built into a little square construction; in the opinion of archeologists it is of Jewish manufacture, such as were used for ablutions. In this crypt there was formerly an inscription which read: "Here were the water pitchers."

The old basilica of the Middle Ages was a large hall over a hundred feet long and sixty wide, divided into two naves by a row of columns; it was turned toward the east in a manner different from the Galilean synagogues; the south wall of the monument upon which stands to-day the north wall of a convent and hospice for pilgrims extends as far as the street. The present church stands upon a large part of the south nave; the crypt is the hall where the pitchers were filled with water which by the power of Christ was changed into wine. At the end of the other nave, covered over now by houses and an alley, the pilgrims of old used to venerate the hall of the feast itself. St. John's recital indicates two different depart-

ments, and there was discovered in the crypt a gate opening to the north, but as yet the excavations are not sufficiently extensive to locate the banquet hall.

Across the street the Schismatic Greeks built a church in the sixteenth century, restoring it in 1886. They show here two large stone basins which resemble baptismal fonts much more than the old pitchers used in the purifying of the Jews. This Cana was the home of Nathaniel, son of Tolmai, whence his name Bartholomew. Here Philip announced to him the coming of the Messiah. Here our Saviour saw him under the fig tree: "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree thou believest; greater things than these shalt thou see." On the site of the house of Nathaniel there were vestiges discovered of a church in honor of this "Israelite in whom there is no guile." For a long time the crescent gleamed above it, the natives having turned it into a mosque, but latterly the Franciscan Fathers have come into possession and erected the present chapel.

Some have thought that Cana was the home of the Apostle Simon, as he is called the Cananean, but there is nothing to identify him with Kefr Kenna, and St. Luke translates the name to mean "full of zeal," calling his consequently Simon Zelotes.

Kefr Kenna contains something over a thousand inhabitants, half being Mussulmans, and half Christian, the Schismatical Greeks preponderating; there are also a few Protestants. The place has lost its political prestige since the governor of the district moved to Nazareth; it is not now over one-quarter of its former extent, but the same spring that supplied the water for Jesus still gushes out plentifully; for still does the stream of God's grace keep marriage holy, even as natural common things may to-day be turned to divine; it needs but the consciousness of the presence of God to sanctify everything in life. The immortal words of Crawshaw come to our minds:

"Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."

The conscious water saw its God

And blushing turned to wine.

So turns to better things the life that sees God.

Leaving Kefr Kenna we proceed northeast over the upland valley called Wady Rumanneh that runs up into the larger plain El Buttauf, called in Scripture the plain of Zabulon. South of us is where Kleber fought the battle of Cana against the Mamelukes. Children are in abundance offering us water—not turned into wine! but from the copious spring hallowed by our Saviour's touch and presence, which in itself is a benediction. A spring is an object so beautiful and fresh and womanly that it is no wonder that man personifies it and salutes it as a nymph. We pass natives to whom

we give the salute "Naharak said," and feel that every day in this land has a special benediction. We meet carriages with an American party returning from Tiberias; as we stop to inquire of their home-whereabouts and whether they found satisfactory lodging at Tiberias we remark in the Arab saying: "The king of the fleas has his court there." "Not now," says one, "I killed him last night." The flea is mentioned in Scripture but once. David complains to Saul: "After whom dost thou pursue? After a dead dog? After a flea?" 1 Kings xxiv. 14. *Vitae salientiae puncta!* Cowley calls them. We will avoid them by staying in tents.

We are now in the lot of Nephthali; the soil is fertile and the rolling uplands are covered with sheep; the sandstone of Nazareth is giving way to rocks of dark basalt. We leave Turan to the left, also the ruins of Birket Meskana and Sejerah on the right with a mosque built from a Byzantine church, and reach the hill on which Lubiye is built. The battle of Nazareth was fought here, the French under Gen. Junot with three hundred men stopping the advance of the large Turkish army in 1799. Temporary and useless victory! for the crescent still glitters over the temples of Palestine.

In the well-tilled valley through which we have been passing medieval tradition places the wheat field through which our Lord walked one Sabbath morning: "And Jesus went through the grain fields on the Sabbath, and His disciples being hungry began to pluck ears of grain and to eat, and the Pharisees seeing it said to Him: Behold Thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath." Observe it was not the theft,—taking for present use was allowed by Deut. xxiii. 25—it was the violation of the day by doing work. Our Saviour rebukes the fanaticism that would condemn works of necessity on the Lord's day, and breaks the letter's unprofitable sheath. He also asserts His divinity: "The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath." Matt. xii.

Leaving the modern Lubiye on the right, and further on, the ruins of Khan Lubiye on the left, we come to a view of the horns of Hattin to northward, and down the trough-shaped valley Sahel el Ahma to the south-east and of Tabor behind us. The road trends southeast, then with a great loop northward to descend towards Tiberias by a longer gradient. On the long upper slope a large colony of Würtembergers and another of Polish Jews have lately settled. The Ahma valley just mentioned is thought to be Sarona of which Isaiah xxxi. 9 speaks and which Eusebius and St. Jerome warn us must not be confounded with the plain of the same name between Jaffa and Cæsarea.

Before descending to our camping place at Tiberias we visit the traditional spot where our Lord multiplied the five loaves and the two fishes

to the needs of five thousand men besides women and children. We turn to Mark vi and read: "And when it was late in the day His disciples came to Him saying: 'This is a desert place and the hour is late, send them away that they may go into the next villages and towns and buy food to eat,' and He answered and said to them, 'Give ye them something to eat,' and they said, 'Shall we go and buy bread for two hundred shillings and give them *that* to eat?', and He said to them, 'How many loaves have ye?' They say, 'Five, and two fishes,' and He commanded them to make all the company recline on the green grass, and they lay down in squares by hundreds and by fifties, and when He had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, looking up to heaven He blessed and brake the loaves and gave to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes He divided to them all, and they all ate and were satisfied; and they took up twelve baskets of the fragments and of the fishes, and they that ate were five thousand men, and immediately He constrained His disciples to enter into the boat and go before them over the water to Bethsaida whilst He dismissed the people."

It is perfectly in accordance with Oriental custom to disregard the women and children present. In mentioning his wife, the Arab will say: "Ajellak," begging your pardon.

As in the other feeding recorded, Matt. xv., there were seven loaves and a few fishes, we may well say the bread was symbolical of the seven sacraments; the little indefinite fishes, the sacramentals not necessary to life; and in the present miracle the five loaves, those sacraments necessary for all are symbolized; in the two fishes the sacraments for the married and the priest. The expression that He sent them over the water to Bethsaida does not mean to the eastern shore of the sea, to Julias, or force us to say that coming from the eastern coast they sailed to Bethsaida of Galilee, but may well be interpreted as indicating a journey northward across the bay-like portion of the lake between Magdala and Khan Minieh, and this would make it very probable that hereabouts was the location of this miracle, and John vi confirms it by saying "It was near Tiberias." At the top of Wady Abû el Ameis some great blocks of basalt are seen bearing the title Khamsa Khoubat, the five loaves, or rather the five breads. That John vi says they went by boat to Capharnaum need not cause any difficulty, for Capharnaum lies only a little further on beyond Khan Minieh, and some of the Apostles would disembark at one place, some at the other.

As we linger here we picture to ourselves the motley crowd "reclining by hundreds and by fifties" and the majestic figure of the wonder-worker as He passes among them, white-robed, feeding them with material food as later He did with the Sacrament.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SEA OF GALILEE

The finest approach to the sea of Galilee is down the long sweeps of quite fair carriage road from Hattin. The first sight of the lake makes one's heart beat; it is the realization of a lifelong desire, and one that does not disappoint as many do in Palestine. It is a sapphire in a setting of emerald; it is a drop of blue in the green; it is a piece of heaven dropped to earth, yea into the earth's bosom, for it lies seven hundred feet below sea-level. And as we descend, circling round, our road presents new views and new beauties. The sea spreads out below us, widening to its six miles and lengthening to its fourteen, displaying its pear-shape and its curving marge with the uplands of Gaulanitis on the farther shore and the horns of Hattin behind us, rising as we descend.

The vegetation becomes more tropical. Behold below us is the palm, and the lilies about our path are farther advanced than on the plain above; yes, and there are our tents already pitched, north of the crumbling walls of Tiberias. The tent has come to mean home. We look down on the city from above. A city with a rambling wall broken down in places, with ruined towers that once protected it; on the north a ruined castle, with a sea-wall running or stumbling out into the lake; the streets within the wall crooked and narrow; with the minarets of two mosques climbing into the sky; the hospice of the Franciscans with its church, standing like a fisherman on the water's edge; the Scotch hospital farther back—this is Tiberias. Visited often by earthquakes, the last remarkable one in 1837, the thought that it may be destroyed again at any time is probably the reason of its not being better built, for there is no finer locality in all Palestine for a winter resort, and the hot springs that are on the shore a short distance south of the town were an attraction in Herod's time. Antipas, "the Fox," erected splendid colonnades of Grecian architecture over these springs, of which there are three. The temperature is 144° Fah., too hot for use; so it is allowed to cool before bathing. In time of earthquake the water becomes so hot that thermometers are useless. There was an aqueduct from Wady Fejias bringing cool water; this is now abandoned. Only a small building with the ever present round dome, a synagogue of the Sephardim and a school of the Ashkenazim is here to-day; and very few use the baths, the natives not being given to bathing (though they may be found there *in puris*

naturalibus) and civilized people shrinking from water from which all kinds of diseases might be contracted, but they would be a source of revenue if conducted properly.

These were probably the warm baths of Hammath in the tribe of Nephtali mentioned by Josue xix. 35, and in the list of Thothmes III as Hemtu. A mile from the baths on the brow of the hill west of the castle, Dr. Tristram discovered a hot air cave, proving that the whole region is dangerous.

The sea has possessed many names. Of old it was known as the Sea of Kinneroth, supposedly from its shape like a harp, Kinnor; or from the music of its down-pouring brooks, "Laugh of the mountain, lyre of bird and bee." The plain of Genesareth, probably perpetuates the word and gives the more modern name, Lake of Genesareth, by which it has been called since the Captivity. In A. D. 17 Herod made his capital at Tiberias, moving it from Sepphoris and naming it in honor of the Roman emperor from whom he held the tetrarchy. It was therefore natural that in our Lord's time this water should be called the Lake of Tiberias; for us, however, no name is as sweet as the Sea of Galilee. As we descend, the most interesting building is the Franciscan hospice and the church of St. Peter; it is situated close to the lake and one portion of the monastery projects seaward and is used as a promenade, where I spent a delightful hour in the moonlight looking out over the water, and dreaming of the day when Roman galleys made these waters gay, and of nights when the Apostles strove with the storm, and the Saviour in white came to them like a spirit walking the water. How impetuous and fearless is Peter: "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me to come to Thee. And Jesus said come." For a while faith keeps him up; he begins to sink in the depths; now another prayer is needed, but still the prayer of faith, "Lord, save me, I sink." Too much confidence in ourselves is disastrous; only when we look for the aid of God can we walk the billows unengulfed.

The Franciscan church is dedicated to St. Peter of the miraculous draught of fishes; it is quite ancient and has served both as mosque and stable. The apse is drawn in somewhat, like the bows of a ship, in memory of Peter's bark, and the little windows high up resemble portholes. Three Franciscan Fathers tend it; they have a hospice for pilgrims, to which we were made welcome on another visit here, but to-day we prefer our tent. Although pilgrims are entertained gratuitously, an offering of 8 or 10 francs a day should be given at the hospices, that their charity may be reserved for poor pilgrims.

My next visit was to the Scottish Mission Medical Society, with a fine



TIBERIAS

modern building in the north end of the city. It is the work of Dr. Torance, who gladly showed us through the institution. As he led us through the wards the sufferers would look up from their cots for a word of advice or comfort from the sad-faced physician, and we could not help thinking of the day when Jesus went about doing good and when the sufferers by the roadside roused at His approach. Mrs. Torance, his wife, had been carried off by the fever some few years previous. Missionaries and physicians take their lives in their hands if they stay here through the torrid summers.

While camping here we take many a stroll, or longer excursion, on the beach. What delicious little shells! And what a multitude of them! They appear to be a species of water snail, *trochus cerithicus*. The Protestant Scripture speaks of "the snail which melteth." The Catholic Vulgate has "wax," but both are descriptive, for the snail appears to melt down it is so soft.

As we look out over these waters we cannot but think of the walking of our Lord on the waves. The Apostles did not show surprise at the fact of Him walking. They never ask Him how it was He did it. "It is the Lord," is explanation enough. They knew Him to be master of the waves.

In every storm of our lives the Lord comes treading the waves, if we had faith to see Him; and if we trusted Him He would secure our steps, even in the turmoil of modern city life.

*So in the night, my soul, my daughter,
Cry, gripping Heaven by the hems;
And lo! Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genezareth, but Thames.*

So sings the sad-eyed poet Thompson, too early gone.

Sometimes God stills the storm, sometimes He allows it to blow on, but gives strength to surmount it. We ask for the cloud to pass, but it is often better for us to be enveloped in the cloud.

Tiberias was a walled city, but now very little remains; it is pierced in many places and can be entered from every side; the wall is useful, however, for photographers, framing in as its arches do the views of lake or mosque. The minaret of Jamia el Bahr, mosque of the sea, attracts our attention; there is also the mosque of the sand, Jamia el Raml; this, as it should be, is on the seashore. There are several other mosques and ten synagogues. Tiberias contains 6,400 inhabitants, over two thousand of whom are Jews, principally of the Ashkenazim sect, two or three hundred Christians, mostly Catholics, with twenty Protestants, who, however, are doing more than their share for the uplift of the people; and sixteen hundred Mohammedans. Outside the city, and beyond our tents westward, we see the tomb of Maimonides, the Jewish philosopher of the 13th century.

Tiberias has ever had an evil name. As it was builded on earlier tombs it was tabooed to the Jew, who would be defiled by such residence; it was moreover the creation of Herod Antipas, that Herod who gave John the Baptist to the headsman's ax to please Salome, and reviled our Lord; it was consequently populated by the scum of the country. After the death of Herod, Agrippa the Younger again transferred the capital to Sepphoris. Debased under the Roman, fanatical under the Jew, it was always a place of ill renown, and it is no wonder that the Gospels do not relate of Jesus entering it, although often so near it.

As late as Jan. 1st, 1837, it was destroyed by earthquake in which 700 persons perished.

In the second century, however, this polluted and neglected town became the university of Judaism, the Sanhedrim establishing itself here. The school of Jamnia and its literary reminiscences are many and interesting. Two hundred years after Christ the Mishna was completed here, and a

century later the Talmud. The grave of Maimonides is shown here on the hillside, and also the graves of many learned Jewish doctors. Here, too, it is said that the vowel-points were introduced into the Hebrew writings, and here that Bar Amna gave Hebrew lessons to St. Jerome.

The Jewish Scriptures comprise four parts: first, the Talmud, which is the Bible itself; second, the Mishna, which is the interpretation of the text; third, the Masora, meaning tradition, the authority on the true reading. Some rabbinical writers contend that when God gave the law to Moses on Mount Sinai He taught him its true meaning and interpretation; that both were handed down by oral tradition, and latterly committed to writing; fourth, the Gemara, meaning those Masoretic notes and criticisms that relate to the books, verses, vowel points, etc., etc. These at first were written separate from the text, afterward in the margin. Besides, there are the Targums, paraphrases of the Hebrew Scripture in the understood language—Chaldaic and Syriac in the west, and Aramaic in the east.

Tiberias is largely Jewish even to-day, being with Safed (seated on its hill to the north) the holiest after Jerusalem and Hebron, for their tradition says that the still-looked-for Messiah shall rise from the lake and Safed shall be His throne. To-day it is the seat of a Mudir, instead of a throne for the long-expected Promised One.

What was the meaning of that outlandish word used above, the Ashkenazim? It is the name given to the German and Polish Jews, as distinguished from the Sephardim, the Spanish and Portugese Jews, for there are sects in Judaism as in Protestantism. In the Catholic pale alone are there no sects. The strictest Jews, mostly Hebrews, are called Chassidim or Pious. These sects differ much in religion; the Jews of Spanish and Portuguese origin are looked upon as unorthodox and are styled Sephardim or Heretics. The Ashkenazim, the Polish and German Jews, are particularly strong around Tiberias and there are colonies of them between here and Tabor and Safed. They are more given to agriculture than the Hebrews, and if the Chassidim look upon them as uncultured and quote Ecclesus. xxxviii. 25, "How can he get wisdom who holdeth the plow? whose talk is of bullocks?" They repay it by their scorn saying: "He is a Pharisee; he is a pious one."

There is a very comfortable hotel kept by Mr. Grossman in the north-west corner of Tiberias where lodging and food may be obtained for two dollars a day or less, and the only place where photographs or even picture-postals are to be obtained in this backward city. But neither hospice nor hotel can tempt us from our beloved tent-life. We are to stay here several days and have consequently used great care in selecting a site and given

greater attention than usual to making our tent-pins firm, for we know from the Gospels that windstorms arise suddenly on this lake now sleeping so placidly. We are camped near where the city of Tiberias ended on the north, as is evidenced by the walls and towers that still are seen wading out into the sea.

We are treading literally in the steps of our Saviour and we wish to live these days as nearly as possible as Jesus and the Apostles lived them. They doubtless often slept out under the stars; we will sleep in our tents and spend at least a part of the night on the lake fishing, that we may realize the disappointment of Peter's words, "Lord, we have labored all night and have taken nothing," for we were never fortunate fishermen. We will cook some fish, however, if we can obtain it from the fishermen, on the beach on the coals, from gathered driftwood and weeds and recall the incident in John xxi: "But when the morning was come Jesus stood on the shore, yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. And Jesus therefore said to them, Children, have you anything to eat? They answered Him, No." Then followed the miraculous capture of fishes and its sequel. "As soon as they came to land they saw a fire kindled and a fish laid thereon, and bread, and Jesus saith to them, Come and dine, and none of those who were at meal dared ask Him: Who art Thou? knowing that it was the Lord." We will visit the poor peasants and our medicine-chest will be at their disposal, remembering the life of our Lord: "He went about doing good." By only a few cowardly hours, alas! will we imitate the nights our Saviour passed in lonely prayer on these wild hills. A traveller is too thoroughly fatigued for long devotions.

But we are favored with bright and calm nights. There is around us "silence and beauty and wonder, the three veils of God." And they are veils to reveal, not to hide, and from our tent we behold the Lamp of the North, "sole star that bathes not in the sea."

This day is to be dedicated to a journey round the shore of the lake. A few years ago there was nothing but a trail over shells and rocks and incoming wadies, with their waters and vegetation to wade through, but now a very fair carriage-road has been constructed, very difficult to travel, however, in wet weather, as the yellow clay is more like putty than macadam.

But the little waves are sparkling in the just-risen sun as we proceed northward, and occasionally a wild duck paddles out into the blue waters. The rain of last night has given us a mud-like glue, so that we progress but slowly. How Habacuc scourges the unjust possessor: "How long



MAGDALA

shall men clothe themselves with thick clay?" We certainly have a great deal on our shoes that does not belong to us!

The heterogeneous character of yonder building might give rise to the same prophet's curse: "Woe to him that buildeth with an evil covetousness, for the stone shall cry out from the wall, and the timbers from the joints shall answer." What magnificent imagery and personification! The stone accusing the unjust builder and the beams confirming the charge. "Woe to him that saith to wood, awake, and to the dumb stone, arise." Habacuc ii. 19. They might say too much. There among the rough stones of the wall is a fine capital inserted, there a carved basin from a fountain, there a sarcophagus from a cemetery: perhaps they were innocently gotten, perhaps purloined against justice. If they could only speak!

After half an hour the Wady Ameis comes down, making possible some attractive gardens, watered by the warm, brackish stream Ain el Bârideh, not true to name, for *barid* means cold. The springs are enclosed in large standpipes called *tannour*, which secures a good head of water. Another half hour (after passing the high cliff that forms the south flank of the Wady Hamâm), brings us to Mejdel, perpetuating Magdala of Roman times, and probably Migdal of ancient Bible ones. Dalmanutha of the New Testament (Mark viii. 10) seems to have been applied to this locality and may have been an adjoining district. This Migdal, according to the Talmud, was divided into Migdal Ceboya, the quarter of the dyers, and Migdal Nounya, the quarter of the fish. There were eighty shops of weavers of fine wool, and three hundred booths in which pigeons were sold for the Temple sacrifices. Perhaps from here came the "pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons" which Luke ii. 24 says were the offering of the Virgin when the Child Jesus was presented in the Temple.

A cluster of stone and mud hovels, watched over by one ruinous palm-tree. Here was Magdala! Here a beautiful girl with golden hair gazed out on this sea—and on life. Her name was Mary; while here she was innocent; but one day the rumored glamour of the city attracted her, as it does still to-day to the destruction of our youth, and she left the safety of her parents' roof, and the clearness of the Galilean skies for the streets of Jerusalem. When we next see her she is known as "a sinner." How symbolic of a soul departed from God is this clutter of poor hovels where once Magdala reigned. One solitary palm-tree remains, tattered by the wind but still alive, like hope in Pandora's box, like the promise of pardon to the repentant.

This Mary Magdalen, synonym the world over for penitent sin, is doubtless the same as the unnamed woman whose touching history is told

in Luke vii. But is she identical with Mary, sister of Lazarus and Martha of Bethany? Many have supposed that she was, and the Breviary would seem to maintain the same opinion, but there are great names who hold to the opposite view, which seems to me the preferable. There is no mention of Lazarus and Martha having ever been at Magdala, and Mary is such a common name that the historian would not have been so particular making the distinction Mary, "the sister of Lazarus," and Mary Magdalen (who can well be the sinful woman out of whom Jesus drove seven devils, Mark xvi). St. Gregory explains that these seven devils were the seven principal vices; the common opinion, however, holding that she was really subject to demoniacal possession. May not the latter have symbolized the former? That an alabaster-box of precious ointment was used on both occasions of a Mary anointing the feet of our Lord does not necessitate identity of the persons, but would only indicate a prevailing custom. Yet did the love and the repentance poured out with the ointment from the alabaster box on Jesus' feet raise Magdalen, while Magdala still lies prostrate. "And if Mary in after years preserved the alabaster box, even its broken shards would be precious in her eyes because they had touched the Saviour, and would remind her that even over her broken life had come the forgiveness that covers all sin."

How fleeting is beauty! Like the fair body of a virgin when youth and comeliness were hers we may imagine this city to have been. Behold it now! a heap of mud; like a corpse in the grave—"the skin which but yesterday fools could adore for the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore." The pigpens of an Illinois farmer are more dignified than the huts which shelter the twenty inhabitants of Magdala.

Magdala is probably a form of Migdal, a watch-tower or garrison, which would fit in well with the tradition that Mary of Magdala's fall was leaving her husband Papus Ben Juda to follow Panther, a soldier of Herod Antipas stationed at Magdala.

Magdala was the stronghold of two industries, dyeing and trafficking in pigeons for the market and the sacrifices. The springs in the neighborhood and the streams that pour down the hills, besides the ever-present sea of sweet water, would be most advantageous for the dyers' trade; the Wady Hamân, the vale of doves, stretching westward into the hills, testifies by its name the abundance of pigeons. They are still found in the holes in the rocks of this interesting but difficult valley. It should not, however, be omitted from the pilgrim's itinerary, even if the snakes dispute with the turtle-doves. "Be wise as the serpent," Christ says to His followers. These creatures are still in the rocky wadies around us, still wary for their own

safety, still cunning how to entrap a foe or to charm her milk away from a ewe. "Be harmless as the dove," He says again; still are they "in the clefts of the rocks" as in the days of Solomon; still the pattern for the pure soul.

Up a wild pass, the almost perpendicular wall of over a thousand feet, on either side reflecting the morning heat, we climbed slowly, wishing for the wings of the thousands of doves that still inhabit here. The cliffs are pierced with caves; the most noteworthy, Kulat Ibn Ma'an, is an almost impenetrable labyrinth of grottoes. Tristram in his *Land of Israel* thus describes it: "The long series of chambers and galleries in the face of the precipice were the homes of a set of bandits who resided here with their families, and who, for years, set the power of Herod the Great at defiance. At length when all other attempts at scaling the fortress had failed, he let down soldiers at this very spot in boxes of chains, who attacked the robbers with long hooks, and succeeded in rooting them all out. The rock galleries, very complete and perfectly built, wind backwards and forwards in the cliff side, their walls being built of dressed stone flush with the precipice, and often opening into spacious chambers. Tier after tier rise one after another with projecting windows, connected by narrow staircases carried sometimes on arches. In many of the upper chambers to which we were let down, the dust of ages had accumulated, undisturbed by any foot save that of the birds of the air, and here we rested during the heat of the day, with the plains and lake set as in a frame before us."

These caves are left to the tenancy of the vultures, as the natives never frequent them, deterred more by superstitious fear than by the difficulty of entrance. These griffon vultures build in the very highest places, excelling even the true eagle. It is of these birds rather than of the eagle that the Scripture so often speaks, "There shall the vultures be gathered together," Math. xxiv. 28. "Though thou makest thy nest as high as the eagle I will bring thee down, saith the Lord." Jer. xlix. 16.

The vulture is very far-sighted; but besides this, his eye must be both a telescope and a microscope, enabling him to see an object from his aerial lookout on the mountain crag or from his skye wheelings up far in the blue, and when like a bolt he drops on his prey, his eye must change its focus in an instant or else he would not be able to measure his distance, but would be dashed to death on the earth with the force of his unchecked fall. We do not need to suppose, however, that when the vultures assemble, like misfortunes that come not singly, from miles away, that they have all seen the speck of a dead lamb for which they gather, but one may well be supposed to have seen and given the signal for the more distant ones; others may be guided by scent.



GRASS OF THE FIELD



RUSSIAN JEW

Scripture also remarks on the strength of flight of the vulture: "Ye have seen what I did to the Egyptians, and how I bear you on eagles' wings and brought you to Myself." Exodus xix. 4.

Now when we remember that the vulture was one of the chief emblems of Egyptian power we feel the great force of the passage, as spoken to the Hebrews: "Not only have I protected you, but your very enemies were forced to be the means of your uplifting."

Strangely, too, must the same emblem have met them in their second captivity among the Assyrians. Their God Nisroch was a vulture-headed deity, bearing not only the head of a bird, but also its wings. The vulture-winged bull was everywhere on the monuments of Nineveh, and this bird was the war-standard of Assyria. The name Nisroch has evidently been preserved by the Arab word *nisr*.

The Roman eagle, too, both in persecution, and, after Constantine, in protection, was the world-force that carried the Gospel to the end of the earth.

Tristram again describes his experience with these vultures: "By the aid of Giacomo, who proved himself an expert rope-climber, we reaped a good harvest of griffons' eggs, some of the party being let down by ropes, while those above were guided in working them by signals from others below in the valley. It required the aid of a party of a dozen to capture these nests. The idea of scaling the cliff with ropes was quite new to some Arabs who were herding cattle above, and who could not, excepting one little girl, be induced to render any assistance. She proved herself most sensible and efficient in telegraphing.

"While capturing the griffons' nests, we were re-enacting a celebrated siege in Jewish history. Close to us, at the head of the cliffs which form the limits of the celebrated plain of Hattin, were the ruins of Irbid. 'All thy fortresses shall be spoiled, as Shalman spoiled Betharbel in the day of battle!' (Hos. x. 14.) Perhaps the prophet here refers to the refuges in the rocks below, and thus had we despoiled the vultures."

Climbing still upwards and trending southward we have Irbid on the site of Arbela to our left in a depression near the summit of the pass. It is probably Beth Arbel, of Hosea x. 14 of the Hebrew Bible: "The mother was dashed to pieces upon her children;" this gorge is eminently fitted for such murderous warfare. To quote from Thomson: "The site of the city is a short distance southward from the top of Wady el Hamâm and about two miles east of Kurn Hattin. To judge from the columns and prostrate remains, it must at one time have been a place of importance and of considerable wealth."

Colonel Wilson says of it: "Part of the surrounding wall is standing; and there are two small pools, several cisterns, and the remains of numerous houses belonging to the old town, amongst which, easily discernible, are those of a later Arab village. The main ruins evidently belonged to a synagogue similar to those found in so many places in Upper Galilee, at Kedes, Tell Hum, Khurazeh, Kefr Bir'im, Meiron, and elsewhere. The ground has been cut away to receive it; and as this prevented the construction of an entrance at the southern end in the usual way it was placed in the eastern side, where portions of two doorways remain. The floor is sunk below the level of the ground, and is reached by a descent of three steps, two of which are continued round the northern end, forming benches or seats. Several benches are *in situ*. This building has been, at one time, used as a mosque, the *mihrab* of which is perfect, and also perhaps as a church, if one may judge from the varied style of the capitals, Ionic, Corinthian, and others of a much later period being mixed up amidst the ruins in inextricable confusion."

The horns of Hattin are about two miles distant; one might easier visit them on the way from Cana, and we mentioned them then, but we will be treading more in the footsteps of our Saviour by journeying from here; experiencing the fatigue of the long climb that the Saviour must have suffered in coming from Capharnaum or Genesareth to teach and feed in this wilderness. Kurn Hattin (meaning the horns of Hattin) rise, two conelike eminences, to the northwest; they have indeed a fanciful resemblance to horns. At some remote period the depression between the two horns may have been the crater of a volcano from which issued the lava that covers a large portion of the plain below. Kurn Hattin is supposed to be the Mount of the Beatitudes, where Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount. Thomson very leisurely discards this mountain as the site of the discourse, and of the multiplication of the seven loaves a short distance from here, because, forsooth, there are other places just as suitable, and because the tradition cannot be traced back farther than the Crusades. But why did the Crusaders venerate this spot? He gives no reason for them holding this tradition; evidently supposing that it goes without saying that they with malice aforethought invented all the sites. He is not staggered either by his own admission that the Greek tradition goes back farther than the Latin in regard to this being the place of the miraculous multiplication of the bread, but concludes that it is still less worthy of credence. *Timeo Danaos!* It is the bias that is ever in the minds of these good Protestants. He has moreover no rival place to mention for the Sermon on the Mount, only surmises it was near the head of the lake, where He

dwelt, but for the miracle of the loaves it is said: "they were far from home;" add to this that it is spoken of with some emphasis as *the* mountain. Now this is the only one of prominence in the neighborhood, and Geikie admits there is great probability for it. Although we assert no dogmatic certainty in these matters till there is convincing proof to the contrary, this place has the title by long possession, and here we will venerate that chaplet of blessedness hung round mortality so different from those things the world styles beatitudes.

On a rock of basalt, black and smooth, we read devoutly that most wonderful utterance of all time, the sermon as related by Matthew, chapters v and vi. We first read it as a prayer, as a listening to Christ, resolving to make it our rule of life as it has been made by thousands of souls the philosophy of their being. Afterwards we look for local color in the landscape around us; we have already mentioned the city seated on the hill off to our left, for naturally we turn facing eastward towards the sea of Galilee. We look over towards Wady Hamâm, the valley of doves, the rocks honeycombed with their habitations, and remember the words of the sermon: "Behold the birds of the air, they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them; are not you of much more value than doves or sparrows?" And then He turns to the glowing poppies and anemones, which even now bloom as in yon day, and we hear Him enforce the uselessness of costly dress because even with robes of gold and scarlet Solomon could not equal the flowers of the field. Then His eye catches the toilers on the lower levels of the plain, gathering the rubbishy hay for heating the ovens, and He points to the transitoriness of life, and to the God who clothes the grass of the field, and Who will surely provide for us, created in His image, and clothe that being of ours, our bodies with labor and vesture, and our souls with grace, heaven-crowned at last. All Orientals are fond of displaying their jewelry. Indeed, is not the word derived from the Jews? Their adornments are strings of coins, necklaces of mother-of-pearl, sometimes of real pearl, but very rarely diamonds. Our Lord sees the swine feeding on the steep hillside, down which later He lets the devil precipitate them, and He must emphasize the lesson that it is useless to give the people what they cannot appreciate. "Cast not your pearls before swine;" rather than being grateful "they will turn upon you and gore you."

This is in no spirit of unkindness, nor pessimism, for did not our Lord give Himself for a people "who did not understand," but if we wish to imitate our Father in heaven we must give good gifts suitable to the recipient—bread, not stones—and Christ needs no far-fetched simile: one

is plainly at hand, stones are everywhere. The snakes are in the caves in the mountain sides, and the scorpions among the stones, but they must not be substituted for the good fish that yonder gleaming lake will supply.

Before we seat ourselves we look the ground over for centipedes and scorpions, then spreading our waterproof as an additional safeguard, we can enjoy the wonderful outlook. The Arab name for centipede is *Arbaa wa arbain*—forty-four, which is nearer the number of its legs than our hundred is.

We are in the part of Palestine most favored of Our Lord. Along this shore He walked, quickly passing, but calling those to Him who were to work a permanent change in the whole world. His eyes were gladdened by these same blue waves below and these same verdant hills around. The same flowers bloomed for Him to see and to hallow by His notice of them. The lilies of the field! Have they not a new interest for us from His mention of them? From every object He draws a moral. The grass of the field! see it is withering on yon rocky upland. But even this short life of the dried grass has served its God-ordained purpose. Shall we think that man is created to no purpose, or to only his own whims? What trust in the providence of God do we here learn! A Providence, too, that is Love, not Hate.

And yonder lake at our feet is not more deep and calm than the peace of the soul that knows Christ. These hills that slope upward to Kurn Hattin are not more high than the knowledge and wisdom of those taught in God's school; these fields lit up by lily blooms are not more joyous than the heart of him who reposes in God. He himself teaches the lesson. Shall those little birds—those chattering sparrows, those painted finches, those plaining doves in yonder valley—have His care, and man be outside that love? But God's providence is evidently not intended to treat us like children who have nothing to do for themselves. The mosquitos are upon us, and He who keeps worlds from plunging into us makes us provide our



NECKLACES

own refuge from these horrid pests. I think these must be the "gnats" of Scripture, and so numerous were they in our Lord's time that He uses the common custom of straining wine before drinking it, to free it from these insects, as an example of how scrupulous the Pharisees were in little things: "Ye strain out the gnat," but He says they "swallowed a camel." Is this perhaps some larger insect to which He again alluded when He likens the difficulty of a rich man getting to heaven to the passage of a camel through the eye of a needle? I do not think so. In the gnat and camel parable the latter is simply used to show that things vastly more important—truth and mercy and justice—are neglected in the Pharisees' straining after legal purity, which is of the outside. And the example of the camel passing through the eye of a needle is easily understood if we consider that even to-day a small entrance to khan or city wall is called a needle's eye. They are usually about four feet high. Shakespeare emphasized this explanation by wording it the "postern"—back door or gate—of a small needle's eye. To enter this the pack must be taken from the beast—to enter heaven we must be stripped of riches and their love: the camel must kneel down—through humility alone can we see God's kingdom.

We change our position, moving further north for a differing view. In these wind-swept Arab hills and plains the tourists of to-day wisely use goggles of dimmed glass, but for the natives there is nothing so common as to get "motes" in their eyes, and many are the wretched specimens that we see where the mote unremoved has caused permanent sore eyes; an everyday duty therefore "to take the mote out of our brother's eye"; but our Lord wishes us to understand that unless our eyes are clear we cannot see to perform this work of charity; nor, sunk in sin, can we correct others to virtue. He calls their attention to the trees, some of them yielding rich harvests of healing oil and of sweet figs. But there are also the wild olive and the unfruitful fig-tree and the sour vine. On the wild stock must be engrafted the tame, even as we must be united to Christ to live His life and show fruits worthy of reward, and the tree that refuses to bear good fruit shall be destroyed and cast into the fire. This is Christ's version of the survival of the fittest. He looks at these rocks and reflects on the winter floods that pour down these wadies, and then, glancing at the sea-shore where the sands are shifting and the augmented torrents pour their vengeance, He compares those who trust in God to the house builded on the rock. The winds may blow, the waters pour, the shifting quicksand may allure, but the building on the solid foundation of His word stands secure.

The Sermon on the Mount acquaints us with several new words and

new figures. The narrow gate and the straight way that leadeth to life: the broad way of destruction in which many tread; the false prophets masquerading as sheep, while they are wolves; the rust of the silver buried in earth; the moth of the rich textile fabrics laid away; the theft of the despoiler—to these the treasures of time are subject. "Seek the higher gifts," keep the lower bright by use. While "the left hand must not know what the right hand doeth," Mat. vi 3, yet must we not hide our candle under a bushel shamefacedly, but let our light shine before men.

The non-resistance of Tolstoi is indeed commended: "If a man take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also." "If one strike thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." "If one force thee to go one mile, go with him other two." Whether these are of obligation or of perfection the circumstances must decide. Altered times may change the form, but not the spirit of our life.

The Sermon on the Mount introduces us to a new Theology and a philosophy of life and conduct not before dreamed of. The righteousness of Scribe and Pharisee must be excelled; the outward is nothing if the interior is corrupt; God will not be our friend while we are at enmity with our brother; whatever is dearest and most useful, as the eye and the right hand, must be sacrificed rather than suffer the loss of our soul; love must extend to the enemy as well as the friend; chastity must be of the eye and the thought and the heart, as well as of the deed; the absence of divorce is to be one of the distinctions of the Christian Dispensation; all judgment must be mercy, that we may not be judged; all giving must be generosity, in order that "good measure, heaped up, shaken together, pressed down, and running over, shall they give into your bosom."

Can the world of the twentieth century live according to the Sermon on the Mount? This question raised the usual discussion, as we lingered over our lunch to-day; the Pessimist professedly answered: "No." The Optimist, *bene distinguit*. What is it most perfectly to follow that sermon's teaching? To endeavor to fulfill it verbally? Our Lord gave us to understand that the Pharisees were wrong in seeking the letter of the law, "for the letter killeth, the spirit gives life."

All that Christ commanded could reasonably be, and was in fact, carried out to the letter by the Apostles, but with changed conditions and changed climates, the injunction, for instance: "not to have two coats, or any shoes" can only be obeyed in spirit: namely, by not having more than necessity requires, in regions where the mercury goes to 40° below zero. Tolstoi is a living example that the spirit of the sermon is possible in the world. It has been the great scandal of the ages that some religious orders have

forgotten their vows of poverty, or rather they shelter themselves in their community riches by the term individual poverty.

What a wise *résumé* of the Sermon on the Mount the catechism makes in the eight Beatitudes! How immoral are words! More perennial than brass or stone! "Words are the only things that last forever." A printed motto that I saw ice-garlanded, but unscathed, when Jansen & McClurg's Bookstore was burned in Chicago. In the fine lines of T. N. Page:

*The glittering cities long are heaps:
The starry towers lie level with the plain;
The desert serpent sleeps
Where soared the marble fane.
The stealthy bead-eyed lizard creeps
Where gleamed the tyrant's throne;
That grandeur dark oblivion steep!
The Psalm sings on!*

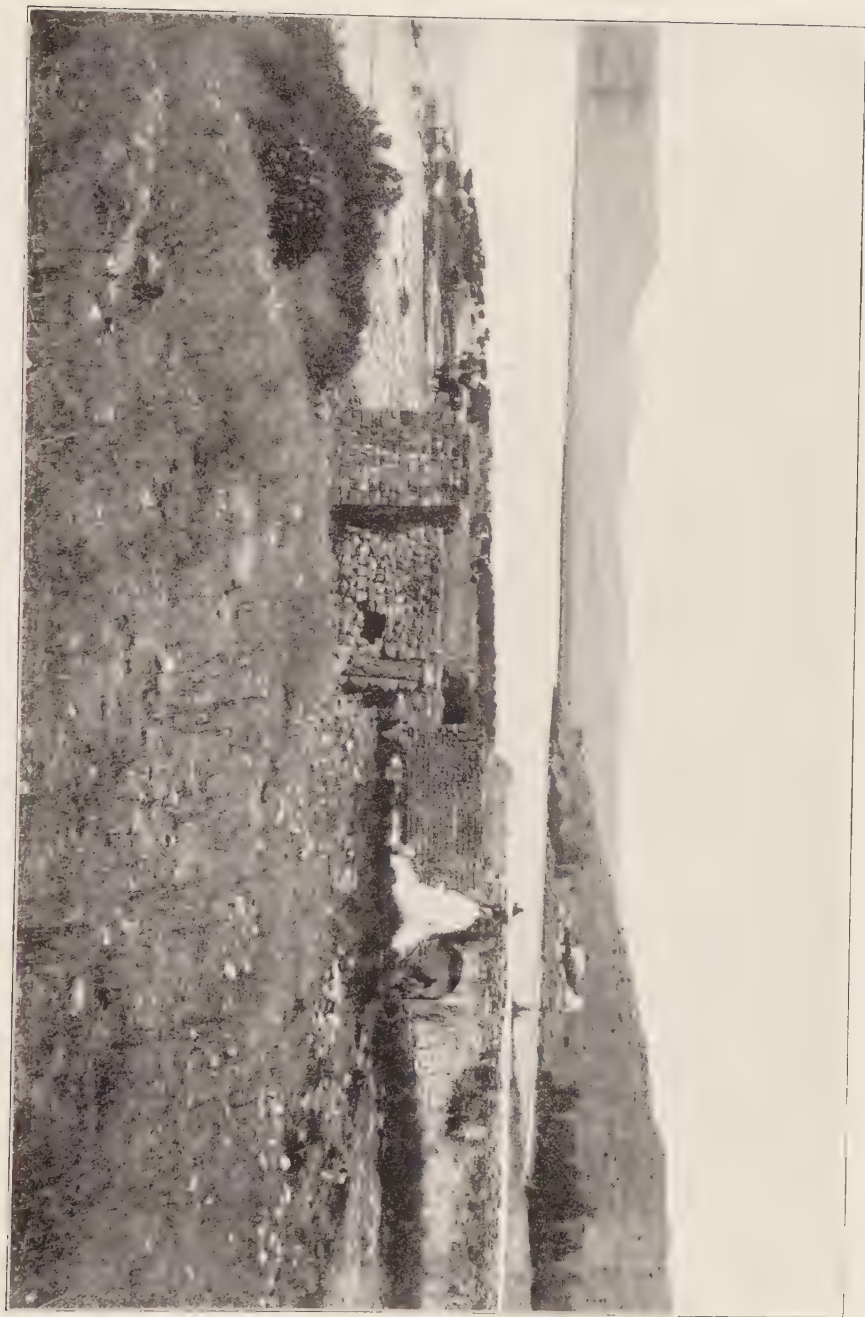
Yes, the Song of Songs! The Holy Word which is music and wisdom sings itself perennially as long as there is a human heart to sound with it in unison. Forever those Beatitudes will bless; forever that Sermon on the Mount will inspire; forever that Life will be the music for creation.

Here was taught the Lord's prayer! It is not easy to make a good prayer; therefore did the Apostles request: "Lord teach us how to pray," and in response He taught the world.

How will we reconcile the statement of Matthew, who says our Lord went up into the mountain for the sermon, and St. Luke, who says He came down. Some suggest that the Evangelists spoke of different occasions, for many were the times doubtless that our Lord discoursed to His followers. But I do not find it necessary to suppose this. The lie of the land gives an explanation. He had been higher up, perhaps where we now stand, with His chosen twelve, and seeing the great multitudes on the lower level, which does not cease to be the mountain, He descends to their position, even as He descended from the heights of His God-head, taking our humanity, even as in the glorious Sermon on the Mount He descends to the level of our minds and hearts and breaks fine, for our acceptance, the heavenly wisdom, which, not abdicating its supernatural spirituality, is made possible for weak mortals.

That sermon is the Christian charter, the Christian platform, the Christian rule of life. No one can read it and doubt that Jesus meant it as such. Forms change, modes of expression change: these are the letter, but the essential virtue and character remains. "Raca" may not now be an

KHAN MINYEH—BETHSAIDA



expression worthy of hell-fire, but the hatred of a brother is. To turn our cheek for the second stroke may not be charity even to our enemy, but the spirit of forgiveness is essential. Supine nonresistance may not be advisable, but willingness to suffer rather than to make matters worse is obligatory even to-day.

Not to carry scrip or purse nowadays when travelling would stamp one as a despicable tramp, but the hoarding of money is as reprehensible to-day as in the time of our Lord. Riches may be a necessary means of doing good, and perhaps even interest on money is required by the conditions of the business world to-day, but the rich man, recognizing himself only as the steward of God may be as poor in spirit as the Gospel requires, and the money lender is bound by charity to lend to the poor without interest.

How often our Lord climbed this very path, how often He gazed in resting as we do, on the placid lake below, and exclaimed of those who rest on God: "Great as the sea shall be thy peace." The Apostles also who went with Him into this great solitude, far from the traffic of the cities, would think of the night He calmed the wind and the waves, and the higher life of the sermon would not seem impossible in the presence of the supernatural. "Leave all and follow Me" would not be asking too much, when what was left was the lowland, and what was gained was the heights.

The plain around us is wholly uncultivated and very stony, only fit for pasture land, and the expression of the Evangelist, "Now there was much grass in the place" (John vi), would not characterize this as the place of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. But this is not the only part of Palestine that has changed sadly for the worse since our Lord's day.

Here in 1187 the last great struggle took place which gave Palestine again to the Crescent; here on these horns of Hattin the triumph of the Cross, triumph that reigned for seventy years over Jerusalem, ended in disaster. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." It seems as if this kingdom of the Crusaders, apparently one of the justest and most righteous ever won by the sword, must die also by the sword. The Christians were encamped in Lubiye and Sepphoris under their king, Guy of Lusignan; the Saracens, under Saladin, at Tiberias and in the hills to the west; these had fifty thousand horse and a vast array of infantry. Guy unwisely ventured an attack, and after two days the Christian army was completely routed, some escaped to Acre, but the king was captured. Beyrout, Acre, Cæsarea and Jaffa opened their gates to the conqueror. Finally Jerusalem was taken. Other crusades were indeed fought later which recaptured

the coast cities, but the battle of Hattin was essentially the downfall of the Latin in Palestine.

It is distressing to remark all through history the very incomplete results that even the work done in God's name shows. We do not wish to extenuate the immense benefit to civilization in Europe that the Crusades conferred. To glance at the comparative condition of Turkey and any Christian state is ample proof of that benefit, nor are we blind to the reasons why the kingdom of the Crusaders did not last. Only look at the unworthy motives, the jealousies, the internal dissensions and quarrels! But still we wonder how God allows the unworthiness of man to frustrate His work. Probably we do not take a wide enough view of what God's work is, or at any rate must learn that even apparent success is less pleasing to God than failure, with the dearly-bought knowledge that God's kingdom is not of this world, and that the service of Him must be one free from self-seeking.

The minaret in place of the cross! As we came along I gathered a tall weed. I am curious to know its name, but have not been successful, it not being in bloom. It has always struck me that the most beautiful feature that Islam possesses is the minaret, and this plant may have given them the idea. See how the whorls of leaves surround the stem at different heights, like the balconies of the Mohammedan's spire that shows such charming circles, and from which five times daily comes the Muezzin's cry: "Allah, hu Akbar!" But many more plants exhibit the cross than the minaret.

We are standing on the south horn of Hattin; the northern summit is only two or three hundred feet distant with a slighter depression between them than one would picture on hearing them styled horns. From one point they resemble an Arab saddle. Let us enjoy the view! To the north the hill falls abruptly into the Wady Hamâm. Still further to the north is Safed, probably the city to which our Lord pointed as he spoke of the "city seated on the hill," which cannot be hidden any more than can be the verities of God, or the actions of the noble. To the west of Safed Jebel Jarmuk "exalts his horn" in rivalry with that sheik of the snowy turban—Hermon—still further to the north. To the south and west Tabor rising like a cone from lowland all around, and Nazareth in the lap of the hills.

On another occasion we camped all night west of Hattin, and the next morning were repaid by a fine sunrise; not the gradual change from dark to twilight and then to brightness, but two great streamers shot up into the heavens like the wings of a gigantic Archangel; between them and between the horns rose the sun, and as this god appeared the angel wings vanished. Surely David must have witnessed such a sunrise and had it in

mind when he wrote: "If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, even there thy hands shall hold me and thy right hand support me." These horns of Hattin remind us of several passages in Scripture. "Do not lift up the horn," says the Psalmist to the proud-witted; and again he speaks in comfort to the virtuous: "and in my name shall his horn be exalted" (Psalm lxxxix. 24), that is, his religion shall be exalted. That corner and horn have the same etymological derivation is doubtless from using animal's horns as adornments on the corners of Jewish altars; and we realize the aptness of the action: "Joab caught hold on the horn of the altar." (Kings ii. 28.) The altar is the refuge where revenge dare not intrude and where even justice must not strike.

The site of feeding the four thousand, the second mention that the Scripture makes of miraculous multiplication, tradition places in the Plain of Hattin, an upland wold, stony now and barren, and we remark that it was not of this place that it was said that "there was much grass," but of that other spot, wherever it was—beyond the Jordan at Julius possibly, or as most Catholic authorities surmise, above Tabigah—where the five thousand were fed. This site to the west of the lake was commemorated by St. Helena, who set up twelve stones, which went by the appellation of the twelve thrones of the Apostles. St. Paula came to venerate this spot, and Arculf, Venerable Bede and Epiphanius all place the miracle here. But these identifications do not satisfy the critical sense, and we must be content with the bounty of the gift.

We go back in thought to the day when, in their eagerness, the crowd had followed Christ into the wilderness and He asks them: "How many loaves have ye?" Matt. xv. 34. The same question He asked of fallen humanity: "Have you enough with earth?" and He brought them Heaven.

Of many of our Lord's miracles it is written: "And the people wondered," "And they gave thanks." Alas for those of whom Ruskin says:

"No gift can satisfy and no miracle surprise."

How sad when anyone has lost the faculty of wonder! "I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn," says Wordsworth. Ingratitude, the Apostle says, is one of the signs of the end of the world.

Here where Divine Love fed the multitude, thousands of birds dwell, not unfed of Him whose mind and heart are large enough to think of the small sparrows in providence.

We spread our midday meal under a solitary tree, and feel that to the Christian every meal should be a Sacrament. The same God provides the ordinary as the extraordinary.



AIN TABIGAH

There has been a stiff gale all morning from over the Lake of Galilee, and surely we "have filled our bellies with the east wind," which Job says a wise man would not do. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have stayed in the shelter of the Franciscan hospice, but we are glad to have seen the lake in all its moods. We can enter into the terror of that night's fourth watch, when "the wind was contrary, and the boat in the midst of the sea, and He cometh to them walking on the water." Mark vi. 48. How thrilling come the words: "It is I, be not afraid!" *Ibid* 50. The "it" refers to the storm as well as to the calming.

And as we look down on the lake, a *respond* to the curling white waves on the shore are the white wings of the gulls over Tiberias.

We descend again to the plain of Genesareth over which we must travel for the next two hours. It is the most fertile portion of this district; the soil is fat and well watered, not only by the winter rains that come down the wadies Hamâm and Amud, but by the perennial springs that rise to the west of the plain Mudawarah, the round spring Rubadieh, and others. In March we had some difficulty in crossing the river of Ain Mudawarah. We ascended the stream for a considerable distance thinking to find shallower water, but came back to near the lake where we felt surer of hard sand bottom; for the counteraction of river and incoming lake usually forms a bar; even then the water reached to our knees in the saddle. At a distance of three miles from here is a poor Arab hamlet called Abû Shoushe. De Saulcey thinks it marks the site of the ancient Kinneret. Our Lord must have traversed this road many a time; here He warned His disciples against "the leaven of Herod," the influence namely of that pagan luxury,

resident then in Tiberias, but which in all ages is apt to creep into society. Just look at the thorns and thistles that stand man-high in those fields! Surely they have choked the good seed, and the very goodness of the soil turns to greater weed—fit occasion for our Lord's parable.

Beyond Mejdél the hills recede from the lake, forming the plain of Genesareth, in extent about two miles westward from the lake and four miles northward along its waters. It is not such as our prairies, but merely a crescent of meadow sloping upward. The lake also extends westward here in a broad bay. This district, the mountains surrounding it and the cities north of this plain as far as the heap of rubbish—all that remains of Chorazin—were the field of much of our Saviour's active life. On the shore we can be most certain that we are treading physically in the footsteps of Christ. Passing along the lake, calling now one, then another, He gathers His chosen band; Andrew is the first chosen, and he brings his brother Simon, whose name Christ changes to Peter, and it is noteworthy that thereafter Peter is always named first in the enumeration of the Apostles. The next in order seem to have been James and John, sons of Zebedee, called by our Lord *Boanerges*, or sons of thunder; then Philip of Bethsaida, a townsman of Peter and Andrew; and Bartholomew, then Matthew from his tax gathering, and Thomas the twin, James, son of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes the Canaanean, Jude, the son of James, and Judas, "who betrayed Him." Differing talents and dispositions, but all called to be the beginning of the teaching Church.

Looking out over this fertile plain, perhaps from the heights above, whither He withdrew for quiet prayer, or for undisturbed instruction of these Apostles, Christ says to His disciples: "The harvest indeed is great, pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest," and to His Apostles: "Go ye into the whole world, baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," a great commission from the Blessed Trinity, and what a Catholic one: "Into the whole world," "To every creature," "I am with you all days," "To lead you into all truth," "All power I give to you, as the Father gave it to me." Thus over a larger plain, the whole world and all time, does our Saviour gaze on a greater harvest, the salvation of souls, and what a band for the work, destined to be the most illustrious, and yet all of them unknown and unlettered—not one from the priests or scribes, not one from the rich or titled, not one in positions of honor or service. All to sit on thrones in heaven, all to be martyrs on earth.

We proceed towards the north, crossing the Mudawarah (muddy wery! says the wit) and the streams from Ain Rubadieh and from Wady Amud,

and reach Khan Minyeh. Brother Lievan finds here the ruins of Bethsaida, the native place of Peter, Andrew and Philip, probably that of John and James, the sons of Zebedee. Others place it at Ain Tâbigah, others again claim that Bethsaida Julias, beyond the mouth of the Jordan, is the Bethsaida of the Apostle, which, however, cannot be allowed from the words of the Gospels that place that Bethsaida in Galilee.

Khan Minyeh, meaning the caravansary of the little port, lies nearly at the end of the fertile plain and shows extensive ruins. Most noticeable is a large mill from whose top a great stream is wasting itself on a wheel that no longer turns. The fields are strewn with innumerable pieces of pottery, and M. Guérin discovered the lines of walls, made of cut stone, and in 1880 Brother Lievan saw being knocked down a large portion of a beautiful church, built of magnificent blocks of stone, of which to-day a part of the apse is still visible. Bethsaida means House of Fruit, or Happy or Plentiful House; this is one of the richest spots in Palestine; rich too, as we have seen, in the first fruits of the Apostolate.

The calling of the Apostles is a great lesson; every man is destined by God to some vocation, happy if he finds it, happy if he heeds the "follow Me" of the Lord. Shall we say "no" to His leading—be it to become fishers on this lake, or fishers of men on the wider ocean of the world? The seal of the fisherman is still the highest stamp on church documents. Later Peter declares: "Lo, we have left all and followed Thee." Poor man! What had he to leave? The world would say, simply nothing; but yet he expects the large reward, and he is right, for in leaving his own will the Apostle leaves everything.

"Lovest thou me more than these? Can ye drink of the Chalice that I must drink?" So are the *Boanerges* tried. So is the Christian tried. So are tried the eagle's young: suspended from the parent's claw they must gaze on the noonday sun—if the eye blinks ever so slightly they are hurled downward as spurious.

At Khan Minyeh we wade our horses through the stream that fills one of the arches of the old aqueduct, and proceeding north a few minutes' ride come to the fig spring, Ain et Tîn. Behind it rises a hill, Tell el Oreimeh, projecting a low headland into the lake, and terminating the Plain el Ghuweir. Along the stream we just crossed grows in profusion the papyrus. We climb the hill by a very steep and difficult pathway, making use of the rock-cut aqueduct, a very scanty roadway. This was made to bring water from Ain et Tâbigah into the plain of Genesereth, but is not now used, being broken in many places. Having reached the top of this promontory we are cheered by the prospect of rest and refreshment in the

fine new building belonging to the German Catholic Society of Cologne, who have wisely bought up a large tract of land on the borders of Galilee. Father Zepheryn Biver, patriarchal and gigantic, with white flowing beard and overflowing heart, has charge of the lately erected convent and hospice, beautifully situated looking out over the lake. It is built of the black basalt of the neighboring hills, enlivened by white mortar joints. Of the seven springs that gave this place its name only five remain, but they are ample. It is curious to note the transformation of the Arab Bir Sabee—Wells Seven—to the Greek Hepta-pegon and then the corruption of that name into Arabic Ptabigah. Ain el Hasel, the farthest north and the highest, is a spring of good water, for which a cylinder-shaped tower was provided, called in Arabic *tannour*, in which the water rose sixty six feet above the level of the lake; in this way it could be carried across the intervening ridge of Oreimeh into the Ghuweir; there was another *tannour* carrying a more abundant supply, Ain et Tâbigah, or, more commonly, Ain Ali ed Dhaher, from the name of the prince who restored these waterways in the eighteenth century. The tower is octagonal, eighty feet in diameter and thirty-three feet in depth. The water is salt and sulphury. The majority of authorities are agreed to call this the fountain of Capharnaum, which Josephus states was used to irrigate the land of Genesareth. "This fount," says the Jewish historian, "is regarded as one of the veins of the Nile because it contains a fish, *corocinus*, which is found in the marshes of Alexandria." To-day the same fish lives in the Ain Mudawarah.

On the hill above one tradition places the first multiplication of the loaves, viz., the five loaves that sufficed for the 5,000. "And when He had taken the five loaves, looking up to heaven He blest and broke the loaves and gave them to His disciples to set before the people." Mark vi. 41. Through intermediaries come our griefs and blessings—are they any the less from God? One says: "Why does not God give His grace immediately, without the intervention of the priest? It is not His way; natural causes, human instrumentalities cannot hide the hand of God to the thoughtful soul.

There was a hospice building here; since opened (April 20, 1911) by the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Egypt; no finer harborage could be wished for pious tourists. We spend a night at Ain Tâbigah. The poetry of the evening, of the scene, of the water, of the stars, of the recollections, thrills us.

*And all is peace, around, above,
The air all balm, the light all love,
Enduring love, that burns and broods
Serenely o'er these solitudes;*

*Or pours at intervals a part
Of Heaven upon the wanderer's heart
By mute address of bud or beam,
Of purple peak and silver stream,
Innumerable tongues that teach
The will and ways of God to men
In waves that beat the lonely beach
And winds that haunt the homeless glen.*

"This lake feeds every sense of the body with life; sweet water full of fish, a surface of sparkling blue tempting down breezes from above, bringing forth breezes of its own, the Lake of Galilee is at once food and drink and air, a rest to the eye, coolness in the heat, an escape from the crowd."—G. A. Smith.

And how wonderfully it feeds the soul, with its record of immortal love in mortal guise! If in the desert we feel the presence of God the Father, here we approach nearer to God the Son. The Rabbis say: "The earth has seven seas, but Genezereth God made for Himself."

CHAPTER XL

THE DECAPOLIS

The Decapolis, or ten cities, was a district lying mainly east and south of the Sea of Galilee, but taking in Scythopolis, Beisan, which is west of the Jordan and southwest of Tiberias, so that in coming from the country of Tyre to the Sea of Galilee there would be no confusion in saying: "He came through the midst of Decapolis." Mark vii. 31. Pliny is the first to give a list of those ten cities and he enumerates Scythopolis, Pella, Hippos, Dion, Gerasa, Philadelphia, Raphana, Canatha, and Damascus, but Ptolemy gives eighteen, and it seems improbable Damascus should have been included. It was probably a league of rulers for mutual defence which would not be a permanent number.

This Decapolis seems to have been friendly to our Lord, as we read of Him visiting it on several occasions. Now it is rather dangerous for the unarmed traveller.

Almost directly opposite Tiberias, but some distance from the eastern shore, is Gamala, and north of it Khersa, opposite Magdala; still further north, at the head of the lake, is Et Tell, the supposed site of Bethsaida Julias. These are the three points of interest on the east shore of the lake. We choose a calm day to cross the Sea of Galilee, taking four boatmen for whose services we will pay thirty francs.

On this lake, once covered with sail and fishing boats, and pleasure craft from the court of Herod, there are only a few clumsy fishing boats driven by large oars, one man at each standing on the thwarts and throwing the weight of his body upon the long and heavy oar. In a favoring breeze they erect a mast, from the top of which, hanging obliquely, a boom about sixteen feet long carries a lateen sail.

They are not, however, experienced sailors; they prefer to skirt along the shore, going all around the lake rather than cross it. To-day we have, however, persuaded them by promise of backsheesh to cross directly over to Gamala. We inquire where the steamboat is that was here last year; they silently point to the bottom of the lake! We inquire no more. It is rumored that envy sank it. If sailing be a lost art here, fishing is also. We remember that our Lord chose His Apostles mostly from the fishermen. There is a fitness in this; there is the strength of waiting, exemplified and practiced in the angler. There is the keen eye and active body required



GALILEE FISHERMEN

for the dip-net; there is strong and united effort required in handling the drag-net; it was this latter to which our Lord compares the kingdom of heaven, saying: "It is like to a net cast into the sea, and gathering together all kinds, which, when it is filled, they draw out, and sitting by the shore choose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels will go out and separate the wicked from among the just and cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Matt. xiii.

It was in such a net that the miraculous draught of fishes was caught. "Now when He had ceased to speak He said to Simon, put off into the deep and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said to Him: Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing, but at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this they enclosed a great multitude of fishes and their net was breaking." Luke v. Obedience and trust in God merits its reward. Humanly speaking, the night was the better time for fishing, but God's time is best. The modern Arab to-day lacks the patience of Izaak Walton, or the God-trusting enterprise of the Apostles. Hence, strange to relate, we were served with no fish at the hospices of the Sea of Galilee.

There are nevertheless many varieties of fish in the lake—the one called by the natives *Benni* being esteemed the best. It is said to eulogize itself in rhyme: "*Anâ el Benni Kol menî*"—I am the Benny, eat me. The best fishing grounds are at the mouth of the Jordan, Ain Tâbigah, from Khan Minieh to Magdala, at Ain et Fulieh, and at Wady Semak, the railroad station for the lake district. It is worth noting that two of these, the first and the third, are the supposed sites of the two Bethsaidas, which may be interpreted "House of Good Fishing," while Semak means fish.

Is there any parallel nowadays to the miraculous draft of fishes related in Luke v. 6. Yes! Father Zepherin told how, in 1896, an immense haul was made of 10,000 pounds of fish. But no such luck was ours. We were not fortunate in our attempts to catch fish. "*Maleish!*" says our resigned guide.

Maleish! How often we hear this outlandish word! In lands ruled by the Mohammedans it is the expression of their resignation to Kismet, that fate that in the Mohammedan creed is all-powerful and consequently is blamed for all that falls out untowardly, though it never seems to receive its meed of praise for the good events. *Maleish* signifies that "it does not matter." It is the language of pessimism, of despair, of no progress. When the peasant neglects his farm and reaps but a scanty harvest: "*Maleish!* it is the will of Allah." When a shoe is badly made and falls to pieces:

"*Maleish!* nothing endures but God." And so potent is it in the Orient, this fatalism, that its malign effect is visible even in the Catholic Church. It would be unpardonable presumption in a casual visitor to express this opinion, but it has been so often and so emphatically borne in upon me by the English-speaking Fathers of that Franciscan order, who for centuries have stood in the forefront and done such heroic work for Catholicity in these lands. The one cry from them is: "The Italian *régime* with its policy of *laissez faire, nil innovetur* and all that is keeping church interests pretty much at a standstill, and we are losing the golden opportunity of the twentieth century. What we lose is gained by Protestantism. English is the language of the civilized world; it is the language of the commercial world and so long as Italian and French are made most prominent in the Catholic schools parents will take advantage of the mission schools of the Protestants, where English is better taught. We Catholics want the very best, both for time and eternity. The Catholic Church ought to be paramount in education as well as in religion. "*Pazienza*," says the Italian. I would rather say with Thomas à Becket: "Tell them that time makes patience sin; the years work for the foe, not us." The evil is indeed being corrected; but let us not say "*Maleish*."

Birds also are not wanting on this lake. Rising early one morning we noticed out in the water what appeared to be an island arisen over night. It was a flock of cormorants coming from their roosting place in the trees beyond the lake, and with a glass we watched them catch their breakfast. They beat the water with their wings as if to scare the fishes to one spot, then diving down would appear with a fish crosswise in their bill. They could not swallow it so; therefore with a jerk they tossed it high in the air, and coming down perpendicular, it was swallowed by the bird.

But behold! The pelicans—which bird we so glorify in poetry—have come into the midst of the cormorants, and by high-sea robbery seize the fishes as they bring them up! I have lost my respect for the pelican.

A favoring breeze springing up, we are enabled to hoist the sail, and for the same reason take Gerasa before Gamala, the wind being somewhat southerly. The Wady es Semak, valley of fishes, comes down into the lake, protected by a promontory. Having landed we have a climbing walk to Khersa on the left bank of the valley, *i. e.*, to our right as we ascend. There are extensive ruins, and the city was once enclosed in a wall; this place is thought to have been the locality of the miracle recorded in Luke viii: "And they sailed to the country of the Gerasens, which is over against Galilee. And as He came forth on the land, there met Him a certain man who had a devil a long time, and ware no clothes, neither did he

live in a house, but in tombs. And when he saw Jesus he fell down before Him, and crying out with a loud voice, said: What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Son of the Most High God? I beseech Thee do not torment me. Then He commanded the unclean spirit to go out of the man; for many times it seized him, and he was bound with chains, and kept in fetters; and breaking the bands, he was driven by the devil into the desert. And Jesus asked him, saying: What is thy name? But he said: Legion: because many devils had entered into him. And they besought Him that He would not command them to go into the abyss. And a herd of many swine was there feeding on the mountain; and they besought Him to suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them. The devils, therefore, went out of the man and entered into the swine, and the herd rushed down the steep into the lake and was choked."

We are glad to corroborate Thomson's statement that here at Khersa was the scene of this miracle. His argument is well made, for here are all the requirements: a locality not far from the lake, with a precipitous descent to the water, and a country which is infested with wild boars. Though Mark and Luke place this miracle in the country of the Gadarenes, Matthew writes it Gergesens, and as Gadara, Um Keiss, is much too far south and not on the lake, the situation would not fulfill the language of the "steep descent into the sea," where miraculous restraint alone would save a herd rushing down, as at Khersa. Origen, too, speaks of Gergesa as across the lake from Tiberias. Wild boars abound even to-day around these deserted shores, and may be the descendants of those which ran into the sea under the Lord's condemnation.

But the economist exclaims over the waste of good pork in our Saviour's action. Our Lord's miracles were for all time, and here I think we have a rebuke for those renegade Jews who were trafficking in the violation of conscience, by those who would eat prohibited swine flesh.

May it not also have been to prove the reality of demoniacal influence, as it certainly could not be said that swine would be apt to suffer from nervous troubles or from imagined obsession, or could be cured by Christian Science. And we can well understand how the Mohammedans, to whom pork is forbidden as rigorously as to the Jew, despise one who eats it, and sound their utmost note of execration in not "dog of a christian" as most writers put it, but "swine of a christian." Khanzir is the word and with a hoggish guttural. And although there is no prohibition of pork in the New Testament dispensation, St. Paul very sensibly says: "If eating meat should scandalize my brother I would not touch it all the days." There is indeed a hygienic reason in these warm latitudes for abstaining from swine flesh,



BETHSAIDA JULIAS

but from the herds of these animals, good for nothing but food, there must have been a goodly portion of these eastern nations who used pork as an article of diet, as witnessed in the parable of the prodigal son; and the same may be proved by Assyrian and Persian monuments.

We descend from Khersa to the shore to continue our journey, some going by boat, which must be rowed southward, the more active making the trip on foot to Gamala. The recent rain has scattered the stones that had been carefully gathered together to make a little agriculture possible, and we are reminded of Eccls. xxi., "He who buildeth his house upon borrowed money is like he who collects his stones in winter"—only after the torrents are over is it any good.

Passing a few insignificant wadies that come down into the lake, el Awamish and Skufiyeh, the Wady Kulat el Hosn is seen to our left, and on the steep and isolated hill above, the Kulat itself—that is, the fortress; it is the famous Gamala, taken of old by Alexander Jannaeus and subsequently refortified by Josephus; Agrippa II laid siege to it for seven months but without success; Vespasian later made himself master of it after a prolonged siege.

With the single exception of Jerusalem, Gamala furnishes the most remarkable fulfillment of those terrible predictions of the Old Testament prophets, and of our Saviour in the New, concerning the destruction of the Jews. The outer city first, then the wonderful citadel itself was taken and nearly all the inhabitants were put to the sword, even the women and helpless infants. Five thousand of these miserable people, seeing escape impossible, destroyed themselves; husbands threw their wives over the walls, parents seized their children and leaped madly from the ramparts and were crushed into hideous masses in those yawning gulfs below. So fell Gamala on the 23d day of October, A. D. 69, after a siege of twenty-nine days. Of the entire population that thronged that city and citadel only two women escaped. The next act in the drama of Israel's destruction opens on the hills around Jerusalem, where the long bloody tragedy winds up with the total overthrow of that city and the Holy Temple amidst agonies and carnage never seen before, and never to be repeated while the world stands. Gamala is so called from the hill which looks to a stretched imagination like a recumbent camel. Thomson says: "The hump of the camel extends from northeast to northwest, the average width not quite half the length, and the entire shape of the summit approaches an oval. On all sides it is surrounded by deep ravines, except the narrow neck which joins it to the main mountain." The Bedouins call this hill of Gamala

Jamusieh, the buffalo, which does not prove in the language of Polonius that it is "very like a camel indeed."

East of us is Aphek, and south is Hippo, one of the cities of the Decapolis. But we are anxious to return to our boats and cross the water before nightfall. It is a toilsome pull of over two hours before we reach home at Tiberias, and we feel ourselves much safer west of the lake.

Another visit to the Decapolis country was made later from Capharnaum. Leaving Brother Wendolin in his garden, we take a boat and traverse the lake in a northwesterly direction. We go to visit the site of Bethsaida Julias; it is on the eastern side of the Jordan's mouth, and lies at the head of a valley or plain called Batîhah, resembling somewhat the plain of Genesareth, though not so extensive and much more marshy. It is a favorite haunt of the buffalo, numbers of which animals may be seen wallowing in the wet spots of the wady.

Here in the cultivated portions we will find the earliest melons and cucumbers, and are reminded of the "daughters of Zion left like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." Is. i. 8. We have seen such booths erected of the flimsiest materials, just to shelter the watchman for a few weeks while the fruit is ripening. A good figure of the soul deserted by grace. Job says that "the hypocrite buildeth his house as a booth." He is not stable but shifts his ground.

This valley of Batîhah is thought by some, among them Brother Lievan, to have been the Wilderness to which our Saviour led the multitude and miraculously fed them, as related in Mark vi and John vi, five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, and twelve baskets of remnants; fed their bodies and promised them the food of Christian souls as long as earth shall last. Indeed, from the Gospel narrative alone, this seems the most feasible locality: not only is there "much grass in the place" but all speak of our Lord as having taken a boat "across the lake" to that desert place where He feeds the multitude, and again of Him going "over the water" in returning to Capharnaum or to Genesareth. To one standing, however, at Capharnaum, the site of Julias is no more across the lake than is the southern portion of Genesareth at Magdala: each crossing is a line subtending an arc formed in the one case by the north bay of the lake where the Jordan enters, the other by the west bay that runs up into the Plain of Genesareth; in either case it would be called, even to-day, going across the water. So the argument for Julias falls away, and tradition seems to point to the west shore, and it is hardly likely that Christ would have chosen the vicinity of Philip's city, the man who had married the infamous Salome.

But the identification of the site of the miraculous feedings is not settled satisfactorily.

We ascend from the plain to visit the remains of the city now called et Tell; they are not extensive—a few crumbling buildings with the feathery palm-trees waving over them. The tomb of Philip, the one good son in the family of Herod the Great, once stood in Bethsaida Julias but has long since disappeared. Josephus tells us that Philip, Tetrarch of Gaulanitis, built a city on the site of a village named Bethsaida, and gave it the name of Julias in honor of Cæsar's daughter; this was about the time of our Lord's birth. It appears this place was not called Bethsaida but simply Julias; of late, however, authorities are endeavoring to place here the Bethsaida of the Gospels. Fatal to this opinion, however, is that this place is in the Gaulan, whereas Bethsaida, the home of so many of the Apostles, is always spoken of as in Galilee.

I would like to think that this is the Bethsaida that Christ linked with Chorazin in His terrible denunciation, "Woe to thee, Chorazin; woe to thee, Bethsaida," and that the home of the Apostles escaped the curse, but there seems little foundation for the belief that Julias went by the double name in our Lord's day.

Returning we sing the ever-loved "Memories of Galilee."

*Each cooing dove and sighing bough
That makes the eve so blest to me
Hath something far diviner now:
It bears me back to Galilee.*

CHORUS

*O Galilee! sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! blue Galilee!
Come sing thy song again to me.*

*Each flowery glen and mossy dell
Where happy birds in song agree,
Through sunny morn the praises tell
Of sounds and sights in Galilee.*

*And when I read the thrilling lore
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, O how I long once more
To walk with Him in Galilee.*

CHAPTER XLI

CAPHARNAUM

Capharnaum deserves a chapter to itself. With feelings akin to what one might experience coming back after many years to a home long deserted and destroyed we approach Tell Hûm. Here we find overwhelming proof that Tell Hûm is Capharnaum, "His own city." Etymology confirms it. Capharnaum is merely a shortening of Kefr Nahum, the village of Nahum. After being destroyed the village becomes a heap—*tell*. The heap of Nahum becomes Tell Hûm. Thompson strongly argues for it, and Brother Lievan goes into the arguments at length. To sum them up: this site was venerated by early pilgrims; and there are extensive ruins not lacking in the architectural features that we would expect in this city through which the traffic of Palestine passed. There has been lately unearthed the foundation of a synagogue which is evidently the one which the Centurion built, of which the Disciples speak when they urge our Lord to heal His servant: "He loves our nation and has built us a synagogue." This sacrifice was a preparation for the gift of faith and merits the reward of the healing.

We must examine the remains of this city, where He lived with Peter's mother-in-law, where the faith of the inhabitants made miracles possible, and occasioned that taunt of the Nazarenes: "The great things Thou hast done in Capharnaum, do also in Nazareth," Luke iv. 23. At my first visit in 1889 this whole site was grown up to brambles and thistles: I got well scratched in viewing even a few of the stones; but to-day the one lone Franciscan Father who has taken up his residence here has done giant work in unearthing this whole city, especially the synagogue. Another Franciscan thus describes them: "The ruins of Tell Hûm extend along the shore of the lake for a length of nearly a mile and for a width of four hundred and forty yards. On our entrance into the enclosure of the Fathers of the Holy Land, we come to the remains of a rampart, to-day sunk under the earth. This construction, formed of great blocks of basalt, carved and embossed, appears to have been part of a thick wall rather than to have been the foundation of a large tower. Advancing a few steps, one sees to the left a tower erected at an uncertain date. In the masonry, below the surface of the ground, there were used fragments of columns, mouldings and blocks of limestone, which appear to be taken from more ancient monuments.

After that we cross a beautiful large mosaic, which is believed to have belonged to a church; further excavations will show us what type of building it was that stood in this place. All around we see stones remarkable for the large amount of carving on them.

At the end of the road we come face to face with the imposing ruins of a synagogue. In front is a flight of steps six feet high, nine feet wide and sixty-five feet long. At the western side there has been discovered a staircase with four steps, and on the eastern side there is one with fourteen. This is the one pointed out by the French lady pilgrim of the fourth century.

The synagogue forms a parallelogram 79 feet long by 59 feet wide, looking from the south to north, like all buildings of this kind in Palestine. It was made throughout of blocks of yellowish white limestone. The richly decorated facade is entered by a central door and by two side ones, above which open three beautifully wrought windows.

In the interior there is a central nave, 62 feet long by 26 feet wide, surrounded on three sides, the east, north and west, by lateral naves. They are separated from one another by a stylobate carrying a series of columns, six on each side and two on the north. In the two corners of the gallery are seen two square pillars, each flanked on two of its faces by half columns that adjoin.

The pedestals, which are of one piece with the bases of the columns, are for the most part still in their places. The monolithic shafts are over nine feet in length, and carry superb Corinthian capitals with deeply cut foliage. The entablature shows palms, foliage, fruits and geometrical figures. In the lower part there ran along the whole length of the wall a bank of two steps. To the east a side door opens onto a little paved courtyard partly surrounded by walls of carefully cut white stone. It is likely that here stood a more ancient synagogue.

Sir. C. Wilson who first excavated these ruins in 1866, did not hesitate to attribute the foundation of this synagogue to the centurion mentioned in the Gospel. Some Hebrew engineers, who still further unearthed part of the ruins in 1905, have declared in their turn that this edifice, "which is distinguished from all others by the richness of its carvings and the excellence of its workmanship, is the type of synagogue constructed under the Roman rule."

On my first visit I felt all the joy of a discoverer, as with my pen-knife I cleared away weeds and brambles to obtain a photograph of some of these stones. To-day they are all cleaned up and set in rows on exhibition. There is one stone with a pot of manna sculptured on it, and how



SYNAGOGUE—TELL HUM

we thrill at the thought that this very stone may have been pointed to when our Lord said: "Your Fathers did eat manna and died."

It is the privilege of a lifetime to read here the sixth chapter of St. John, 48 to 60: "I am the bread of life.

Your fathers ate manna in the desert, and died.

This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that if any man eat of it, he may not die.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.

If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world.

The Jews therefore disputed among themselves, saying: How can this man give us His flesh to eat?

Then Jesus said to them: Truly, truly, I say to you: Unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye shall not have life in you.

He who eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day.

For My flesh is true food, and My blood is true drink.

He who eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him.

As the Father who liveth sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.

This is the bread which came down from heaven. Not as your fathers ate manna and died. He who eateth this bread shall live forever." And we stand within the circle of those walls that heard these words. "These things He said teaching in the synagogue at Capharnaum."

Every sentence is a confirmation of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, and we again thank God for the gift of the Catholic faith, that enables us to understand, even as those who heard Him understood, when He told them of a bread that should be better than the manna, that should be living bread to life everlasting, that should be the twofold communication of Himself, namely His doctrine and His body.

We thank God that understanding it we accept it; "Many of them walked no more with Him." No mystical eating would have driven them to this extremity; if He had been misunderstood He would have explained Himself; instead He turns to the Apostles and inquires: "Will you also go away?" Peter the spokesman declares, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

"To whom shall we go?" Did they not have their homes, their friends, some of them wives and children? Ah, but the aspect of life had changed for them; they had heard the Saviour's voice.

*And Oh, the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.*

Ezekiel says: "This cannot be what Thou sayest, 'let us be as others.' " No!

*Refuse we or obey,
We who have heard the Almighty's call
Can never be as they.*

In identifying the localities in the Palestine of to-day with Bible sites, our first recourse is to find if position, description and name in the sacred or profane records tally with the sites under consideration.

Our next reliance will be on the traditions which will be valuable in proportion to their antiquity and uniform continuity.

Philology will aid us also in considering the present day names with the Bible nomenclature. Here at Tell Hûm we think the name so little like Capharnaum that we might be inclined to reject the modern name as

any guide. But, as noted above, a very simple transformation explains it. There are also letters that have changed themselves into others, and it must not be forgotten that the only important letters are the consonants, as the vowels are not written in the Hebrew and Arabic. Thus Caph may be K or H, as in Chaifa, which may be either Kaipha or Haifa. T and D are interchangeable. Also Z and S. Many of the names commencing with a vowel may have or lack the aspirate H.

The village of the Prophet Nahum is said to have been in Galilee, and so far no other place has been traditionally accorded to him. This is of course only a negative argument. But if this was his birthplace how apt is his comparison: "As thorns embrace one another interwoven, so shall these that feast and drink together, the Lord's enemies, be considered as dry stubble," Nahum i. 10. Nowhere did I suffer so many scratches as making my way in the thickets round Capharnaum.

The Prophet again, possibly pointing upward to the site of the Sermon on the Mount, and in prophetic vision piercing to the time of the Saviour, exclaims: "Behold, upon the mountains the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that preacheth peace," Nahum i. 15.

Oh, the thistles of Capharnaum! Here they are ten feet tall, formidable as temptations in the cloister. These are, I think "the thorns that growing up with the good seed choked it." The parable could not mean the Christ-thorn, the *nubk*, for that is a permanent shrub and would not grow up together with the crop. "Permit them both to grow." "If anything could be hard for God to decide in the management of the universe it seems to me it would be how much evil to permit in the world." I wrote this from a conscience perturbed through forty years by the thought that I was responsible for all the wrong-doing in the parish. The mystery of evil is indeed the least intelligible of all mysteries; here the poet's dictum surpasses the philosopher's:

*Enough to feel
That God indeed is good; enough to know
Without the sullen clouds He could reveal
No beauteous bow.*

"Perhaps God only permits evil that He may draw good from it." It was the Optimist who spoke. "That would be very consoling, if we were not compelled to see much evil from which, apparently, no good results, for instance, the eternal damnation of the sinner."

That suggests a thought anent the dispute whether Catholic theology justifies doing evil that good may come. This is alleged against the teaching

of the Jesuits, but as far as I can see, it is they who have suffered most from Catholicism, not advocating, indeed, that the good end justifies the bad means, but seemingly acting on that principle, for instance, in the suppression of those very Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV in 1773. Perhaps the way out of the dilemma will be found in the truth that evil is relative and negative, while good is absolute and positive, and that even the lost "show forth the glory of God," which is the primary end of creation from God's viewpoint; that God's ways are truly not man's ways, and that, moreover, every good entails the possibility of some evil; yes, the necessity of something evil relatively to the good; but in everything evil there is also something good, so that Milton is quite within his right when he judges that even the damned would not court annihilation.

One might live a whole year in Capharnaum, meditating each day on a different incident of love, of wisdom, or of power, in our Lord's actions. It was here that He took the publican, Levi-Matthew, from his toll-collecting to be an Apostle. It is no wonder that the tax-gatherer was a man hated and considered an extortioner. Look at the condition in Palestine even in the twentieth century. The taxes are farmed out, that is, sold to the highest bidder to collect, with police interference, if necessary, to extort as much extra as "the traffic will bear." He will perhaps collect double the assessed tax, the balance going into his own pockets. If the whole village would unite to crush the injustice, perhaps something might be done, but woe to the individual who attempts it. The tax will increase with each day it is deferred, so that the words of our Lord are justified, "Agree with thy adversary quickly."

It was here that Jesus was asked if He and His disciples should pay the tribute, and as we look out over this water we remember His answer: "The children are free, but that we may not scandalize them, go to the sea and cast in a hook, and that fish that shall first come up take, and when thou hast opened its mouth thou shall find a stater, take that and give it to them for Me and thee." Commentators are not agreed whether a coin was found in the fish, or whether its vending price furnished the tax.

Here He raised the daughter of Jairus to life. "Behold a certain ruler came up and worshipped Him saying: 'Lord my daughter has just now died, but come lay Thy hand on her and she will live,' and when Jesus was come into the house of the ruler and saw the minstrels and the crowd in an uproar, He said: 'Retire, for the maid is not dead but sleepeth,' and when the crowd was put forth, He went in and took her by the hand, and the maid arose." The hired musicians, the importunate neighbors, and their clamorous sorrow, are all characteristic of an Oriental house of mourning.

The scorn with which they laughed at Him and the fame thereof which went abroad into all that country confirmed the verity of the miracle.

It was while going on this errand of mercy, that He worked another miracle. "And behold a woman who had an issue of blood for twelve years, came behind and touched the fringe of His garment, for she said within herself 'If I may but touch His garment I shall be healed,' but Jesus turned about and seeing her said, 'Be of good heart, daughter, thy faith hath healed thee,' and the woman was healed from that hour."

Here the pagan centurion, he who had built the synagogue, makes his grand profession of faith, humility and obedience, in the words immortalized by the use of the church: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word and my servant shall be healed." Matthew viii. 5, and we know that his faith was rewarded.

It was somewhere in the city, when the crowd pressing around the Saviour prevented the attendants from carrying in the paralytic at the door, that they let him down through the roof. Mark ii.

This sounds strange in our well roofed places, but is entirely in keeping with the dwellings of the poor in Palestine. The roof is of the very flimsiest construction; a few poles with boughs laid over them often serving as roof. The site of Peter's mother-in-law's dwelling is not known, nor is it likely that it would possess any distinction.

Here in Capharnaum the very devils confess Him as God. "And in the synagogue there was a man who had an unclean devil, and he cried out with a loud voice, 'Let us alone, Jesus of Nazareth, art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee, who Thou art, the Holy One of God.'"

Some of the symptoms in possession by the devil are akin to epilepsy, but here we see clearly that this obsession is supernatural, in the prophetic sight, the acknowledgement that Christ is God come to destroy their power. Even in cures to-day we are not obliged to draw the line and say where nature ends and supernature begins—enough that God acts through both.

These are only specimens of His many miracles. We learn from St. Mark, chapter i, "They brought all to Him that were diseased, and that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases. And He cast out many devils." After all these works of mercy, the Pharisees stir up the people to an attitude of hostility against Christ, and He is constrained to utter the words: "Thou Capharnaum, thou art exalted to heaven, but thou shalt go down even to hell, for if the mighty works had been done in Sodom that have been done in thee, perhaps it would have remained until this day, but I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom

in the day of judgment than for thee." Matt. xi. 23-24. Awful denunciation, awfully fulfilled.

*Tell me ye mouldering fragments, tell
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?*

"Land of Zabulon and Nephthali, the way toward the sea from beyond the Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles, the people that sat in darkness have seen a great light." Matt. iv. 15, cheers thus the inhabitants of Galilee, and we can particularly apply these words to Capharnaum, where our Lord flashed forth His doctrine and the strength of His miraculous power. Galilee was not solitary and self-sustaining, like Judea, it was the thoroughfare between Damascus and the sea, with its foreign commerce. It was from here that the first captives were taken away to Babylon, and ever afterwards it possessed more a mixed population, more a mixed religion.

We may reflect here on the relation of Christ's miracles in healing the sick, with His real mission of curing minds and souls. It is not only that He knew how much more ready man is to embrace doctrines that bring temporal alleviation, not only that He would show the reality of His divine mission by His transcendent power over nature, ("Am I then a God," Joram asks, "to take away or to restore life?") but it is that He appreciated as no other could that pain and sickness and poverty are consequences of sin. He who was to be the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world must also bear our infirmities and carry our sorrows.

Was disease more prevalent then than now? What must we think especially of evil spirits? Was it real obsession? Was it epilepsy? Certainly some distempers are local and temporal, and we cannot argue from the rarity of apparent possession now-a-days to non-possession then. In the conversion of pagan nations, missionaries testify to the fact of demoniacal possession, nor it is unknown among the civilized.

But even natural healing is an aid to introducing the Gospel, and the Church has ever been alive to the spiritual gain in sharing with the heathen our temporal blessings, and the missionary is often a physician.

Somewhere on this shore Christ puts Peter to the trial. "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith to Him, Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him feed My lambs." Three times the Lord requires this declaration, and to Peter's third answer, grieved that his love should appear to be doubted, comes the commission also, "Feed

My sheep." John xxi. 15. Here is the primacy given to Peter, over the pastors as well as over the flock.

With all these memories thronging our minds, gladly would we remain here indefinitely, but we must tear ourselves away. O, Father Wendolin! How pilgrims' paths touch and separate forever! Slightly altering Tennyson's impromptu lines at Sermio, from afar I declare to thee:

*There, to me, through all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin, where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave, atque vale," of the poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago.
"Frater, ave, atque vale," as we wandered to and fro,
Gazing on the Lydian laughter of lake Galilee below.*

May thy life ever be as placid as the lake was that day. "Brother, hail! and farewell!" And may a chapel commensurate with thy large zeal soon rise in this favored Tell Hûm!

The *Bote aus Zion*, a German quarterly published in Jerusalem in the interests of the famous Schneller Syrian Orphans Home, says:

"A new era has begun for the Sea of Galilee. Last October the railway was formally opened which connects this sea with Haifa and with the great East Jordan railroad, and eventually will connect it with the Bagdad road.

"This road touches the sea in the southern part near the village of Sâmak, from which it is possible in two or three hours, with a boat, to reach Tiberias.

"In this way this historic lake is brought into connection with modern traffic, and the probabilities are that in the near future there will be found along its borders as great a population as was found there in the first century.

"Contemporaneously with the building of the railroad another task of equal interest in connection with the Sea of Galilee was being done, namely, laying bare some of the magnificent ruins at Tell Hûm, which authorities, following the Franciscan tradition, have been coming more and more to consider as the site of Capharnaum.

"The material out of which the ancient synagogue was built, is a marble-like limestone formerly doubtless found in abundance along this sea; although, according to statements of the natives, no longer extant there."

I am strongly inclined to think that the *Bote* is mistaken and that this marble-like limestone must have been brought from a distance. Being the

only white building in a city of dark basalt, it must have been indeed remarkable. There is a proposition on foot for this synagogue to be rebuilt as a Catholic Church, by a priest of Wisconsin.

These ruins speak of faith lost by nations and individuals; but these hills and sea, unchanged since our Lord saw them, are a type of the truth that never is lost by those who love it; it is immovable as the mountain, it is calm as this blue wave. In this very synagogue in Capharnaum a man with a devil acknowledged the divinity of Christ, Mark i. 23.

It was probably here at Capharnaum that Jesus, at the instigation of the Baptist, declares Himself the Messiah: "Art Thou He who is to come?" Matt. xi. 3. Our Lord simply asks: "Do I fulfill the prophecies?" Relate to John what you see and hear: "the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead rise again, to the poor is preached the Gospel." *Ibid.* 5. Behold the prophecies with which they were familiar: "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame leap as a hart." Is. xxxv. 5. "I will close up thy scar and heal thee of thy wounds." Jer. xxx. 17. "Behold I will open your graves and bring you out of your sepulchre." Ezek. xxxvii. 12. "The bruised reed He shall not break, and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish." Is. xlii. 3. "He hath sent me to announce the Gospel to the meek and the contrite." Is. lxi. 1.

These would appeal to them more forcibly than the virgin birth foretold by Isaiah vii. 14, or the place by Mich. v. 4, or the time spoken of by Jacob in Genesis xlix, when the sceptre having passed from Juda the Messiah would be near, or the mystery of weeks prophesied by Daniel ix. 26. Other prophecies they were to see fulfilled later: In the garden: "He bore our sins," Is. liii; In Pilate's hall: "He was bruised for our iniquities, a Man of Sorrows and despised." "With garments red like those who tread the wine vat." Is. lxiii. 2. On Palm Sunday: "Behold thy King, the Just and Saviour; He is poor and riding on an ass," Zachary ix. 9. On the *Via Dolorosa*: "He was led as an innocent lamb to the slaughter," Jer. xi. 19. On Olivet: "Thou wilt not let thy Holy one see corruption."

We never tire of sitting and, in meditation, gazing on the Sea of Galilee—it is like lover in the presence of lover. No view that one carries away in his mind's eye is so satisfying as the remembrance of the first look, when suddenly the lake appears from the heights this side of Tabor. Far, far down in the green circle of hills is this mirror reflecting the peaceful life of our Saviour; this Kinereth, a harp, still full of music. This feeling of perfect satisfaction grows from day to day, as one sails over its waters, or loiters on its shelly marge. Other holy sites may thrill more, but

none pleases like this. Calvary, Gethsemane, even Bethlehem—these are almost tragedies, but Galilee's Lake is an idyl. No blood is here, no agony, no strife; here is the silent call of the placid fisherman, and the brave, prompt following; here was the healing, and the teaching, and the feeding, and the calming of the billows; here He walked those waves that in Gethsemane overwhelmed Him; here Judas adored, who later betrayed; here Peter confessed Him, Peter, who denied Him in Jerusalem, and here was a city that Jesus could call "His own," because Jerusalem "His own, received Him not." Another factor in the charm of this locality is doubtless that there has been less change here. Very different was Jerusalem in our Lord's time from what it is to-day, very different was Bethlehem, very different was Nazareth. Not a building remains in those cities on which the Saviour's eye rested—perhaps individual stones, but no entire structure. But here the architecture is of the hills and of the plains, of the sky and of the sea; these are immortal. We gaze on the very same landscape on which rested those calm, sweet eyes that the Virgin gave to the God-man. The cities indeed are different, but how insignificant their architecture in comparison to the everlasting mountains.

How did our Saviour look as he walked along this shore in the days of His flesh? Probably, to the casual eye, not distinguishable from yonder native in white *abba*.

As we dream by this lake, that more than any other mirrors the memory of our Lord, we think how often the Christian, from motive of piety, or of estheticism, has expressed the wish that we possessed a true portrait of our Lord, and that we could hear the very tones of His Divine Voice. Why could St. Luke not have painted His likeness as he is thought to have painted the Virgin Mother? Why did not this water, that so often reflected His form and features retain it like the photographic plate? Why did not Christ invent miraculous means to perpetuate His visible countenance and the sound of His voice, as He did secure His sacramental presence? We cannot sit in judgment; but the first answer that presents itself is, that it was not necessary. He did not come for purposes of art. And the second thought to one who has studied sacred art, is that we have what is better than a "cut and dried" portrait, we have the crystalization of the traditions of His appearance, and of a faith that believes Him "the most beautiful of the sons of men." There was a mania at one time to dwell on the words of Isaiah liii. 2.: "There was no beauty in Him nor comeliness," and to represent the Saviour as hideous. The church had to condemn such art. But examine the representative painters of the ages and you will find a remarkable likeness in all the principal characteristics of the Saviour:

the oval face, the long hair of chestnut color, the mild eyes, the divided beard; the beauty of holiness, the beauty of grief, and the beauty of joy are all commingled. It is tradition crystalized not into words, but into form and color. Why did no phonograph record His accents? Because He had provided a better way when He said to His church: "He that heareth you heareth me."

Every day we add some new plant to our herbarium—some illustration to our Theology. While England has named many plants for the Holy Land, and especially for our Lady, the Arabs have no name except for what is useful, all others, however lovely their flowers may be, are named *hashish*, or weeds. With the leaf of *utrufan* they scent their butter, from the prickly *kursa'aneh* they make an excellent salad; on the dry sticks of the *billan* the camels feed, and the sheep on those of the *shih*; the ashes of the *gali* are used in making soap. Trees are grouped in pairs: Those that yield food, and those that do not; those that are good to sit under, and those that are not; those that may not be cut, being *harêm*, and those that are profane. Like our Saviour we love to draw illustrations of the invisible from the visible.

Tennyson remarks quaintly:

*Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here root and all in my hand.
Little flower! but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.*

Yes, truly these plants among which the thoughtless camp, how well they illustrate the virtues that speak of God. This plant just emerging from the soil so lately frozen, typifies the springing of faith in the mind and its upward activity,, signifies virtue in the life, for faith without the fruits would be dead. With effort, too, comes hope. What persistence in yon olive tree! so apparently hopeless yet undying. Can we see love also in the plant? What effort towards light, what yearning towards beauty, ever fuller and more perfect! Sentimental paganism saw little gods in nature; virile Christian thought sees God the author of nature.

CHAPTER XLII

THE CURSED CITIES

"Woe to thee Chorazin! woe to thee Bethsaida! for if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in thee, they would long ago have done penance in sackcloth and ashes; and thou Capharnaum, thou shalt go down to hell." Math. xi. 20. In the mouth of the loving Saviour who spoke pardon to the public sinner, such words astonish us, uttered of the cities He cherished, whence He chose His Apostles, and where He worked the most of His cures. Indifference needs often harsher words than black crime.

We have already seen at Khan Minyeh the truest claimant to be Bethsaida, and Bethsaida Julias, which we would like to think was the denounced city (though this lacks evidence), we therefore proceed north to Chorazin.

The weather is so continuously good in April and May, when most travelers visit Palestine, that a day of rain is a phenomenon. It was in this humor that Samuel (1 Kings xii) attracts the attention of the people: "Is it not the wheat harvest to-day?" to show the miraculous intervention of God: "I will call upon the Lord and He will send thunder and rain that ye may know your wickedness is great."

One may divide the year into (1) December, January and February—rain; (2) March, April, May and June—Fair, getting very hot the last six weeks; (3) July, August, September—too hot for travel; (4) October and November—fairly comfortable, if one avoids the chill of the cool nights which brings on malaria and diarrhea, and if summer has left no inheritance of cholera.

Leaving Tell Hûm half a mile behind, we meet another water course, Wady Kerazeh; we mount northwest in this valley to another heap of rubbish, Tell Kerazeh; this is beyond doubt the Chorazin on which, with Bethsaida, our Lord heaped maledictions. How many are the blessings heaped upon us, and no spark of gratitude is elicited, and deservedly they are withdrawn from us, as the glory from these cities. The ravine is a wilderness of black boulders brought down by dateless flood and filled in with mud from the hillsides; we must pass the worst of the desolation of this wady painfully on foot before attempting it on our beasts.

"There was indeed no path," says Geikie, "nor could the country have

been more utterly desolate; Chorazin itself stands in the midst of such a desolation as must be seen to be believed. Millions of boulders cover the ground everywhere as far as the eye can reach. The horses could hardly, in fact, get a footing between them, either in climbing the slopes on the way from the lake or among the ruins themselves. Even in this vision of chaos the stones lay less thickly in some spots than in others, and these the poor fellahin had in some cases sown with grain. On the one slope were a few Arab tents, before which a woman in her long, blue gown, reaching down to her feet, and very graceful, was gathering dry thistle-stalks for fuel, while a few camels were grazing among the stones. Nowhere, however, did rock crop out; the rain of boulders was entirely distinct from the hills on which they lay so thickly. The terrible volcanic energy in this district ceased long before the historic period—how long, no one can tell—and hence the aspect of the landscape must have been the same in Christ's day as at present. How any considerable community such as Chorazin must have been, from the extent of its ruins, which cover as much ground as those of Tell Hûm, could have lived in such a region, it is very hard to imagine. There was no Roman road passing near to bring travelers, while the inhabitants could hardly have gained subsistence from the lake, since they were not less than two miles from it and as much as 700 feet above it. Yet the ruins speak of some wealth. Lintels, doorposts, heads of pillars, and carved stones, all of basalt, are scattered about, and there are the remains of a synagogue, also of basalt, with Corinthian capitals, niche-heads, and other ornaments cut, not as at Tell Hûm in limestone, but in the hard, black trap.

One very interesting feature of the ruins is that many of the dwelling houses are still tolerably perfect, though in the days of St. Jerome Chorazin had long been deserted. In some cases the walls are six feet high, of square blocks of imperishable basalt, or lava, forming houses of different sizes, but generally square, the largest measuring nearly thirty feet inside; with one or two columns down the middle to support the roof, which was apparently flat, as in the present houses of Palestine. As a rule, however, the dwellings are very small; in fact only tiny hollow cubes.

Among the ruins lies an enormous mill-stone, four feet thick, used as an oil press, proving that olive culture must have flourished even in this now so stony wilderness.

Khan Yubb Yûsuf lies about two miles northwest of Chorazin. We strike across westward, however, to the better road, visiting the trees of the Benedictions, *Shejerat el Moubarakat*, considered by some Catholic authorities to be the locality of the Beatitudes, and of one of the bread-

multiplying miracles. I think it can never be satisfactorily settled where these occurrences took place, and surely it does not matter, when the wonder is performed every day for our feeding in natural growth of grain, and in continuance of super-substantial bread.

This Khan was doubtless one of the halting places on the caravan road to Damascus, but is much fallen into decay with the ebb of traffic. The name suggests that here was the pit into which Joseph was thrown by his brothers, and as here the limestone is again supplanting the basalt and white stone is mixed with the black, a popular fable says that on the latter dropped Jacob's tears of mourning for his son.

We go somewhat out of our way towards the north, deflecting westward to visit Safed. As it is visible from the hills around the lake of Genesareth, it is quite probable that it was the one that attracted the gaze of our Lord when He said: "A city seated on a hill cannot be hid," and so must you, my Apostles, be with a light for mankind that none may miss except he shut his eyes.

A mile north of the Sea of Galilee, on the way to Safed, is a considerable forest of oaks, owned by the Bedouin chief R'derin. Two peasants, who thought of cutting some of these trees surreptitiously, were found killed. A tree here is worth more than a man—as once in Scotland:

*Ash or oak or elum tree
Hang a man for a' the three.*

We pass thickets of the "*Hadas*," a kind of myrtle of which the natives make little cushions to place under the head of the dead. The yellow edible fruit of the *Dôm*, or *Sidr Ziziphus Spina Christi* is also seen along our rocky uphill roadway. There are fine groves of olive and fig in the neighborhood both of Meiron and of Safed.

What is that string there stretched on the poles? The injunction not to carry burdens is construed to forbid the carrying of even a handkerchief except inside a city's wall. As the walls are all destroyed they could carry no convenience at all did they not stretch this cord and call it a wall! Evasion is a fine art among the Jews.

When the letter and the exterior takes the place of the true interior religion, fictions of the law and evasions are sure to be practiced. On the Sabbath to walk with shoes that have a little too thick a sole would be to labor; to wind up a watch (even better than Waterbury makes!) would be working; to tread on the grass would be a kind of threshing for there might be seed in the grass; to eat an egg laid on the Sabbath would be of at least doubtful morality, entailing as it does Sunday work on the hen.

Why should they not seek to circumvent such minute and unreasonable constructions of the law? At this Safed there was until lately a great Rabbinical school, keeping alive just such non-essentials.

How necessary was the broad-minded doctrine that Jesus Christ introduced to teach men that they were not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for them. So He cured on the Sabbath; He rubbed out the grain on the Sabbath; He would have the ox and the ass drawn out of the pit on the Sabbath.

Safed does not seem to have any ancient history. The fortifications, of which remains are visible in a ruined castle, were probably built by the Crusaders; after the battle of Hattin, Safed was taken by Saladin. It is only within the last five hundred years that Safed has taken on any importance, and it is now one of the four holy cities of the Hebrew Jews, together with Tiberias, Jerusalem and Hebron. This place has been visited by earthquakes, the last one in 1837, which destroyed synagogues, schools and printing establishments. There is a Catholic priest and sisters in Safed and Father Spillman, S. J., speaks of a wholesale return in 1860 to the fold of 4,000 persons disappointed in obtaining help from the Greek Patriarch in Beyrout.

Safed is intensely Jewish, 28,000 of its 30,000 inhabitants being of that faith and fanatically tenacious of Jewish laws and customs; they even expect that the Messiah will be from Safed. The Sephardim Jews practice polygamy, which, however, the Ashkenazim, mostly Polish, repudiate; and the duty of marrying the childless wife of a deceased brother is still practiced, of which we read in Deuteronomy Ch. xxv. 5-10. So our thoughts go back to the gleaner Ruth who obtained a husband through the working of this custom. The phylacteries are also to be seen in the synagogues: "Thou shalt bind them for a sign on thy hand and they shall be as frontlets between thy eyes." Deut. vi. 8. Snakes are more than usually numerous and deadly here. Has the venom of the serpents gone over to the Jews, or has the hatred of the Jews gone into the reptiles?

The Mohammedans, too, are most fanatical here, and they hate the Jews far more than they do the Christians, and it is only since the Austrian government has given protection to the Ashkenazim that they have enjoyed comparative freedom from persecution. In the time of the earthquake the Moslems committed frightful depredations on the unfortunates. With the calamity of San Francisco and Valparaiso and of Messina fresh in our memories, we find many passages in the Old Testament that assure us that earthquakes were not unknown from the earliest times. It may well have been from such a phenomenon that at the promulgation of the Ten

Commandments "Mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended on it in fire, and the mountain quaked greatly." Exodus xix. Many of the prophets speak of earthquakes, as Elijah on Horeb: "A strong wind rent the mountain and after the wind an earthquake," 1 Kings xix. 11. And the Psalmist, "The mountains skipped like lambs and the hills like the lambs of ewes." Psalm cxiv. 4. And the Evangelist speaking of the Crucifixion: "Behold the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth quaked and the rocks were rent." Matt. xxviii. 51. Reverend Thomson was an eye-witness of the distress in 1837, and an instrument of rescue; coming from Beyrout where the earthquake was felt but innocuous, he writes: "On the morning of the 18th we reached Safed, and then I understood, for the first time, what desolation God can work 'when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth.' Just before we began to ascend the hill we met our consular agent of Sidon returning with his widowed and childless sister. Her husband, a merchant of Safed, had been partially buried under the ruins of his house, and in that state he remained some days calling in vain for help, and finally perished. As we ascended the hill we saw rents and cracks in the rocks and earth, and though not so large as a fissure at El Jish, which I examined that morning, still they gave fearful indications of what was to be expected. But all anticipation was utterly confounded when we came within sight of the doomed town. I had refused to give full credit to the reports, but one glance convinced me that it was not in the power of language to exaggerate such ruin.

"We went first to the Jewish half of the town, which contained about four thousand inhabitants two years before, when I was there, and seemed like a hive of busy Israelites; now not a house remained standing. The town was built, as its successor is, upon the side of the mountain, which is so steep that in many places the roofs of the houses below formed the street for those above; when, therefore, the shock dashed all to the ground, the highest fell on the next below, that upon a third, and so on to the bottom, burying each successive row of houses deeper and deeper under accumulated masses of rubbish. From that cause it happened that many who were not killed instantly perished before they could be rescued, and it was said that others were found five, six and even seven days after the earthquake, still alive.

"A resident of Safed told me that he had found his wife dead, with one child under her arm, and her babe at her breast; it had died of hunger, trying to draw nourishment from its lifeless mother. Parents heard the cry of their little ones grow fainter and fainter, until hushed in death, while they were struggling to free themselves, or laboring with desperate energy to

throw off the fallen rocks and timbers from their dying children. My heart even now sickens at the thought of that long, black winter's night which closed around the wretched remnants of Safed half an hour after its overthrow—without a light or the possibility of getting one, four-fifths of the population under the ruins, dead or dying, and the earth trembling and shaking all the while, as if affrighted at the desolation that had been wrought."

The same earthquake did extensive damage in Tiberias, and entirely destroyed El Jish, the Giscala of Josephus, by whom it was once fortified and which was the last fortress in Galilee to bow to the Romans; this town was about four miles to the northwest, and we have it on the authority of St. Jerome that there was the home of the family of St. Paul before they removed to Tarsus in Cilicia. Brooks ran through the valley of Giscala with flocks feeding on their banks and a scanty husbandry occupying the few fellahin. With enterprise and security good crops could be raised here, but the territory is overrun by the Metawilehs, a fanatical sect of Moslems. We must beware how we touch anything belonging to them, for the contact of the "*Giaour*" or unbeliever, as they style Christians, is pollution in their eyes, and swift is their anger. To have "*khanzir*" hurled after us is the least we could expect—fortunate if it is not accompanied by stones. The Metawilehs are thought by some to be an apostate sect of Jews, accepting Mohammed's rule but retaining many of the ceremonial laws of Leviticus, which enter into detail that is better left unread by the modern. Not but what many of the Levitical prohibitions were beneficial to health. Pork certainly would not be good in a climate like Palestine, and a very good general guide to the best meat among the mammals is "those that cleave the hoof and chew the cud."

To-day Safed is a Kaimakamlik under Acre. It has two hospitals kept respectively by the Scottish and the London Protestants. May their practical imitation of Christ the Healer merit the everlasting reward! Being high above the heat and malaria of the Jordan valley, twenty-seven hundred and forty-nine feet, it is a most favorable spot for invalids. Moslem and Jewish hate are however in the air. The city boasts two mosques and a *serai*. We climb to the top of the hill; a mountain forested with oak and terebinth rises to the west—Jebel Zebûd, and Jebel Jermak, higher but not so well wooded. This latter is the highest in Palestine, west of the Jordan, 3933 feet. Wady et Tawahin—Mill valley, is between us and these mountains. From here we have a fine view over Moab, Gilead and Bashan, and from Lake Phiala to the north end of the Lake of Tiberias we note nine hills rising from the plain. They go by the name of *tells*, but are not heaps



DISTANT HERMON

of buried cities but evidently volcanic mountains. Numbered from the north they are: Tell el Ahmar; three miles south of this, Tell esh Sheikah; Tell Buwin, Tell Aramein, which is double; Tell Aram and Tell Abû Nûd. Then four miles south again, Tell Abû Yusuf; and Tell el Khanzir, the pig; and lastly Tell el Faras, the mare, which towers up to a height of 5,000 feet.

Nearly south and at a distance of seven miles, nearly three thousand feet below us, is the Sea of Galilee, apparently so near that we might throw stones into it, with bosom as placid as when the Saviour bade it "Be still." The Horns of Hattin lift themselves forming the amphitheatre for the sermon and spreading their lap for the miraculous feeding of the multitude, and still further south the cone of Mount Tabor. Turning northward we see the hills of Nephtali, the imposing range of Lebanon mountains and the ever visible Hermon, which is the pole-star by which we get our bearings in this land. To the west, the mountains, valleys and cities of Galilee and Samaria, with a glimpse of Esdraelon, even to the coast, where we can locate but cannot see Acre and Tyre.

Seated on this mountain top with the city flowing down its sides like a splintered glacier of white, we remember that it was "from the city and tribe of Nephtali beyond the way that leadeth to the west, having on the

right hand the city of Safed," that Tobias and his wife and son were carried away captive to Nineveh, from which city he later sent his son, angel-accompanied, to Rages in Persia. Another charming idyl this of Holy Scripture,—the constancy and faith of Tobias, even in an idolatrous country; his love and disinterested service for his co-religionists; his honesty, joined with shrewd thrift that lets no debt go uncollected; his patience under affliction, meriting miraculous healing of his eyes; "and the rest of his life was in joy;" with prophetic foresight of the destruction of Nineveh, with advice to his children to leave it for Palestine, and with vision of the rebuilding of Jerusalem "whose gates shall be built of sapphire and of emerald and the walls thereof of precious stones." "All its paths shall be paved in white and alleluias shall be sung in its streets."

We inquire if there be any fish known in Palestine whose heart, liver and gall are medicinal; we could learn of none; and although such may have been employed in far-off ages their effect in the case of Tobit's bride and his father's eyes were doubtless miraculous; God employs outward appliances with which to work His wonders.

Safed does not seem to have any very ancient mention, except we credit Meisterman's statement that it was Tziphoth which Egyptian records 1,400 years before Christ name among the towns of Higher Galilee. The Talmud remarks that it is a good place from which to announce the new moon. No better could be wished with its outlook to the west and its wide extent of listening upland. "Blow the trumpet in the new moon." Ps. lxxx. 3. How far back the observation of the moon's phases goes! regulating the time for solemnities, as it does still with the Christian Easter. It was liable to run into superstition till God must say: "My soul hateth your new moons," Is. i. 14, and the Apostle to the Colossians, ii. 16 warns: "Judge no man in respect to the new moons."

Inland from Safed are some towns which, as we do not visit them, may be mentioned here. At Meiron, one or two hours walk northwest from Safed, is the great place of pilgrimage of the Jews. Here are the tombs of famous Rabbis—Hillel, Shamai and Jochanan Sandeler, Simon Ben Jochai and others. Their sayings are preserved in the Talmud, that later Bible of the Jews, "that wonderful monument," as Dean Millman calls it, "of human folly." The first mentioned lived fifty or more years before Christ, but it is not impossible that they may have heard the twelve year old Boy in the Temple when "all were astonished at His wisdom and His answers." Luke ii. 47.

Though the Talmud speaks of Jesus and is a witness to the historic Christ it is of little value; and throughout the allusions to Him show



KEDESH NEPHITALI

hatred, yes and fear. When the thought is elevated it is easily seen that it has been taken from the sayings of our Lord Jesus, and when it is otherwise we can say with the Scotch woman who, annotating the minister's sermon with "That's Chalmers, that's Calvin;" when he hissed down at her: "Haud your tongue, auld witch!" said placidly: "That's your ain."

Mr. Hackett, an American professor, tells in his *Illustrations of Scripture* of a celebration he witnessed here in honor of the Rabbis. We would consider it queer honor, as there was much drinking, sword exercise, exhibition of music, of cymbals and dancing, and the burning up, as sacrifice I presume, of valuable shawls, books, handkerchiefs, and so forth.

The great annual festival is held here on the 30th of April. There is an ancient ruined synagogue and many rock-cut burial chambers.

Kefr Bereim was another great point of Jewish pilgrimage, especially for the feast of Purim, but is now principally Maronite. Purim commemorated the deliverance of the Jews from the tyranny of Haman. Esther ix. Barak, the general, and Obadiah, the prophet, were buried in Kefr Bereim.

Ain Ibl, Spring of the Camel, (probably Beit Machaa) west of Kedesh Nephtali, has fine schools of the Mariamutt Sisters and the Zaverian Fathers, and here the spiritual retreat for the clergy of Acre and Tyre is held. In its vicinity are Bint Umm Jebeil, north and Yarûn, south, with Kefr Bereim south of Yarûn, and Rumeish west of Yarûn. At Kefr Bereim are two Catholic schools and teachers from here go to Safed.

Northwest from Kedesh Nephtali (which we will visit to-morrow) is the large village of Tibin in whose fortress, hill-seated, resides the Mudir of the Bilad Beshara. Here is shown the tomb of Samgar, one of the Judges. "After Aad was Samgar." Judges iii. 31. To the east of the village stands a large oak called of the Messiah.

This Aad is mentioned in Judges iii as the champion of the Hebrews. When the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord and were oppressed by Eglon, king of Moab, God raised up Aad the ambidexter (who brings to Moab a new kind of tribute). "Now Eglon was very fat, and Aad made himself a two-edged sword, and going to Eglon said I have a secret message for thee O King." "And Aad put forth his left hand and took the dagger from his left side and thrust it into the King's belly so that the handle went in after the blade into the wound and was closed up with the abundance of fat."

CHAPTER XLIII

HEADWATERS

The Sea of Galilee has been the scene of the calling of the Apostles. They and the Disciples have been taught in the wondrous school of the Sermon on the Mountain. The province of Galilee has been the especial field where "He went about doing good." He found a home with Peter's relatives in Capharnaum which was called "His own city." From mountain summit and on grassy slope He has fed them and from fisherman's boat He has taught them. But for the further grounding of his Apostles for their mission, they must go to deeper solitude—toward the great snow-capped mountain northward. They would probably keep to the right, crossing the Jordan by the bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, Jisr Benat Yakob, the ancient but still used stone bridge, with three pointed arches showing it to belong to Gothic times; following thus the caravan road to Damascus. This road would be frequented by trains of merchants and travelers, but to-day it is a comparative wilderness. At the bridge is stationed a government guard, and a small traffic is carried on by the Bedouin in meat and milk, fruit and vegetables. There is a ruined khan just east of the bridge, and a well-built fountain of neatly cut stone in the court, which was supplied from the hills above by an aqueduct, and further up the rocky slope we see encamped the Bedouins in their habitations of a night, long, low shelters, black like "the tentings of Kedar." A quarter of a mile south of Jisr Benat Yakob and west of the Jordan is a castle of the Crusaders in ruins, Kusr Atra. There is a tradition that the Patriarch Jacob crossed the Jordan at this ford, and the bridge above commemorates the daughters he brought with him from Padan Aram.

This caravan road is of much interest because along it passed Saul of Tarsus, "breathing vengeance against the Disciples of the new religion," the faith in the Christ.

There is an eastern route from Jisr Benat Yakob north by way of El Kuneitrah, a Liva, the seat of government of the Hauran, with thirteen hundred inhabitants, mostly Circassians. This road passes El Mansoura and Ain Fik. El Mansoura appears to be in the centre of the honey industry; the hives being better than the clay ones used elsewhere; here they are basket-ware, in cylindrical shape and the colonies are a-hum with the activity of the little work-women, purveyors of "sweetness and light." The hills here,

as indeed universally in Palestine, are rich in herbage of the mint family. Often we catch their fragrance as our horses' hoofs bruise the plants, and our cook is ingenious in boiling a small sprig with our beans or artichokes. The mints and the pulse seem to be the principal honey plants. The gorgeous flora are not mellifluous, as the bright plumed birds are not the songsters.

We examined a mill with storehouses for grain. It is the old style of mill stones, the "nether and the upper stones." They were turning out a very creditable article of flour.

Leaving this road to the right we will face northward, following the trail by Kedesh Nephtali, keeping thus west of the Jordan for eight or ten miles further. There before us, the loadstone of our eyes, is the peak of Mount Hermon, lying like a cloud on the horizon, or a gull outspread on the water.

*The glory of a cloud without its wane;
The stillness of the earth—but not its gloom;
The loveliness of life—without its pain;
The peace—but not the hunger of the tomb.*

Keeping thus to the left we avoid the inconveniences of the marsh or waters of Merom, now called Lake Huleh. This is a shallow lake about four miles long by three wide, though ill defined, especially in the northeast, for its edges are marsh and its extent varies with the season of the year. Water-fowl are here abundant. To quote Thomson: "This Huleh—plain, marsh, lake and surrounding mountains—is one of the finest hunting grounds in Syria, and mainly so because it is not frequented. Panthers and leopards, bears and wolves, jackals, hyenas and foxes, and many other animals, are found, great and small, while it is the very paradise of the wild boar and the fleet gazelle. As to the water-fowl, it is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that the lower end of the lake is often covered with them in winter and spring. Here only have I seen the "pelican of the wilderness" as David calls it. One of them was shot near this place and, as it was merely wounded in the wing, I had a good opportunity to examine it. It was certainly the most sombre, austere bird I ever saw. The afflicted Psalmist, when pouring out his complaint before the Lord, could find no more expressive type of solitude and melancholy by which to illustrate his own sad state."

We were fortunate enough to come on one of these Scripture birds, a most grotesque fowl with its long bill red-pointed, the immense pouch under its bill and its magnificently large wings, measuring over twelve feet from

LAKE MEROM



tip to tip. With these three it is well provided for carrying its food, mostly fish, which it scoops up as with a net, into beak and pouch, and transports long distances to the nest of its young, or to the solitude in which to enjoy its own repast. In feeding its young it presses its bill against its breast, thus squeezing out the fish; and the bloody colored beak gave rise to the belief that it tore itself open and fed its young from its own breast; it was thus taken as a figure of the Divine Goodness that feeds us with His own Body and Blood. This bird may be seen sitting for hours with bill reclined on breast—a striking study of meditation.

We are now just about on a level with the Mediterranean, which shows that we have ascended, since leaving Lake Tiberias, about eight hundred feet.

To the marshes and jungles of the Huleh came Herod the Great to hunt the boar, the panther, and the innumerable water-fowl that abounded here,—flamingoes, swans, herons, bitterns and ducks. Even the ibis was to be found here; this is the sacred bird of Egypt, doubtless because its coming and the rise of the Nile occurred at the same time. It is the white ibis that is venerated in Egypt; the black or glossy ibis is more common here and the Arabs call it Abû Hannes, Father John, it appearing about the feast of the Baptist.

That J. G. Wood, the naturalist, identifies the Leviathan of Scripture with the crocodile makes us inquire if that reptile is ever found in the waters of the Huleh, they seem such a suitable *habitat*. There is no reliable account of this reptile ever being here, but flowing through the plain of Sharon there is the Crocodile river, which attests that the animal had found a habitation in Palestine, though all the traditions point to its having been brought from Egypt; indeed, it is said to be well authenticated that the Crocodile has been seen in the Nahr Zerka in modern times.

There is very great difficulty in translating the Hebrew names of wild animals into our modern languages; many of the identifications are doubtful, many of them wrong. The heron most common is the blue heron, but the Scripture indicates other varieties. "The heron, after its kind" was forbidden as food; "its kind" would include the egret and perhaps the crane. "As a swallow or a crane so did I chatter," says Isaiah xxxviii. We know the twitter of the swallows, with their innocent chattering, but one must observe a flight of cranes overhead and hear the wild clangor of their voices to realize the full meaning of the Prophet's words.

This lake Merom lies in a pleasant valley and north of it stretches a great marsh of papyrus reeds. This is probably the reed that our Lord

spoke of when He said to the Jews regarding John: "What went ye out to see? a reed shaken by the wind?" for this plant having large leaves and slender stems is easily moved by every breeze, whereas the other reed, the *kalamos* or bamboo, is strong-stemmed and gives the wind small purchase. The papyrus is doubtless the original of our paper and the plant was first used for that purpose in Egypt before it was in Palestine, for it grew plentifully along the Nile. The Arabs to-day call it *babeer*, which is even nearer our word paper. There is a hill about a mile west of the lake, called Harrah, which Sir Charles Wilson considers to be Hazor, the residence of Jabin. He it was who made the last great stand against the Israelites. They had destroyed Jericho and Ai and southern Palestine was theirs, but the north was still unconquered by Josue. Other kings and chieftains gathered round Jabin for a final effort to drive out the Hebrew. From the plains of Philistia and Sharon down from the Lebanon mountain, and even from the country of the Hivites of Baalbec they assembled.

"They went out, they and all their hosts, even as the sand is upon the seashore in multitude, and they came and pitched near the waters of Merom to fight against Israel." Josue xi. 4.

Here the Israelites met a difficulty hitherto unencountered, namely, the presence of cavalry, and the sacred writer does not mention how the battle was gained for Israel, but it was doubtless by the suddenness of the attack, and by the ham-stringing of the enemies' horses. The rout was complete, and over the hills they were pursued as far as Sidon, completing the possession of the Promised Land to the chosen people. But not without the vigilant perseverance of the Israelites, for this Hazor was again rebuilt and again the rallying point for another Jabin who long harassed this part of the land until Sisera, his general, was crushed in the great battle of Tabor when Barak and Debbora the strong woman commanded the Jewish forces.

We remark the excellency of the pasturage in this district west of Lake Merom. The Huleh butter has the reputation of being the best, where, however, none is good to us of the dairy states of America. But speaking of butter we are reminded that Proverbs xxx. 33 has a strange comparison: "Surely the churning of milk brings butter, and the wringing of the nose brings blood." This is not so far-fetched, this using of the same verb for both, when we see how the natives make butter. They have the milk in a bladder or hide, and not only knock it from side to side like a punching-bag but wring it occasionally; this serving, I suppose, to gather the fragments of butter.

Since leaving Chorazin we have made a detour westward to visit Kedesh

Nephtali, one of the cities of Refuge where murderers could find at least temporary security. What a humane institution these cities of refuge! that there might be some place where the criminal would not be hunted to death but would find a friend in the Levitical sanctuary, giving passions time to cool and misunderstandings opportunity to be adjusted. Oh tribunal of the Catholic confessional, how many a soul, self-hunted by remorse, has found thee a city of refuge, not only from the stings of conscience but from the anger of the heavenly Judge, at the priest's feet.

But here we are at the ruins of Kedesh Nephtali. Lieutenant Kitchner says: "The ruins at Kades are of considerable extent. The village is situated at the end of the ridge, and below it there is a spring. A few columns and capitals are found in the village, but the principal remains occur beyond the spring (to the east). The first building is a masonry tomb thirty-five feet square; solid piers at the four corners support round arches, which rise to a height of twenty-one feet; between these arches are the *loculi*, three between each, and one on either side of the door which takes up the southern side. The arches are walled up on the outside, and the whole was probably covered with a dome. There is a niche on the outside, to the right of the doorway; a little beyond this there are several sarcophagi on a raised platform; two double and two single ones still exist; they were carved with figures, but these have been effaced. The next building, about one hundred yards east of the first, is the Temple of the Sun. This city now called Kedes is not entirely without inhabitants, two hundred Moslems, fierce-looking, living in the ruins. There are many sarcophagi scattered round which are used as drinking troughs for the flocks and herds. It was the native place of Barak and in the time of the Crusaders his tomb with the tombs of Debbora and Jael were shown and visited by Benjamin of Tudela."

Since Ecclesiasticus says: "I was exalted like a palm tree in Kedes" I looked to find this tree here, but it is unknown at the present day. Grotius thinks that the reading in Ecclesiasticus ought to be Engaddi, where you remember we did find the palm, by the Dead Sea, instead of Kedes.

Leaving Kedesh Nephtali our next objective point is Hûnîn, the Chateau Neuf of the Crusaders. We are directly west of the Huleh marsh and are glad to keep the higher ground. At the ruined castle of Menara we have a view more diversified than before, in that it includes not only wilderness and mountain, river and lake, but an unpoetic and uninteresting marsh. The shade of Sidney Lanier shames me into retracting these adjectives. Is a marsh then really unattractive? Not to the seer. Our artist is ready with a quotation:

*Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.
 Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing withholding and free,
 Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
 Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
 Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
 God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
 And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.
 As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod;
 Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies,
 In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
 By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.*

Thus poetry shortens our road.

The buffalos wallowing in the pools of the Huleh with their heads upstream remind us of the behemoth of Scripture, of which Job xl. says: "He will drink up a river and not wonder, he trusteth that the Jordan may run into his mouth." Verily his trust is well-founded. Most biblical students identify behemoth with the hippopotamus, of which animal, however, there is no trace in Palestine, so that Thomson thinks that behemoth is the buffalo, which must not be confounded with our western bison. The buffalo is plentiful in the Orient, not near so lordly looking a beast, however, as that of our western prairies. Thomson's position is well taken; the characteristics all agree. "He eats grass like an ox, he sleeps in the coverts of the reeds and in moist places," "he setteth up his tail like a cedar." Job xl. 15. Some have thought the buffalo is the unicorn of Scripture, but the buffalo is domesticated and used for plowing, teaming and as a dairy animal, all of which would not apply to the unicorn, of which the Scripture says: "Canst thou bind the unicorn in the furrow, or will he harrow the valley after thee?" The utter intractibility and uselessness of the unicorn will not fit the buffalo. We must admit that many expressions of Job regarding behemoth suit the river horse of the Nile extremely well, "His bones are pipes of brass and iron, his strength is in his loins, the sinews of his thigh are wrapped together;" this well expresses the cord-like wrinkles in his hide. Having sojourned in Egypt where the hippopotamus is at home, the Israelites would not be unacquainted with this most uncouth of

beasts. The whole subject, however, is of much uncertainty, and only of little advantage if known.

The land of Uz, where Job lived, is supposed to have been east of where we are now camping; in the district called the Hauran, or perhaps still further to the eastward. There is no better description of the lives of the Patriarchs of old than the account given of Job, and which, in all save religion, describes the sheiks of Palestine to-day.

The question often arises, was Job a real personage or only a poetical allegory? But since Ezekiel mentions him along with Noah and David we must consider him historical, and a fine picture of the patriarchal life three or four thousand years ago; their lives simple, circumscribed and ignorant; their possessions sheep, camels, oxen and asses; their position of parent, priest and law-giver; their many children—which polygamy rendered inevitable—their authority almost that of a king over their family and tribe.

"Does Job fear God for naught?" says Satan; "have his possessions not increased? But stretch forth thy hand and touch all that he hath and see if he will not curse thee to thy face." But Job is proof against all. As a long-headed diplomat the devil is not a success. He who takes all patient Job's possessions leaves him his termagant wife. Doubtless he laughed at his own ingenuity, but he over-reached himself; for, as Job was later to receive seven-fold of the things he had lost, think of his sad fate with seven spouses!

Our route since leaving Chorazin has been mainly northward, now we turn east. The Huleh marsh has become a dry meadow, diversified by fields of grain, wheat, corn and lentils, and sesamum, through which the Jordan winds, with its tributary streams cold and clear from the mountains. At Sheik Yûsuf three streams convene to form the Jordan, the Hasbany, the Leddan, and the Baniasy. The first named, by far the longest, draining the whole west side of the Mount Herman range, or Anti-Lebanon, and the Merj Aiyun, Meadow of Springs, up which valley are flourishing Catholic villages, Deir Munas, and others. This Hasbany is muddier and more variable in its flow and not so plentiful as the Leddan, which second branch supplies the principal volume of water, coming as it does from Mount Hermon's principal snow-fields, and springing out of the rocks at Dan, the Laish of the Phœnicians. Baniasy, however, is the most beautiful, being crystal-clear and because its bursting forth is apparent and well known, it is popularly spoken of as the source of the Jordan. The junction of these three streams gives the Jordan a breadth of fifty feet at Sheik Yûsuf.

Just before reaching the Hasbany, we notice to the left the village of



HEAD SPRING OF THE JORDAN

Abil; this was the Abel of Beth Maachah, whither Joab pursued Sheba, and of which it was written, "surely thou shalt ask counsel at Abil," and where a "mother in Israel" saved the city by promising: "Behold, Sheba's head shall be thrown to you over the wall." 2 Kings xx. At this ford the Hasbany, the upper Jordan, is separated by only a low range of hills from the Leontes. The waters of one flowing to the Dead Sea, of the other into the Mediterranean. Thus sometimes a little circumsance divides the lives of brothers, sending one to a dungeon, the other to a throne. After crossing the Hasbany on the bridge, el Ghajar, we remark a circle of stone; there are many of these cromlechs east of the Jordan; you remember we found them in Moab and Gilead, they are the remains and reminders of the worship of Baal, the Sun-god, which was so universal here before the coming of Israel. On each of the larger stones is a pile of smaller ones, and on the bushes round are bits of rag tied, offerings no doubt of the Arabs to the divinity that still haunts these spots.

We now leave the picturesque stream behind us almost hidden in gorgeous oleanders with their pink blossoming, and crowded clumps of willow; we ascend the steep over the ever-present stones and come on the Leddan, boiling and foaming over cataracts and rapids to join the Hasbany below, about two miles south. We follow the stream upward for a quarter of an hour and reach its source at Tell el Kâdy, a large artificial-looking mound, eighty feet high and half a mile in diameter, of lime-stone rock, flat topped, its western side covered with a thicket of reeds, oaks and oleanders, which serve to hide the importance of this the most plenteous source of the Jordan's waters. Part of the water lingers to form a lake or large pool, part escapes hastily past an oak tree, prominent in the view, to drive some mills below. The pool is surrounded by shrubbery, wild fig, poplar and willow. The water does not come in a cataract from above, but rather seems to come up from a shaft or what might be an ancient crater.

"From the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains where the red sun-dew glimmers, and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song." So Eden Philpots describes the English river. Not merely with a song, but with the whole burden of the life of man, comes the Jordan; it comes from the unknown, it progresses through obstructions innumerable; it loses itself in the mysterious sea.

The hill rises from the plain in somewhat steep terraces covered with blocks of basalt and of limestone rock; the top is a longish ridge or plateau. Here was doubtless the citadel of Laish where the colony from Sidon "dwelt secure," which they well might with the bountiful water supply and this

fertile Huleh valley, till the Danites came northward to claim the lot that was given them in the distribution of the land by Josue. Judges xviii. 7. Then the careless Sidonians experienced "there was no deliverer in the hour of need," for the mountains had cut them off from Sidon. So the Hebrews possessed it and it became the northern boundary of the Promised Land "from Dan to Beersheba." The place is now called Tell el Kâdy, *kâdy* and Dan both signifying judge. "Dan shall judge his people." Gen. xlix. 16. Dan is thus perpetuated even in the modern Arabic. Dean Stanley says: "A miniature Shiloh arose in that beautiful grove, a teraphim and a graven image, and a priesthood of irregular creation—for those to whom a pilgrimage to Bethel or Jerusalem was irksome."

Some noble trees still seem to hold the local veneration, they overshadow the grave of Sheik Daraik, and as we saw them, were fluttering with rag and ribbon and thatch, votive offerings of the native Mohammedans. "Let Dan be a snake in the way which biteth the horse's heels that his rider may fall backward." Such is Jacob's death-bed prophecy. Is nature in accord with the tribe's treacherousness, and do we find snakes abundant here at Tell el Kâdy? Not more so than elsewhere.

"Dan and the Dead Sea!" exclaims Thomson. "The birthplace and the cradle, the grave and the bourn! Men rear altars in such places as this, and thither go in pilgrimage from generation to generation. It is a law of our nature. We ourselves are witness to its power, drawn from the distant new world to this lonely spot. The young Jordan, type of this strange life of ours! Bright and beautiful in its cradle, laughing its merry morning away through the flowery fields of the Huleh; plunging with the recklessness of youth into the tangled brakes and muddy marshes of Merom; hurrying thence, full-grown like earnest manhood, with its noisy and bustling activities, it subsides into life's sober midday in the placid Lake of Genesareth. When it goes forth again it is down the inevitable declivity of old age, sinking deeper and deeper in spite of doublings and windings innumerable, until it disappears forever in that Sea of Death, that melancholy bourn from which there is neither escape nor return."

We like to get to the bottom of an argument, and to the top of a mountain, so do we delight to reach the fountain-head of a river, and here we stand on this 13th of May, at the head-waters of the Jordan. There are rivers longer, there are rivers broader, there are rivers more useful for commerce and for manufacture, there are rivers more beautiful; but there is no stream that grips the human heart as does this Jordan. The ancient Tiber with its traditions of Romulus and Remus on its bank, is but of

yesterday; the Rhone and the Garonne of Julius Cæsar, the Ilissus and the Peneus of classical Greece fade into the insignificance of brooks, and Thames and Mississippi are mere highways of commerce, and the Rhine and the Seine only paths of voluptuous travel.

A river from its birth! full grown like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter; such is our thought as we stand beside this wonderful source. From out the west bank of Tell el Kâdy comes this stream, without foaming cataract or impetuous leaping out of the earth, it forms a pond 150 feet in diameter, the cooling place for herds of buffalo and other animals.

*The great dark steeps whence Jordan leaps,
Vestured in snow-white foam*

will have to be reserved for another spot. Farther below it becomes more impetuous, rushing down inclines or tumbling over ledges, eager to become the Jordan—for here it is called El Leddan. So childhood hurries into manhood.

It was here at Dan that Abraham and his allies surprised Chedorlahomer and his confederates and rescued Lot from their hands. Genesis xiv.

In Jeroboam's day Dan became the Canterbury of the north, its golden calves and its fine temples becoming a "snare to Israel," till Sargon carried off the ten tribes to Babylon.

North and west of Dan is some of the wildest, most picturesque scenery of the Holy Land. We spend two days in an excursion to the Gorge of the Litany. We pass Khian and at Arnun, on the rocky bank of the river Litany, 2,343 feet above the sea, and 1,500 feet above the river foaming below, we view on the west side of the river the great Crusaders' castle called Belfort; it must have been almost impregnable, being approachable only on one side.

"Silent now," says Geikie, "how often did those mossy walls echo with the soldiers' song from distant Europe." There are signs that this was a stronghold in the most remote time when Dan was in the hands of the Sidonians. Now it is the eyrie of the eagle and of the vulture, and its cliffs are honeycombed by the martin and the swallow. After leaving the Tell, the trap formation of rocks ceases and only the limestone prevails. West, excellent crops are raised, especially around Difneh, which is the site of Daphne, where Josephus states was the temple of the Golden Calf. Daphne again takes us back to heathen Mythology and to Pan: "Grant me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant."

But we must visit the other source of the Jordan, the classical Panias. The labial is changed and it is now pronounced Baniyas; it is about two

miles east of our lunching ground on this hill of the Judge. It attracts by its natural beauty, its encirclement of hills, some rounded and clothed with crops or forest trees, some rugged and heaven-aspiring and running up and back into the Hermon range. Then, too, there is the enchantment of the fountain-head; it holds us captive with the reminders of Pan. The



BANIAS

cliff from which the river emerges is a hundred feet high and the water comes exulting from its rocky prison—like children just out of school—noisy and glad, leaping over the rocks, plunging down cataracts, and soon escaping through grove-shaded channels embowered in myrtle and pomegranate, terebinth and fig. We imagine ourselves back in the golden age when every mortal was young, for here is a name that preserves the memory

of the Greeks, and what was once the shrine of the god Pan. Pan is not dead. And who would want the happy god to die? The god of nature and of mirth and of joyous existence. It is only when nature-love finds its goal in nature-worship without reaching beyond to the God of nature that Pan becomes a false god and an evil.

We have much more respect for the polytheism that sees God in every phase of nature than in the materialism that recognizes God in nothing.

Jolly god of the flute! Arguing with Apollo that it was better than the lyre, and when Midas, the umpire, decided for the instrument of Pan his ears grew long like an ass's in punishment from Apollo. Over these hills and in these ravines, in cool grotto and in shady grove, we look for the sportive god with the goat's feet; we listen to hear the music of his pipe; he is the god of the shepherd; of the swain of the village green; but we find Pan only in the herds of goats that are plentiful hereabout. His companions, the nymphs and Oreads are vanished, but his votaries are not all extinct. Still do we say that the feeling of lonesomeness and solitude which travelers experience among wild mountain scenes was ascribed to the presence of Pan, as the spirit of the mountain, and that thence have we the word *panic*. I think the term rather comes from Pan surprising the nymphs bathing in some mountain stream. Their panic has been the subject of many an artist's brush. We yield to the seduction of the spiritual beauty that underlies Grecian Mythology; we gather reeds and make them into improvised Pandean pipes and play a simple air. Pan had a pipe of seven reeds, the musical octave of notes was known at a very early day.

There are three niches cut in the cliff wall to the right of the source. These were probably for statues of the local divinity, and two of them have Greek inscriptions. These niches are at different heights, but all have the Roman arch, and some are finished in the shape of a scallop shell within. Underneath the one furthest to the left as we look at them, is a cave rock-hewn, now the refuge of flocks and their keepers, where stress of weather drives them in from the verdant upland or the more luxurious pastures of the stream-watered lowlands. Above the cavernous opening in the hill from which the river bursts is Ras en Nêby, the Prophet's headland, surmounted by the typical mukam, in the shape of that at Rachel's tomb near Bethlehem.

There are evidences still of the temple built here by Herod for his brother Philip, Tetrarch of Trachonitis, in the huge stones scattered about. This same Herod it was who gave it the name of Cæsarea Philippi, distinguishing it from Cæsarea Palestinæ, and honoring alike his emperor and his brother. Agrippa later called it Neronias after *his* god; but Pan has

come into his own again. It was under the name of Cæsarea Philippi that this place was known in New Testament times; it was then fortified on three sides by nature—by the river and by the valley—and on the other there was a wall with three great towers and a broad, deep foss. Thus our Saviour's eye rested upon it, and it is in connection with Him that Banias interests us most deeply. Some, following Eusebius, think that here the woman with the bloody flux was cured, but the Gospel narrative seems to place it rather at Capharnaum, and the image of a woman and Christ seen here by the historian may easily record some other miracle worked hereabout.

Here is the first occasion that Christ speaks of the Church as His Kingdom, and as He establishes it upon the rock of Peter, how appropriate seem the surroundings of rock and mountain. "The gates of hell shall not prevail." Behold the eternal stability of snowy Hermon yonder; like it the foundations of My church are in eternity. The kingdom is on earth but extends beyond it. So does the authority of Peter: "To thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," and later the fuller meaning is shown: "whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins you do not forgive, are not forgiven." John xx. 23. Our Lord seems to have withdrawn into this northern solitude in order to prepare the minds of the Apostles for His coming passion and death. Here He communicates the sad intelligence: "The Son of Man must go up to Jerusalem" to suffer indignities and death. But with the disheartening comes the consoling: "The third day He shall rise again." We are not to think that these conversations took place in Banias itself, with its idolatrous temples; it was farther up the mountain-side, deeper in the solitudes, away from the garrisoned citadel. But on which of these many spurs, or in which of these grassy glades, we know not.

Discarding the opinion that it was on some spur of the Hermon range that the Transfiguration took place (though that opinion is quite tenable, although the arguments are not conclusive), it is without doubt that it was here that St. Peter made that grand profession: "Thou art Christ, Son of the living God," and merited thereby the declaration: "Blessed art thou Simon, son of Jonah, flesh and blood have not revealed this to thee, but My Father Who is in Heaven;" merited also that unique privilege: "Thou art Peter (a rock) and on this rock I will build My Church." Matthew xvi. All the Fathers agree that the force of the figure lies in this, that Christ made Peter the visible corner-stone of His church, gifting him, in that

capacity, with the indefectibility of deity. Not with eyes of flesh did Peter see the God-head, not with the ears of the body discern the tones of divinity, not yet had he beheld the glories of the Holy Mount; but by faith alone, that furnishes eyes and ears for the soul; and the powers of this faith could not come from learning, nor philosophy, nor science, but only from the light of the Father.

These hills are the witnesses that Christ established a primacy in His Church. Even as the Sea of Galilee bears testimony that Christ demanded a greater love from Peter—"Lovest thou Me more than these"—so here the mountains witness his faith that shall be strengthened so that "he may confirm his brethren."

Here, too, in the neighborhood of Cæsarea Philippi, Christ propounds the greatest philosophy, the truth most vital to every individual, the overthrow of Pantheistic theories that exalt the *whole* and depress the *individual*. In man, creation's end is the individual: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul." "Give me time to make my soul," said a man, in my hearing, from his death-bed, to the too officious visitors, and still the millions go on dwarfing, starving, losing their souls for that which perishes. Here we can appreciate this truth; here we become less worldly; here we seem nearer to heaven—the white summit of Hermon beckoning us on.

The present population of Banias is small and squalid in the extreme; their dwellings are either tents of Kedar, black, but *not* beautiful, though picturesque, or the stones of ages thrown together, a shelter for their flocks and a place to do their simple cooking in the daytime, but in the night they retire to rough nest-like chambers of reeds and brush, erected on poles above the stone walls. This is done for protection against vermin, especially scorpions.

It has been claimed for Palestine that it possesses a wider range of fauna than any other country on earth of the same size. We are here at the divide of the Palæarctic and the Ethiopian fauna; north, the roe and the fallow deer, the bear, the badger, and the dormouse; south, the panther, the present representative of the lion; the gazelle, so graceful and so sweet-meated, the hyrax, the cony of Scripture, and the wild boar in abundance.

About two miles from Banias is a castle called by the Arabs, Subeibeh, well worth the difficult climb of fifteen hundred feet. We pass through a noble oak forest and over a very bad road. Parts of the castle are in a good state of preservation; it is finely situated, and was strongly fortified; the walls were defended by round towers, it was built of exceedingly hard rock, and was unapproachable from any side. On the north we look down

into a ravine six hundred feet. By whom was it built? Col. Wilson attributes it to the time of the Crusaders, others give it a greater antiquity. Bishop Vincent says: "The antiquarian finds in it the work of all periods, from the Phœnicians to the Crusaders." This Kulat Subeibeh is a thousand feet long by over three hundred wide; its walls in some places are a hundred feet high, and it could house an army. The view from the summit is superb. Hermon itself does not show to good advantage, for one must stand far off from greatness in order to appreciate it; but except in its unique isolation, even Tabor is not a more suitable locality for that marvelous Transfiguration than these spurs of the Anti-Lebanon, running up into the dazzling white of Hermon, shining like the sun, as our Lord's garment.

It is *not* "good to be here." These ruins are the nightly abode of robbers, and to visit them safely one needs a strong guard. There is a local belief that a submontane passage connected the castle with the great fountain at Banias. This is not impossible though it would appear incredible as rock-cut cisterns are within the castle itself and would supply water enough. This castle could not have been intended for the defense of Banias, for that village is two miles distant; the most probable supposition is that it and the Kulat Esh Shakîf—Belfort, which is in plain view over there to the right as we look southward, were raised to protect the caravan route to Damascus.

We make an excursion to Lake Phiala, five miles from Banias. The country is fertile, with diversified crops of grain and olive groves. The wild flowers are abundant, and oak forests clothe some of the hillsides. Ain Kunyeh is about two miles from Cæsarea and is thought to have been a health resort suburban to that place. We cross the Saareh at the Muzar of Mesady, the milking camp of the goat-herds. This Saareh is only a brook, but adds its little to the Jordan water, as the widow's mite to the Temple treasury.

Lebanon is a double mountain range. The chain to the east is called Anti-Lebanon, a *respond*, as it were, in the architecture of the country. It apparently has thrown from itself the southern end of its ridge; which, like Joseph exiled in Egypt, rises to height exceeding theirs—into the mighty Hermon. Between these two mountain ranges lies the valley called Baka'a by the natives, Cœlo-Syria, Hollow Syria, by the ancients. Baalbek with its giant ruins lies in this valley, and near those mammoths in decay is the watershed where the Orontes flows north, and a short two miles distant the Leontes, now called Litany, south. The Litany drains the Lebanon Mountains into the Mediterranean near Tyre, while the Anti-Lebanon,

rich in fountains, pours them at intervals into the Hasbany, or stores them up to burst out at Dan and at Baniás from under Jebel es Sheik, but all go to make the wonderful Jordan of our affections and dreams.

We now begin to climb the slopes of the Hermon range. Like difficulties that dwindle when once we grapple with them manfully, Mount Hermon, that dominated the prospect through these our weeks of Bible-Land travel, now begins to seem quite insignificant. Even the whiteness that seemed to be a universal and perennial hood, we find is confined to the clefts, and can be avoided with ease. We reach Lake Phiala, now degraded to the title of Birket er Râm. This lake is full of leeches and of frogs. Having gained a ravenous appetite by our ride we insist on adding frogs' legs to our bill of fare: "As we journey through life let us live by the way." Our cook does not like the job, but the promise of backsheesh works miracles. "How are they?" we ask him. "Fôk el fôk," the up of the up; and we know he is converted.

The lake appears to be an extinct volcano and Josephus states that it is the source from which the fountain at Baniás receives its waters, which Thomson, however, declares is plainly impossible. The lake is about a mile wide and nearly circular. Birds of prey hover over it, swooping down on the luckless frogs. We return to Baniás where we pass the night. We are anxious to tread the summit of Hermon, undeterred by the dangers and difficulties, for we feel it would be a disgrace to have looked at its snowy head from almost every point of the Holy Land and be so near it without saluting it. You see we have come to think of it as a person. The Arabs well call it the White Sheik; and as we look, his breath is congealed into a cloud for a night-robe.

We leave Baniás with regret, so genial in its philosophy, so sheltered in its situation, so gay with flowers, so reminiscent of Christ.

We break camp at a very early hour; indeed we have simply broken our fast in the dark, reserving the meat breakfast until later and start before day, but we are well rewarded. All nature is astir. "Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall sing praises before you, and all the trees of the country shall clap their hands." Isaiah lv. The cleuchs that run up into the hills, the meadows that slope gently down into the Huleh, are all vocal; joyous brooks playing accompaniment to joyous birds. It is indeed a morning service, unexcelled by cloistral matin-song, and we naturally think of the invitation of the Psalmist: "Praise the Lord from the Heavens, praise Him in the mountains, praise the Lord from the earth and from the deeps. Mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars, beasts and reptiles and feathered fowl,



SOUBEIHEH

praise the Lord." Psalm cxlviii. How could man refuse his adoration and praise when everything else joins in worship? Every grove is a choir, every rock an altar, every tree a preacher, every flower-bell a censer, and from them rise prayer, teaching, music, sacrifice.

"Brooks of honey and of butter," is the exaggerated language of Job; but here the expression is vindicated, for there to our right, running up into Hermon's flank, is Wady Asal, the valley of honey, and further north in the Lebanon we will find Neba el Asal and Neba el Leben, the fountain of honey, and the fountain of milk, or curds. Sweetness and fat are a good combination, as we experience in our figs and nuts after dinner, and these two the Israelites possessed, even when harvests were burned, or ungrown by reason of war; for the honey was a wild product, stored in the clefts of the rocks, and their flocks and herds journeyed with them and made part of the family, living under the one roof.

East of the Hasbany is El Ghujar, a village of that strange, unknown sect, the Nusairiyeh, probably named after Nusair, a follower of Ali. Their religion is a secret one; outwardly accomodating themselves to Moham-medan form, when among the Moslems; professing belief in Christ when among Christians; they baffle any attempt to find out their belief or history. "What need have we of religion, we are fellahin," is their evasive answer. Thomson surmises that they are descendants of the ancient Canaanites. They are numerous in Antioch, Hamath, and Tarsus. We give them a wide berth to the left.

We go westward to-day to visit the gorge of the Leontes, called by the natives, the Litany. Rising at Ain Es Sultan, near Baalbek, joined by the Nahr Berduni coming down from Zahleh, again by the Nahr el Beda, and smaller streams, it had a Titan's work to force a passage through between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. Forced by these it keeps its face determinedly southward, till, the obstruction passed, at the castle of Belfort it suddenly veers westward at a right angle as if in haste to meet the sea near Tyre. "It has cut for itself a narrow gorge in the solid strata of the rock, so deep that no one at a distance aside from it would suspect that a powerful river rushed between him and the opposite rocks. Yet there it is at the bottom of the chasm, all in a foam, leaping, darting, roaring along. Now it whirls round the jutting base of some mighty cliff so suddenly and so sharply that you are sure it bursts from the rock itself. Below, it runs madly against another towering cliff from which you see no escape; but it does escape, and darting along the base it launches its whole force against a similar barrier. Recoiling, it then shoots like an arrow down some secret pathway, quite hidden by overhanging rocks

and interlacing sycamores. After about ten miles of this hard struggle it comes forth from the dark mouth of the mountain at Kuweh, a clear and placid stream. Not long to rest, however, for immediately afterwards it springs madly down amongst large boulders, reduced in width to half a dozen feet, but of depth unknown.

"The best way to reach the Kuweh, or natural bridge, is to ascend the ridge of ed Dahar west of Hasbeiya to Yuhmur, a village situated on the top of that bridge. From a cliff a little north of the village a stupendous chasm of the Litany yawns beneath you, a thousand feet down and more. That is perhaps the wildest, grandest one-view that even the Litany presents. The descent from Yuhmur to the Kuweh takes about half an hour, and the path in some places winds along the very edge of the precipice, where I always prefer to dismount and walk. The bridge may have been formed by the falling of large masses of rock from the overhanging cliffs on the western side into the stream below. They are of stupendous height, perpendicular in some places, and abound in suspicious looking caverns. Access to them is extremely difficult, and in times long since passed away they may have been occupied by Lebanon's Troglodytes. Some of them are even now frequented in the summer season by shepherds with their flocks of long-eared goats." So Thomson.

A noisy Litany this of many petitions! Lower down it is known as the Kasimieh. Being pressed for time we will not cross the river, but view the Kulat es Shakif from a distance. In approaching it one would not dream that this great gorge separated him from the castle. To an acute ear the river could be heard before it was seen, descending as it does four thousand feet from its high sources in Hollow Syria. Looking across the river, on a precipitous rock, protected by a moat rock-hewn, stands the castle of Belfort; the south wall, the one least impregnable by nature, was defended by two semicircular towers. The view from here is glorious. Behind us towers Mount Hermon, now once more prominent in its snowy eminence, but cold and white like a corpse.

*Ah, why should that be comfortless, why cold
Which is so near to heaven? The lowly earth
Out of the blackness of its charnel-mould
Feeds its fresh life and lights its banks with gold*

* * * * *

*And is the life that bears its fruitage best
One neither of supremacy nor rest?*

We leave the awe-inspiring scenery of the Leontes, and after crossing

the Merj Aiyun, skirt the west side of the Mount Hermon range, ascending the Wady et Teim, traversing numerous wadies tributary to the Hasbany. These valleys, though stony, are cultivated; the stones made to occupy only a portion of the ground, stacked up into walls and towers.

From El Ghujar we came northwest, we now tack northeast with Hasbeiya as our objective point. These hills are a resort for doves and rock ptarmigan, hawks and eagles. We cross the Merj Aiyun, passing several little villages, among them Tell Dibbin, seeing Khiyam in the foothills to our right, then passing through Ibl el Hawa, we notice Rasheiyet el Fakr, finely situated on the west side of Mount Hermon; the name indicates the potteries—the principal industry here—of coarse, unglazed earthenware, better suited, however, to present needs than the glazed article would be, for they keep the water cool. We meet numbers of donkeys with these jars in transport to the markets of Syria.

Still further up in the hills, surrounded by olive groves, is Hibbarieh, in Wady Sheba, that descends from Hermon; it is a poor village, but with the ruins of an interesting temple of Grecian architecture.

By nightfall we reach Hasbeiya, after a very toilsome day. This city is beautifully situated on the northwest slope of Hermon. Large quantities of grapes for raisins and *dibs* are produced here, and we notice as we progress northward that the mulberry is more frequently seen, indicating the silk industry. This is a thriving city, though it has never entirely recovered since the massacres of 1860. It was indeed a centre of the atrocities practiced on the Christians by the Druses. They are the most fanatical of the Mohammedans and are considered as heretics, even among their own co-religionists. Their periodical hate against the Christians was visibly coming to a climax, June 11, 1860. The Protestants and Catholics were promised protection by the governor, Othman Aga, if they would lay down their arms, and he then treacherously handed them over, defenseless, to the fanatics. Some fled to the shelter of Baal's temple, alas! no city of refuge; it faced towards Hermon holding aloft his flag of truce, alas! to no effect; and they saw the sun

* * * * * *from peak to peak*

Of piney-gnomoned mountain move in vain.

The carnage was continued into the night of that terrible 11th of June, 1860. These massacres that have occurred periodically illustrate forcibly the state that Palestine was in for hundreds of years, while the ancient Canaanites and the Hebrews were jointly occupying the land; the Jebusites with the Jews in Jerusalem; the Ammonites in the valley of Jezreel; the

Moabites in Nephtali and Asher; and the Philistines in Judea. That these disturbances spring from political, as well as religious, motives adds likeness to the comparison. At present the inhabitants seem to live amicably together, but at any time the flame may burst forth afresh. These Maronite Christians are hardy mountaineers, surrounded by their vineyards, olive groves and mulberry plantations, peaceful and given to silk-raising; they are religious and proud of the fidelity with which they have kept the Catholic doctrine, when their fellow countrymen in the early ages became Monophysites and Monothelites destroying the reality of the Incarnation, the reality of the human in Christ, as their name indicates, *one nature, one will*. They trace their name and origin to St. John Maro, which is, however, not well authenticated. They employ the Syriac in saying Mass, but consecrate in unleavened bread, and in many ways conform to Latin usage.

A pleasant though steep walk from Hasbeiya brings us to the permanent source of the Hasbany, which, however, has many tributary streams from Anti-Lebanon in the rainy season and in the thaw; besides which the region is subject to cloud-bursts, which, among these mountain gorges, become sublime to eye and ear. But here we have a beautiful friend that remains even in time of drought. Coming out from the hillside it spreads itself—for admiration—in a rocky pool, Neba el Fauwar, bordered by oleanders and a few other bushes; it leaves the pond by a miniature cascade. This spring is a favorite picnic-ground for the schools; Hasbeiya has at present a population of about five thousand, four-fifths of which are Christian, mostly Greek. The American and British missions, however, have flourishing schools. Hasbeiya is supposed to be Baal-Gad of Josue xi. 17. Here again we find the bitumen pits as at the Dead Sea; they are owned by the government and let out to individuals.

Thinking of the sad massacres that have occurred here, we pray for the higher Pantheism to see God in everything, without denying His eminence over creation, or our responsibility of free agency—at least to recognize a child of God in our brother man.

*God! who hast given the rocks their fortitude,
The sap unto the forest, and their food
And vigor to the busy tenantry
Of happy soulless things that wait on Thee,
Hast Thou no blessing where Thou gavest Thy blood?
Wilt Thou not make Thy fair creation whole?
Behold and visit this Thy vine for good—
Breathe in this human dust a living soul.*

Hermon challenges us. We give to-day to this excursion, and ascending, not without labor, we hope to descend not without honor, as we said in Latin long ago. It is indeed a toilsome climb, this mountain:

*About whose adamantine steps the breath
Of dying generations vanisheth.*

"Of living generations too, before we get to the top," interjects, puffing, the prosaic fat man. The rock formation of Hermon is limestone, covered at places with soft chalk, while basalt makes its appearance in the south spurs and near Hasbeiya. In winter the mountain is covered with heavy masses of snow, which, even in summer, is found in the hollows. These mountains were at one time a famous hunting ground, but game is now becoming scarce; bears, foxes and wolves are, however, occasionally seen; birds, too, are here, the partridge, and, soaring above, the eagle and vulture.

As we climb upward we pass through several zones of vegetation; on the lower slopes the vineyards and almond orchards, higher up the stunted oaks and tragacanth bushes with prickly leaves, higher still the conifers, mostly juniper, lastly a sickly growth of shrubbery, and even to the edge of the snow, the ranunculus and the astragalus.

Where the pine-tree looks down on his rival the palm.

How wonderful to think that only a couple of days ago we were sitting under the palm-trees, and now are on top of Hermon. There are here three summits of nearly equal height, a few yards apart, separated by slight depressions so that it presents, not peaks, but a long, uneven ridge. We are over nine thousand feet above the sea. The Hermon range trends from southwest to northeast. There are, on the southwestern summit, the ruins called Kusr Antar, by the side of which is a *sacellum*, which appears to have been nearly square; but little remains—the dressed stones lying around were once built in an oval wall surrounding the summit like a parapet. There are portions of this *in situ*, and either there were two enclosures, one within the other, or the line of the walls formed a spiral, like a snail-shell; the outer end terminating in the corner of the *sacellum*.

The view embraces the most of Syria. Northward the eye travels between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, in whose embrace lies Baalbek with its wondrous ruins; eastward is the city of Damascus hidden in groves, but its minarets sparkling in the sun; southward the Huleh and the Jordan valleys; the Merj Aiyun, westward the river Leontes, the foothills of Leb-

anon, a wide expanse of Mediterranean, and the ships riding in the harbor of Tyre.

Along with Carmel and Tabor, Hermon is the oftenest mentioned in Scripture. It was a haunt of wild beasts: "the dens of the lions, the mountains of the leopards." *Canticle* iv. 8. It was a collector of dew and of cloud, *Psalms* cxxii. It rejoiced in God's name, *Psalms* lxxxviii. 13. Its flanks send down rivers of melted snow, westward to the Hasbany and the Jordan, eastward to the Nahr Sabirarîeh, which, augmented by others, forms Nahr Awaj, considered to be the Pharpar boasted of by Naaman as better than the Jordan.

Generous Hermon! giving with both hands! Impartial Hermon! giving to both rivals. It was a holy mountain. We feel that we have stood upon another pinnacle of life amid the snow-folds of this white banner which gave Hermon the Sidonian name of Sirion. But there is a chill wind blowing, and we are glad to descend to the human comforts below.

We proceed northward, for we are to pass the night at Rasheiya. All around us was a great centre of Baal worship as the ruins in surrounding places testify; at Hibbarieh, Thelthatha, Burkush, Rukhleh, and Deir el Ashayir. On the east toward Damascus, Baal has been supplanted by the not less blood-thirsty god of the Druses.

Rasheiya of the valley of Teim is at the northern base of Hermon, five hundred feet below the top of the white-haired Sheik, and rising in terraced beauty, like child tip-toeing to kiss its grandfather. It has about three thousand inhabitants. In this town alone, a thousand Christians perished in the massacre of 1860. East of us is Aiha, a Druse village.

This is also the place for a few words on the Druses. Together with the Metawilehs and the Nusairiyehs, they are an offshoot of Moham-medanism, of mixed Syrian and Arabian origin, some say also Persian. They believe that God has become incarnate ten times; the last time being in 1021, in the person of Caliph Hakim, and that in a final incarnation he will unite all nations into one; they thus believe in the transmigration of human souls, of which a definite number has been created and which appear in different forms, evolving higher through virtue, being degraded to beasts if sinful.

Their number is hard to ascertain, and variously computed from eighty thousand to two hundred thousand here in the south of Lebanon and eastward in the Hauran. Their hatred of the Christians, especially of the Maronites, we spoke of above. What caused those massacres? Was there any political reason? Yes! The Druses wanted to subjugate the Christians. Most religious wars have politics or commerce behind them.

In these massacres there is much to weaken the faith of those

*Who thought that God was love indeed
And love creation's final law,
Though nature, red in tooth and claw
With raven, shrieked against his creed.*

Yes, and man as well as nature. But we must remember that these outrages are the contradiction, not the carrying-out of God's law. These raids of the Druses bring forcibly to our imagination the wars of Bible times.

To counteract pessimistic thoughts before we retire to rest we read Is. liv. "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. O poor little one! tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold I will place thy stones in order and will lay thy foundations with sapphires. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." And our trust in God's providence returns with the reading, and Hermon throws out over us his white flag of peace.

From Rasheiya we have a long day before us if we wish to reach Damascus. We proceed over the Anti-Lebanon range at a considerably lower level than Hermon, but a toilsome route withal, down to Kulat Jeudal, with a ruined castle in Wady Barbar, then by better paths we strike the old Roman road between Banias and Damascus. After El Katana there is a good carriage road.

We could have reached the civilization of the railway carriage sooner by making for Sûk Wady Baradâ at the gorge of the ancient Abana. This Sûk or market-town now on the Beyrout-Damascus line is the ancient Abila. St. Luke iii. 7 mentions that Lysanias was Tetrarch of Abilina when John the Baptist commenced his mission of "preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins."

Here are rock-cut tombs and inscriptions recording that Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verrius built roads here and probably the tunnel through which the road passes. The ancient name comes from the hill to the west, Neby Habil, which an unreliable tradition of the Moham-medans mentions as the place where Abel was slain.

Here are found the ruins of a temple. Here at the annual fair (Sûk) in the seventh century occurred a massacre of the Christians, and the place is uninviting, so we are glad to give it the go-by, and reserve the modernism of railroad travel till after we have visited the antiquity of Damascus.

CHAPTER XLIV

DAMASCUS

Damascus! the oldest city of the world not in ruins! Damascus of the sword-blades, keen as the temper of her ice brooks. Damascus of the tapestries, variegated as her gardens in which gleams the Damson plum. Pearl of the East! Garden of God! Delight of men! Pasture of the heavenly peacocks! No term of endearment can be extravagant to the Arab if applied to Damascus. This city is first spoken of in Gen. xiv. 15, and again in Gen. xv. 2, where Abraham complains to God that "this Eleazar of Damascus, a servant born in my house will be my heir." But God says, "No," and sustains him with the great promise.

Damascus charms twice—from afar and from very near. Seen from a distance, its minarets aspiring heavenward, its domes reflecting the sun, it is like the heavenly Jerusalem descended to earth and clasped in her fondest embrace of leafage and of streams. None other has the perfection of distant enchantment, though many share it. Entering into the city there comes disenchantment, and the cynical will say that Esh Sham, its Arab name, is appropriate. This disillusionment is common to all Oriental places, but in Damascus there comes the second ravishment when you get to her heart; then Damascus is the seductive syren that lets no votary escape. This heart is found in her patios and courts, her riverside cafes, her brook-vocal gardens.

The houses are built a hollow square, and the living room is enclosed on all sides except skyward. If a brook cannot be brought in; behold! a springing fountain throwing itself into the sky like an Almeh in her gauze. The fountain pool is surrounded with plants and flowers, screen for the water-nymph, and around the inner walls runs the divan in bright colored drapery, on which to recline or sit (of so much greater capability than our horrid modern chairs), with little tables at hand for the coffee cup, the sweetmeat saucer, or the globe of the Nargileh, its hubble-bubble seeming to answer the tinkle of the fountain. Nowhere do I lament not being a smoker except in Damascus. *Bismillah!* Why should business or politics or perplexing philosophy bring wrinkled trouble? I am in Damascus!

Poetry aside, it is here that Damascus outrivals the world, in the rushing waters of the Abana, now called Barada, and its many branches, which you hear under some of the streets and encounter in many of the cafes

projecting out over the stream, in the fragrance of its gardens, in the seclusion of its patios, in the luxuriance of its orange, pomegranate, chenar, palmetto, in its warm breezes, in the cheer of its Sthora wine, and the fire of its Zahleh annistette.

The Damascans are very proud of their city; the three oaths allowed by the Koran are; by Allah, by the olive, and by the fig; that is, by God, by Jerusalem, and by Damascus. Through the kindness of a friend we gained admission to the home of a rich merchant and manufacturer of art, in jewelry, in mosaic, in marble, and in mother-of-pearl. These interiors are enchantments from Moorish tales. The lower stories are high, the sleeping rooms above, are lower; not many houses having more than two stories. From the court open the living-rooms and those reserved for splendor. The windows of the bedrooms give on the patio, sometimes from projecting balcony over it screened with arabesque grill-work, behind which we can conjure up a vision of veiled beauties.

And yet, truth to tell, Damascus has its drawbacks; the houses are built of poor stone, often of crumbling clay, cold in winter, and with poor facilities for firing. They are damp, too, owing to the water which, itself, is not oversafe for drinking, and the Summer brings fever and the Fall malaria. "Then let him that is on the housetop flee to the mountains." The streets are often muddy, always dirty, and dog-infested, and the Moslems are fanatical.

Damascus was long the stronghold of the Syrians, from which they poured down their legions against Israel and Judea, but after the great slaughter at Aphek, King Benadad seems to have concluded a treaty of peace and mutual commerce with Achab. "The cities which my father took from thy father I will restore, and do thou make thee streets in Damascus as my father made in Samaria." 3 Kings xx. 34. This was for places of business and is the original *ghetto* allotted to the Jews in many cities. With checkered history we see it pass the centuries till the prophecy of Amos is verified: "I shall send fire into the house of Azael, it shall devour the houses of Benadad—I will break the bar of Damascus." Amos i. 4.

Although so old, Damascus has few antiquities, and these not well authenticated. The one that carries us the farthest back (in fancy) is the grand mosque of the Omniades. It is the finest of the 248 mosques of the city, most of them poor, or only chapel appendages to the *medrasehs*, or schools. Entering, one remarks that it is evidently a Christian basilica, and as this was constructed from a Pagan temple, the place has gone through all the stages, heathen, pagan, Christian, Moslem. Alas! that we



RIVER ABANA

should write this word last, but "the end is not yet." The site has been connected in memory with the Temple to Rimmon, of which Naaman spoke to Eliseus, and where a case of conscience was neatly disposed of. Rimmon seems to have been a principal god among the Assyrians, taking the place of Jupiter among the Greeks and Romans. He is represented as "Armed with thunderbolts."

Naaman built an altar in Damascus to the true God, from "two mules' burden of earth" (4 Kings v. 17) from Samaria, that he had begged from the Prophet. This is the first instance we have of holy earth being carried away; the Crusaders followed it up with the shiploads that make the *Campo Santos* of northern Italy, which reminds us of Exodus xx. 24: "An altar of earth ye shall make to me." A holocaust of all that is earthly, it would symbolize the transitoriness of the Hebrew sacrifice—the Christian altar is made of stone.

The grand mosque is in the center of the city, surrounded by bazaars. Time has laid a heavy hand upon it. It has often been ravaged by fire—often restored—even as late as 1893, but is still splendid; we pay a mejideh to enter on slippared feet—the door is so massive that it requires five men to open it.

In Christian times it was dedicated to John the Baptist, and his head is supposed to have been buried here, and there is a well inside, of which the custodian will present you with a memorial drink. To-day it has all

the characteristics of the Moslem Mosque—the Mosaic work, inlaid tiles and mother-of-pearl, the numerous pillars, the Moorish arches, the pierced screens, the pious inscriptions from the Koran, the gorgeous hangings, the *Mihrab*, the *Kibleh*, and the pulpit, *Mimbar*. It is of immense size, being 455 x 123 feet with a transept cutting it in two; above the juncture of which with the nave was a dome which was destroyed in 1893, styled the eagle dome; the cruciform church below suggesting a bird with outspread wings—an eagle now turned vulture. East and west rose triumphal arches of which ruins are visible. They must have added greatly to the imposing appearance.

When Caliph el Walid took it from the Christians, he is said to have spent on its adornment the whole income of Syria for seven years—bringing eighteen shiploads of gold and silver and artificers from every land. It reads like the building of the Temple of Solomon. But even he did not obliterate the inscription of Theodosius: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." It sounds like the unwilling prophecy of Pilate, "What I have written I have written." John xix. 22. This inscription may yet be seen from the roof of the Silversmiths' bazaar, admission to which, however, costs half a mejideh. Said Khalif Walid: "Damascus had heretofore four things unique in the world: air, water, fruit and gardens; I will give it a fifth wonder—my mosque. One prayer here avails 30,000 elsewhere, and forty years after the end of the world will Allah be here invoked."

Three minarets pierce the blue; "the western minaret," octagonal in shape, with three galleries one above the other, tapering upward and ending in ball and crescent, being the finest. From this minaret one obtains a fine view over the city, with its vast sea of flat-roofed buildings, with domes like bubbles on a stream, through which the minarets lift themselves, like masts of sunken craft; the whole engirdled with the green of gardens and orchards.

Out over the suburbs, too, our view extends, southward to the Meidan and north to Salahiyeh, then up the Barada to Ain Fijeh, one of its largest sources, with the slopes of Anti-Lebanon and Jebel Kasiûn, where, according to the Mussulman legend, Adam and Eve were created and where the "Seven Sleepers" rest. The other two are named "Minaret of Jesus" and "Minaret of the Bride."

Not belonging to the Holy Land proper, it not having been the theatre of our Saviour's works, Damascus has not the charm to us that Jerusalem and Nazareth and Bethlehem and Capharnaum have, that quartet of cities that prolong the harmony of His perfect life. Its chief interest is con-

nected with St. Paul. We make a pilgrimage outside the city, passing out by Bab Touma, gate of St. Thomas, on the northeast; we turn south; the gateways are in tolerable preservation, but the city wall is in most places ruinous. At the next gate, Bab es Sharki, is a municipal Lazar house for lepers, and from time unknown has been called the house of Naaman, the leper cured by Eliseus.

We proceed past the cemeteries of the different Christian rites, along the route toward Jerusalem. Up this Roman-paved road, traces of which are extant, came a horseman "breathing threatenings and slaughter against the Disciples of the Lord, armed with letters to the synagogues of Damascus that if he found any men or women of this persuasion he might bring them down to Jerusalem." His name is Saul; he had held the garments of those who stoned Stephen. He had seen the heavens open on the proto-martyr, but *his* eyes had not been opened, "And as he drew night to Damascus a light from heaven shone around him and he fell to the ground and heard a voice saying to him: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the goad. Arise, go into the city and there it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' And Saul rising up was blind and they led him by the hand into the city." Acts ix. He was stricken down Saul, he rose up Paul. He was stricken a persecutor, he rose up an Apostle.

Vocation comes sometimes in the lighting-flash—sometimes in the slow leading by the hand of man.

At this spot Catholics assemble on the 25th of January to celebrate the conversion of St. Paul. Returning to the city we see the tower called for St. Paul near the closed-up gate Bab el Kisan. Not slow to begin his mission "of preaching Christ and Him crucified" he incurs the hatred of the Jews, and is in danger of his life. Here is the traditional spot of Paul's escape from the city when "the Disciples took him and let him down by the wall in a basket." A not difficult task; if the walls were not higher than at present, nor in better repair, and as the dwellings were often on the walls, this circumstance lends probability to the transaction. Though the material in the walls may be in part the same as in the Apostle's day, the wall as an entirety is doubtless more modern, the later building being much inferior to the Roman, crumbling in many places, with the gray-green and ill-smelling *Peganum Hormela* in the crevices.

From this gate westward to Bâb el Djebieh runs the "street called Straight," nearly two miles, practically the whole length of the city, cutting off the Jewish quarter in the south from the Christian in the east and the Mohammedan in the larger west of the north part; it is in great part

roofed in and lined with bazaars; the roof is a barrel-vault, looking like a long tunnel. Many rich houses abut on this street; little indication, however, being outwardly shown of their interior luxuriance, except here a beautiful screen and there a graceful balcony projecting above the street. In this vicinity are situated also the majority of the Christian churches.

Entering by the Bâb es Sharki we visit first the Franciscans, who occupy the supposed site of the house of Ananias and have a subterranean chapel, dedicated to that pious missionary, the teacher of Him who was to teach the Gentiles. The Franciscan monastery and church are dedicated to St. Paul, the parish church for the Latins. These Fathers suffered terribly in the massacres of 1860 by the Mussulmans, eight of the Fathers perishing on the altar steps. In the three days July 9, 10 and 11 from five to eight thousand Christians perished in Damascus, a complement to the atrocities in the Lebanon! fourteen thousand is the total estimate for Syria.

"Now there was a Disciple at Damascus named Ananias, and the Lord said to him: 'Arise and go into the street that is called Straight, and seek in the house of Judas one named Saul of Tarsus, for behold he prayeth.'" There is the proof of real conversion—prayer.

"And Ananias went his way and entered into the house; and laying his hands upon him he said: 'Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus has sent me, He that appeared to thee in the way, that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it were scales and he received his sight, and rising up he was baptized.'" Acts ix. So was the "Vessel of Election" prepared.

Is it not perplexing that Acts ix. 7 says "The men who were in company with him heard indeed a voice but saw no man," and at Ch. xxii. 9 the Saint himself relates: "They who were with me saw indeed the light, but they heard not the voice of Him that spake to me." But the first mention does not deny that they saw the light only the man, and the last may only refer to hearing intelligently; that is, they heard a voice, a sound, but not the voice of Him. This gives us to understand that in supernatural visions the miracle is subjective in the mind of the seer, though to insure it not being confounded with simple hallucination there is often some indication to others of a supersensual occurrence. So when Daniel has the vision of the man-angel "with body like the chrysolite and face of lightning and arms of glittering brass"—he records: "And I, Daniel, alone saw the vision, for the men that were with me saw it not, but an exceeding great terror fell upon them, and they fled away." Dan. x. 7.

Around the eastern end of this street called Straight, both United and Orthodox Greeks have their cathedral; they both having bishops in Damas-



HOUSE OF NAMAN

cus. The traditional site of Jude's house is towards the west end; it is a diminutive mosque, once a Christian church.

The Lazarists also have a convent here, and a college, not far from the Franciscans. The Jesuits have their residence and church on the supposed site of the dwelling of St. John Damascene, that learned Father of the Church of the seventh century, who wrote so convincingly on the veneration of images, showing the difference between it and the worship given to God. He relinquished the splendor of Damascus for the austerity of the *laura* of St. Sabas near Jerusalem.

North from the Jesuits is the gate Bab Touma, leading to cafes on the river (which here splits into two to make more numerous its enticing banks), and still northward to the Zenabiye spring, the best water in Damascus, to the gardens north of the city, among which is the hospital kept by the French Sisters of Charity; out through the stately plane trees and the quivering poplars, the shiny mulberries and the dainty almonds, and the fat and selfish fig-trees; and beyond, the road stretching through the desert,—the caravan route to Aleppo and Palmyra.

Not far from the grand mosque, northward, is the tomb of Saladin, a miniature mosque enclosing a sarcophagus of white marble where lie the bones of that scourge of the Crusaders, Saleh-ed-Dîn—Safety of Religion, but not ours. Here greatness acknowledges greatness in a crown of golden laurel, the gift of the German Emperor in 1898.

Some distance on the other side of the mosque of the Omniades is the tomb of Nûr-ed Dîn—Light of Religion, the predecessor of Saladin.

None of the other mosques will repay the hurried traveler,—and all hurry now-a-days.

The most noteworthy one is the Senaniyeh mosque, in the southwest corner of the city, with a beautiful minaret, tile-covered, and with windows ornamented with stalactite arches and *faience* of fine coloring; and in the Meidan the Sabonniyeh mosque, stripy of black and white marble and good arabesques.

The best hotels are the Victoria and the Oriental—the Arab cafes the most picturesque.

The most imposing civic buildings are the Caserne and Serai of the soldiery, and the citadel, a large enclosed space. Here we rest and think of that year of sorrow—1860; it was the year of Lincoln's election, and of the outbreak of our civil war, so, in America, we thought little of Syria.

Here is a paraphrase from one who, as a boy of seven years, passed through the horrors of those three days of July, 1860, and who is now a missionary striving to convert the Mohammedans, who slaughtered his

relatives, which reads like a chapter from the Reign of Terror, with this exception, that the crime of the French was being of noble birth, here in the Damascus massacres it was being a Christian.

For some months the Mohammedans, abetted by Achmed Pasha, the governor, and other influential men, had been fanning the flame of hate, ever too ready to burst out, of the Mohammedans. "The Christians were getting too rich and Europe too influential—Mohammed's spirit called for a blood-toll—without it his curse would light on the city—an Englishman, so it was reported, had entered the mosque with shoes on! Our religion is in danger." It was a systematic propaganda of hate, for which the dervishes and civil authorities were alike responsible. Everything was done to inflame the Mohammedans and to goad the Christians to something that would justify their punishment.

The love of Christians for the crucifix was a potent weapon; it was dishonored in every way possible, cast to the dogs, trodden under foot, tied to pigs who were named for Christian rulers or for Christian saints, and then slaughtered. They strove to have the Christians themselves defile it; all to incense the followers of Jesus; they were encouraged by news of the Indian mutiny, and incensed that a French company was about to build a railroad from Beyrout to their city.

On the 9th of July it broke out—this concentration of religious hate, of political rivalry, and greed of spoils!

It was intended to be extermination, with the booty for the Moslems. We know how insensate are the passions of civilized peoples—here we have men almost savage, with the assurance of their religion that they are doing God service.

It was twelve o'clock—the Muezzin had called to prayer—it was the signal for blood. The Moslems in herds of 500 went through the Christian quarter slaying every man they could meet. The women and girls were spared only to be reserved for lust or slavery. All that could be found of gold and silver and other valuables were thrown into the street, of which the soldiers had their pick; the remainder was seized by the rabble.

Then the houses were set on fire. How could they tell the Christian houses? Ah! the blood of the Paschal Lamb had once saved the Hebrews in Egypt—here it was the signal for the destroyer not to "pass over" but to immolate. Every Christian house had been marked!

At one time the Turkish quarter was on fire, and it was feared the whole city would be destroyed. Achmed Pasha was pacing his palace balconies watching it—a second Nero.

For three days it raged—this infernal persecution. The European con-

ulates were besieged by thousands seeking protection—the convents and churches were asylums and hospitals. The citadel was the refuge of thousands, where they nearly starved and where they would have been slaughtered except for Abdul Kader, that noble Arab and Mohammedan who defied Achmed Pasha and with his Algerine followers protected the Christians. God reward him!

The whole city was strewn with corpses, even women and children—everywhere one waded in blood, everywhere the groans of the dying, the petitions of the living. Into one of the churches—the Franciscans’—the murderers entered; one seized the bell-rope and pulling it shouted: “First Mass,” and one of the Fathers was beheaded. Another pull, “Second Mass,” and another priest fell. So it went on until the last priest was killed, then all who had taken refuge here.

Some were offered their lives if they would turn Moslem. And many confessors of the Faith were found, thank God! Many that went from the martyr’s death to the martyr’s crown, many who could say with Polycarp of Smyrna, “Eighty years have I served Jesus Christ—I will not deny Him in my old age.” And even those who in fear apostatized were not spared. “You are now a believer and sure of Paradise—what do you want of earth?” and to another, “You have denied *your* God, and *ours* does not need you, go to hell!” and the scimitar flashed again.

The family of the narrator was soon separated. The heroic mother tried to keep the little band together, but the eldest son was soon despatched; the father torn from them; they found him, indeed, on the fourth day, but only to see him die in his wife’s arms; the eldest daughter was seized, strapped to a horse, and never seen again, dragged into slavery—or worse. Still the mother sought to save the remainder, one child in her arms, and the future priest, dressed as a girl, clinging to her skirts; they huddled in holes, fleeing from one shelter to another, and at last the three escaped to Beyrout. Within a year the Sons of St. Francis were back in Damascus winning their way with the strength of patience and the strength of love.

At any time the lust for blood and the fanaticism of the Moslem may burst forth. This is the dark side of Mohammed’s religion—it is a religion that justifies killing all who are not “true believers.” All Christians are to them *Giaours*—infidels. No love of any one except their own. It is the religion of beginnings.

It was in some measure the religion of the Old Testament—a religion of war, not of peace; of justice, not of mercy; a brotherhood of the Jews, not of mankind.

It makes us appreciate the Gospel when we see what the Moslem is



ST. PAUL'S WALL

HOUSE OF ANNANIAS

without it. It makes us acknowledge that it is only Jesus who has inaugurated the brotherhood of man. "Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian," "I say to you, love all."

It is a terrific chapter in history. It is a nightmare! It is a witches' Sabbath, a Bedlam, a reign of terror, a hell—all these conjoined. Vain-minded David, for numbering his people, was to be punished. "Thus saith the Lord, 'Either three years of famine or three days to have the sword of the Lord and pestilence in the land.'" The pious, humbled king chose pestilence. "Better for me to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men." I Chron. xxi. 12. Here no alternative of misfortune is offered, here all three are combined. "They shall fall by the sword, by famine and by pestilence." Ezekiel vi. 11.

"Of what great service to civilization Catholicism has been!" exclaimed the Professor after we had been talking about the heroism of the Franciscan fathers.

"I wish," said the Poet, "that we could invent some word to supplant 'Catholicism.' That 'ism' has an ugly sound and smacks of sectaries and fads. 'Catholicity' does not express it, for Catholicity is one of the qualities of that divine system we are wanting a name for. I have always used the term 'Catholic Church,' but that again is awkward, for we want a term that will express, not the institution but the *scheme* by which the kingdom of Christ is propagated and governed and nourished."

"Perhaps," ventured the Professor, "we could still retain the obnoxious word, confining it to the policy and procedure of the members of the teaching Church in their human aspect." "A good suggestion," responded the poet, "for it would bring out the distinction between the human and the divine sides of the Church, preserving the Church as 'the bride of Christ without spot or defect,' and not laying at the door of the Holy Ghost the wrong or untimely policy of individual popes and bishops." "You are get-

ting into deep water, old fellow," said the Photographer. "I will quote Emerson against you:

*Draw if thou canst the mystic line
Severing rightly His from thine,
Which is human, which divine?"*

"Perhaps," said the Poet, referring to the deep water, "but we can swim. We may not always be able to say just when a procedure is due to the human and when to the divine side of the Church, but it will be an advance in precise thought to recognize the principle."

If for want of a better word we coin 'Catholicity,' as meaning the action of the Church as governed by the Holy Spirit, and Catholicism as the scheme of government, and so forth that is swayed by the men in office; then will we attribute to Catholicity the inerrancy and authority in her teaching the indefectibility of her life, the certainty of grace in her sacraments and sacrifice; but to Catholicism, that adaptation of herself to varying circumstances of time and place, that shaping of means to ends, that policy with men and nations, that bestowing of offices and of honors,—all that is influenced largely by the human equation in her rulers.

Nor is this saying that here she is entirely uncontrolled by the Holy Ghost. She is here guided by God as individuals are guided in proportion as they wish for guidance, for in the actions of the humblest layman God enters with inspiration, with light and with strength.

Nor is it saying that even when the dictates of Catholicism are unwise, it is allowable to disregard them, for even then they are orders from the one in authority. Much less is it saying that the infallible actions of Catholicity alone are right, and that the actions of Catholicism are wrong. Indeed these latter generally embody the highest human wisdom; exhibit the keenest diplomacy, and the most virtuous executive; this is what the world styles "the consummate policy of the Catholic Church," but up to which the Catholic looks with the reverence of children to their father and of citizens to their president. Nor does this credit or charge to Catholicism anything but official acts. Hence if a pope write a poem, or a priest commit a theft, it does not reflect glory nor shame on Catholicism, only on a person who is connected with Catholicism.

Let us take some examples: The Catholic Church maintains that she should not be hampered by the State in doing the work Christ gave her to do. Catholicism in one age will defy the tyrannical State, and go to the martyr's death; in another will cringe to the ruler, that she may live in peace and favor; when possible, will acquire temporal power.

The Catholic Church, following Christ's saying: "As the Father has sent Me so I send you" continues to give a true priesthood to the world, and a true sacrifice. Catholicism says in the Latin Church, these priests must be celibates and use Latin in their ritual; in the Oriental Church permits them to have wives and to use the language of their country.

The Catholic Church says with Christ: "He who does not take up his cross and follow Me cannot be My Disciple." Catholicism tells us *how* to mortify ourselves, namely, by abstaining from meat, and from food, etc. The Catholic Church, with the power of God, says to the penitent: "Depart in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee." Catholicism limits that power of absolving to those priests having jurisdiction in each case, and for those penitents who conform to certain regulations of the church.

It was Catholicism acting zealously, but unwisely, that our Lord rebuked when the Apostles say "we saw one driving out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him because he followeth not us." And Christ said: "Forbid him not." Mark ix. 37.

Protestantism is the counterpart of Catholicism, and the Protestant having no equivalent for Catholicity, it is Catholicism and his similarity to it that he means when he speaks of "The Church."

"It has been suggested to use the word 'Ecclesiasticism,' or 'Clericalism' or the 'Officialism' of the Catholic body for what you wish Catholicism confined to," suggested the Professor, "and whitewashing Catholicism of its sectarianism so as to let it stand for what you are seeking to coin a new word for." "I fancy that those words would only suit certain phases of Catholicism, but any plan would suffice, if only a definite meaning is given to the words, for only then can we expect to have exact thought." "It appears to me," said another, "that if you begin reforming our English language there are many words that require definiteness of meaning. What of the expression 'Son of God?'" Here the subject was dropped for the exigencies of travel. Thus do we shorten the road as our Saviour of old when "they discoursed by the way."

No one should omit a visit to the Bazaars, the finest in Palestine, and with the exception of Constantinople and Cairo, the finest in the world. They are covered in and may thus occupy a rainy day pleasantly. Different things are in different bazaars, like a department store. To list half of them would be to write a catalogue; there is the tobacco bazaar, the fruit bazaars, the food market, the book market the shoe market, the saddle market, the coppersmith, the silversmith, the camel, horses and asses, all have their bazaars.

One of the most attractive is the bazaar of ancient weapons, modern

Damascus, alas! having lost the art of making sword blades. The most beautiful, that of the silk fabrics and of Oriental rugs. But let the purchaser be circumspect, for many of the cotton goods are made in Manchester, the arms in Birmingham, the silks in Lyons, and the laces in Switzerland. If our eyes are filled with strange sights, our ears are greeted with stranger sounds. The venders of cool drinks will not call it cold but will shout: "Look out for your teeth!" Those selling cress: "If an old woman eats it, she is young again." Those with roasted chick peas "*ommennarein*" mother of two fires; those offering bouquets of flowers advise the purchaser, "Appease your mother-in-law." "Here is food for the little swallows," cries the cake dealer, using the Arab word of endearment for girls. The generous Mohammedan treats, not with free whisky nor tobacco, but by paying a water-carrier to distribute gratuitously a skin or two of water along the highway. He goes shouting: "*Ya Atshan! es sebîl!*" "O thirsty, the fountain!" "Drink of the water of life gratis!" Apoc. xxii. 17.

The handsomest of the khans or native hostelrys is that of Asad Pasha, near the palace of the same name, containing three hundred rooms, occupied by Abdullah Bey. Here Arab life may be studied. The khan is built of alternate black and yellow stone; it presents a bizarre appearance, and is surrounded by bazaars—is itself a bazaar. The entrance is through a doorway with architecture of down-dripping stalactites—a style much affected by the Arabs. It is divided into nine squares and roofed in by nine domes admitting light. A gallery runs round the whole, and a fountain plays in the center court. It shows Arab architecture at its best. But when all is said, the bazaars are the great attraction of Damascus. The ever-moving throng, the outlandish words, the strange costumes from all the Oriental world, the veiled women, the men like statues of Buddha sitting in their cubby-holes, the clang of the metal workers, the sheen of silks, and the gorgeousness of damasks, with the odors of attar of roses, all-pervasive,—is an experience always agreeable and never to fade from the memory.

A most delightful excursion is to Es Salehiyeh and Jebel Kasiûn, northwest of the city, out at the gate Bab es Salehiyeh. Here is a delightful drive accompanied by streams, trees and villas. The Nahr Tora is crossed, the largest canal that the generous Barada throws off above at Dummar, for the public good. This river that enters into no majestic and unneeding ocean, but spends itself among the poor sands—"an Apostle going about doing good." A smaller stream, El Jesid, tributary to the Barada, waters Salehiyeh itself. There are from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants, with Kurds, and refugees from Crete and from Algeria. There is one fine mosque—the tomb of Muhiedin ibn el Arabi, the poet and mystic, where

also Abdul Kader, the protector of the Christians in 1860, was buried in 1883; he was always a good friend to the Europeans, grateful for being liberated by General Lamoriciere in the war with Algeria in 1853.

Up the sides of the hill climbs the Mussulmans' cemetery; the cold, red earth of the mountain showing behind.

At Kasiûn, the Moslems declare, that Abraham had the unity of God revealed to him. A great advance on the polytheism of paganism, and so intensifying itself in the Moslem mind that they cannot even admit a trinity of persons.

We pause to rest and there on the slender minaret's balcony appears the Muezzin floating in the evening twilight, between earth and the sky; and the voice deep as the sea, but sweet as the breeze, floats on the silence carrying the *Adzan* to the ears of the faithful, even as it was sung by Bilbal, the first Muezzin, to Omar the great, to remind him that there is a greater:

God is most great!
Come to Prayer!
Prayer is better than sleep!
Come to salvation!
God is most great!

So has it rung out for more than twelve centuries from all the minarets of Islam. It will not do to scoff at it—it is true as far as it goes. It is worship of the same God whom we adore; it is a partial light—all that the Mohammedan has as yet! "A gleam in darkness—let it grow!" But may it receive the fuller light of Christ!

The departure and return of the Haj or pilgrimage to Mecca are the great events in the Damascene year. Though decreasing in modern times it is still a great sight, and a pilgrim to Mecca is honored ever after, and entitled to wear the green turban.

The pilgrimage is for the purpose of carrying a new carpet or covering for the *Kaaba* or holy rock at Mecca. It is transported in the *Mahmal*, a large palanquin or tent carried on the back of a dromedary. It is of green silk richly adorned with silver and gold lace and supported on silver posts. The pilgrimage takes about four months; now with railroad facilities, the time will be shortened.

Passing out of the heart of the city by the "Gate of God," they show to best advantage in the Meidan or campus south of the city, a suburb which appears to accompany them for two miles on their way; some compare it to the handle of a frying pan.

"If a man compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain," Matt. v. 41, seems to be the spirit of these shops, booths and dwellings.

We have given all we can afford of man's short lifetime to this earthly paradise, Damascus, which gives a name to the reddest of roses, the sweetest of plums, the richest of metallic work, the most lustrous of silk, the keenest of sword blades, and we vary our journeying by taking railway transportation to Haifa, that we may enjoy the coast route from there to Beyrout. Two railroads nearly parallel themselves south from Damascus, that to Mezerib,—a narrow gauge in the hands of the same French company that built the Beyrout-Damascus line, the other by Dera'a where it divides, going south on the Haj route by Bozra and Ammân. It is opened as far as Ma'an, and intended to ultimately reach Mecca. This is owned by the Ottoman government, though built by German engineers, and has the better train service—the French line being used mainly for freight and not running every day. We are fortunate that this is not the time of the pilgrimages, otherwise we could not secure places without the most undignified scramble. On such occasions many are left behind by every departing train, to wait often without food until the next day.

At twelve miles distance from Damascus is Kessue, a large Druse village, through which runs the Nahr el Awaj, the Pharpar of the Bible. It, too, like the Barada, losing itself in the sands and morasses to eastward. The Scripture name is preserved in the Nahr Barbar, which was an affluent of the Nahr el Awaj.

We are now in the Hauran—in ancient times Bashan—but some find in the modern name the Haran to which Abraham migrated from Ur of Chaldea. When conquered by Alexander the Great, the country east of the Jordan went by the name of Perea, on the other side, just as Pera in Constantinople is on the other side of the Golden Horn from Stamboul.

In New Testament time, however, these territories were Iturea and Trachonitis—meaning stony—of which we know from St. Luke iii. 1, that Philip, Herod's brother, was Tetrarch in the time of the Baptist's teaching. A Tetrarch was the ruler of a quarter of a province, a sort of one-fourth of a king; such was Herod in Galilee and Lysanias in Abilina. At Sounamein station, thirty-one miles from Damascus on the French railroad, is the divide for this district of the waters which will hereafter run south.

Our road has made a great detour eastward; westward from us is the country Batanea, the traditional home of Job, who is immortalized in Sheik Meskîn Station on the Mezerib road.

Sheik Meskîn, the miserable Sheik! In the vicinity,—at Sheik Said, the happy, to be exact,—(I fancy they both mean Job of altered fortunes),

a village of African descendants, are rude sculptures of lions and hieroglyphics of Osiris, perhaps from the time of the Hittites. A *stèle* there is called Sakrat Ayub, stone of Job, where we picture the man of patience on his dunghill throne receiving his unwelcome friends. Eastward is Ham-



WATER VENDER

man Ayub, Job's bath, held in great veneration by the Mohammedans; and still a third memory of Job lingers in Deir Ayub, where is shown the tomb of Job. We have the testimony of St. John Chrysostom and St. Sylvia that pilgrimages were made thither in the fourth century, and Eusebius and Jerome confirm them. No certitude, however, is attached to the traditions for the exact spots.

It is thought Asteroth Cornaim of Gen. xiv. 5, was here, where Cho-

dorlahomor smote the Raphaim, the giants, to be later smitten by Abraham. The name would indicate the worship of Astarte, and the city may have occupied Tell Aschterah where are vestiges of fortifications.

The train stops a few minutes at Mousmiyeh station and we refresh ourselves with fruit lunches from the children, who crowd the platform.

El Lejah, the plain that stretches round us, is wild and broken, not by mountains, but as if waves of the sea had been frozen. The soil is stony with floating lava, black among the red earth, from the low craters of Tell Shian, Tell Ghararet and El Kiblieh, the north summits of Jebel Hauran, now by the Druses called Jebel ed Druz. Earthquakes followed the solidifying of the lava-field, opening innumerable cracks forming ravines. This country is the home of the Druses, and many villages are visible, some wall-enclosed and ruined temples telling of former splendor. Many are the black tents of the Bedouins dotting the wide view.

This Mousmiyeh was Phaena, the capital of Trachonitis, and at one time enjoyed the presence of a bishop, now, of course, it is *in partibus*.

The basilica built in the second century was in good preservation till recently, when the material was carted away. This district furnishes the basalt grindstones used throughout Syria.

Ezra station is Zora of Roman times, once a considerable place, and the Greek Melchites have still a parish here—St. George's.

North of us is Bozor of the Wilderness, probably the city spoken of in 1 Maccabees iv. 26, and Alma may represent Alima mentioned in the same book, along with Casphar which is supposed to be Mezerib.

All east is Jebel Hauran, called in the Scriptures "the mountain of Bashan," which meaning fat, the Vulgate translates into *Mons Pinguis*, "a fat mountain, a curdled mountain, why fear ye curdled mountains? in which God is well pleased to dwell." This is not an imposing chain; it seems indeed as if many of the links were wanting, only the peaks rising at intervals along the low horizon. These are thought to have suggested the coagulation figure in Ps. lxxviii.

We are soon at Dera'a where we change cars for the Sea of Galilee and Haifa. Dera'a, the Edrai of the Bible, is a most uninviting junction where one would desire the southbound Haj train to be promptly on time to let him escape. The wise, however, know that twenty minutes walk southwest of the station is Edrai spoken of in Numbers xxi. 33. "And Og, the king of Bashan, came against them with all his people to fight them in Edrai."

The modern town occupies two plateaus rising from the Wady Zadi, is the seat of a Kaimakam with 4,000 inhabitants, and in the Middle Ages was a bishop's see.



MINARET

HOLY CARPET

Of more interest is the underground city, a good example of troglodyte dwellings, a vast labyrinth of rooms and galleries cut in the limestone rock.

These extend under the whole city, but being small and low are difficult of access. They are the work of the most ancient inhabitants of Palestine of whom anything is known, and that very little, the Raphaim.

The Cufic inscriptions are evidence that here the language used was Aramean, which, through the later Nabatean, was the parent of the modern Arabic.

From Dera'a there is a carriage road southwest to Irbid (not to be confounded with Irbid in Galilee), a modern flourishing city of 2,000 inhabitants. This is the best route to Tiberias, if not taking rail transportation.

Leaving Dera'a the line turns westward, a little north, and at Ain Umm el Amad branches off to Mezerib two miles distant. The engine takes advantage of the Ain. We are in the country Gilead, rich in biblical associations. Somewhere south of here there was the witness-heap that sealed the reconciliation between Laban and his runaway children.

Still further south from here Jacob meets the angels and sends conciliatory messengers to Esau, who was coming up against him, Gen. xxxii.

With a sudden curve we double on our tracks, running eastward up the north side of Wady Tell es Shehad; the scenery grows momentarily more wild and entrancing, cataracts foaming down from the rocks, particularly the cascade of Nahr el Bajeh, and picturesque but squalid villages perched on the hills. Having passed the station Zeizun there is another long paralleling of our own route, east on the south, west on the north declivity of Wady Ehreir to Tell el Makarim, where all the wadies—Shellaleh, Shiab, Zeizun, Ehreir, Allan—seem to combine, forming the Yarmuk, down whose bed rushes the stream in many a winding sweep almost to Semak. There the river, which seemed determined to enter the Sea of Galilee, changes its mind at Ed Douer and joins the Jordan at Khan Admah. Down this river-gorge the train races with the water, through tunnels, over bridges, past well-wooded ravines and rock walls from a hundred to two hundred feet high, and bristling peaks of basalt and limestone, and moraines of lava from Tell el Faras, an extinct volcano twenty miles to northward. At ez Zayyatin station we reach sea level; from thence onward we are below it. Other wadies bring down their tribute to the Yarmuk: Zayyatin, Roukad, Keleit, in which south-sloping valley is the village of Sahem el Kafart. The next station is Ain el Gazaleh, with its silvery thread, watering a beautiful stretch of countryside, where now again the palm appears. Another bridge eighty feet above the water; southward a few miles is Um Keis on its mountain, the ruins of Gadara, whose extent prove it a considerable place under the Romans in early New Testament times. It was the seat of a bishop till the seventh century.

The baths at El Hammeh, our next stop, were probably its great attraction. Eusebius mentions "Amatha where warm waters spring near Gadara." These baths are frequented by the natives from April to June, but visitors will find no accommodations. Ain Boulos is drinkable; Hammet Selin, Birket er Rih and others are sulphurous. The ruins of temple, castle and baths are witness that here the Romans took life voluptuously. Not far from El Hammeh the railroad leaves the Yarmuk valley for the Jordan, proceeding northwest, and the Sea of Galilee spreads its blue carpet. How we dote on it! But we cannot tarry. We throw love salutations, however, over to Tiberias, almost hidden; to the convent at Ain Tabigha on the shore and that on the heights above standing conspicuous, and we know that only the promontory of Ain et Tin prevents us seeing the loved Capharnaum. This Semak is yet but an inconsiderable place but being the station for Tiberias will grow.

Now we turn south, following the Jordan, which has escaped from the sea half a mile west. A colony of Jews is located at Es Sedjareh. After



OUTGO OF THE JORDAN

about five miles the Yarmuk is again crossed, and three miles further the Jordan, now a large river, spanned by Jisr el Moujamia—bridge of the market place. We have now entered the Wady Jâlûd and are stopped at Beisan, the modern name for Beth-Shàn—House of Rest, and it was noted for its beautiful surroundings of palm trees and gardens of olive and fields of flax. Rabbi Simon says: "If Paradise is to be found in Palestine its gate is Bethshan." It was here that the body of Saul was displayed on the walls, and his armor hung in the temple of Astarte. His friends, however, rescued his body from further desecrations and carried his ashes to Jabes Gilead, as also the bodies of his sons. "They buried them in the woods of Jabes and fasted seven days." 1 Kings xxxi. 12. That this could be accomplished right in the enemies' town is accounted for by the broken situation, furrowed by deep valleys between different parts of the city up which they could creep unseen. It was always a place of importance and still belongs personally to the Sultan.

Under Julian the Apostate it gave many martyrs to Heaven from the hippodrome and theatre, traces of which still remain. Its walls extended on both sides of the present railroad track and of the river Jâlûd. Now it numbers about 3,000 inhabitants—all Mohammedans. The road to it is one of the worst in Palestine, both stony and miry, and we are glad to have visited it by rail instead of by the very bad and stony road from Ain Jâlûd.

The modern village, a Mouderieh, is dominated by the grand mosque Jammia el Arbain, and lies among the remains of hippodromes, temples and bathing pools, and the vineyards and orchards around hide still more of Roman luxury. From here on we are on familiar ground, we therefore open our Bible for parallels between Isaiah's words and the local coloring of the region we are passing through. We see the laborers with tucked-up *abba* and read in our Prophet: "He will lift them up as a garment," Isaiah xxii. 17, that is, he will put them out of the way that they may not hinder his work. Again Isaiah says: "A year according to a year of a hireling," that is, shortened up by only working when he must. These Orientals are not fond of labor. In yonder field the cockle is more prominent than the grain; we ask again the old question, "How came there sin to world so fair?" "Whence then hath it cockle; what enemy hath sowed it?" What are the uses of evil? "When is a plant a weed?" I asked the infant son of Coventry Patmore as I walked in his father's garden in old Hastings-by-the-Sea. "Is it when it is in the path?" he answered tentatively. "When is ivy in the right place?" asks Ruskin. "The ivy has been torn down from the walls of Kenilworth; the weeds from the arches of the Coliseum and

from the steps of Ara Coeli, irreverently, vilely and in vain; but how are we to separate the creatures whose office it is to abate the grief of ruin by their gentleness, from those which truly resist the toil of men and conspire against their good, which are cunning to consume and prolific to encumber, and of whose perverse and unwelcome sowing we know and can say assuredly, 'An enemy hath done this.' It will not be by the names of them; it will be by the mission they have performed. And maybe one day shall see those things we thought evil bloom into flowers for our crown."

"The whole strength of bread and the whole strength of water."

Is. iii. 1. It is surely here; and the prolific harvest that apparently awaits the reapers shows that the curse on Juda has not lighted here: "ten acres of vineyard shall yield but one bath, and thirty homers of seed shall yield only three epha."

I admire the leaving of the Hebrew words. It is objectionable to give translations which to-day are not the equivalent of the old values—as wages have increased Kenrick translates, "He agreed with the laborers for a *shilling* a day" instead of "a penny." How much more satisfactory to have left it "denarius."

As the train speeds over the plain of Esdraelon we thrill with a feeling of coming home, as remembered places are passed—Zerin, Solam, Nain, Nazareth and slowly like the lazy Kishon at our side skirting the Carmel range to our left, we arrive at Haifa.

CHAPTER XLV

TYRE AND SIDON

The most available and picturesque route from Carmel to Beyrout is by the sands of the seashore. With land on the right side and the sea on the left and with the human interest of the cities of our fellows, even if far removed, we have the three elements of a perfect view.

We leave Haifa on our trusty Arabian horses. Acca is in sight, nine miles distant round the curving bay, the objective point of our first stage, where luncheon is prepared. We leave behind the fruit groves of the German colonists of Haifa and the few sentinel palm trees and soon are obliged to ford the Kishon, "that ancient river." A sand-bar has been formed by the opposed action of the river and the sea waves, and we carefully follow our guide on this narrow embankment, for it shifts its position with every season and there is deep water on each hand; and to miss a step would mean a cold bath, if not drowning. The water is dark and muddy and the only safety is to follow religiously the horse preceding us.

We are across in safety and we are thankful. We now have a long, level stretch where we can canter our horses.

How blue the Mediterranean is in the distance, how limpid at our feet! The little wavelets come up to our horses' feet, who give a little shy if the water comes too far. The bay appears as if it would offer a secure roadstead for vessels, but the sand in the bottom is unreliable and anchors drag, while the winds from the east down the valley of the Kishon are both annoying and dangerous.

It is well that we are a numerous party, for we meet some villainous looking natives; all go armed and the thickets along the shore provide innumerable hiding places, and it was in Merj Acca that Foulke of Anjou after all his battles met his death chasing after a hare.

Higher up the mountain-sides are what the natives call *wa'r*, like terminal moraines of stones. *Wa'r hu!* is one of the warning cries of the Arabs that a traveler must respect. We have another river to ford, Nahr en Naaman, the ancient Belus noted for its fine sand which the Tyrians used in glass-making. Memnon, the general, has a monument here.

It has taken us about two hours to reach St. John d'Acre. Acca belonged to the tribe of Aser. "His bread shall be fat and he shall yield

dainties for kings," was the prophecy of Jacob, Genesis xlix. 21. The plain spreading eastward was doubtless rich in wheat-fields and olive groves, but the dainties for kings might refer to the fish of the sea, which would naturally be a staple.

Acre went by the name of Ptolemaide, having been conquered by Ptolemy, and St. Paul says he sojourned here one day, Acts xxi. 7.

The fleets of Genoa, Venice and Pisa made Acre their landing point in the beginning of the twelfth century, but after the battle of Hattin it came into the possession of the Mussulmans. After over a hundred engagements had been fought by the Christians in the three years of siege, and after losing a million men and suffering long starvation the city was taken in 1188. But Guy of Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, reinforced by French, English and Flemish, but with great loss, retook the city in 1191. Earthquake destroyed it in 1202.

It remained in Christian hands until 1291, when the Sultan of Egypt took it and massacred 25,000 Christians, the poor Clares cutting off their noses to escape dishonor at the hands of the Turks.

At the end of the seventeenth century Djazzer Pasha established an independent principality here and it was in this juncture that Napoleon thought to win his spurs by re-taking it for Christianity. But Djazzer, assisted by the English General Sidney Smith, foiled him. Later Ibrahim Pasha took it away from Djazzer, and Napier's efforts were as useless as Napoleon's.

Although the bombardment left it a heap of ruins in 1840, it has since been rebuilt. It was Ibrahim's intention to make the city an island by digging a foss east of it, and so render it formidable to ancient warfare; but (not so to modern artillery) it was abandoned as useless. It has only one gate near the sea, at the southwest angle. One of the guns, of which the fortification contained nearly four hundred, all of them old and small, bears the inscription "*Ultima ratio regum.*" We may sneer at this, but have nations got beyond this final argument?

Many of the residences of Acre are built over vaults and Dr. Kitto supposes the lower part was used as a cool retreat during the heat of the day. But Thomson more justly says that they would be too damp, and suggests that they were probably used in winter not in summer. He reminds us also of the King Joakim who "sat in the winter house and there was a hearth before him of burning coals." Into this he threw the book (after first cutting it into bits) that Jeremiah had sent him full of the chastisements that God pronounced on Judea.

Man does not enjoy receiving warnings, but the Prophet must never-

theless make them, yea! repeat them, for the book by God's command was re-written and sent to the King a second time. Jeremiah xxxvi.

The present military hospital, north of the city, takes us back to Crusading times and is thought to be the successor of the Hotel Dieu of the Knights of St. John, and the present prison was the convent of the Poor Clares mentioned above.

There are a few well-preserved bazaars where we looked for "Asher's dainties for kings," but alas! "the best corn and cake and honey and oil and wine" (Ezekiel xxvii. 17) were nowhere to be seen.

There are several fine palm trees, particularly those round the mosque built by Djazzar Pasha, where dome and galleries are supported on granite pillars, red and grey from ancient Tyre.

There is a Catholic church of the Franciscan fathers and a convent and school of the Ladies of Nazareth.

The population of about 8,000 is perhaps one-fourth non-united Greeks with a Melchite bishop; one-eighth Orientals united with Rome, and the balance Mussulmans. The greater part of the town is modern, having been built in the end of the eighteenth century. Acre has a large shipping trade; long strings of camel caravans from the Hauran, that have come through Nazareth to the seaboard, remind us of the words "the dromedaries of Madian and Ephraim shall come to thee." There not being much more of interest we push on, in order to have more time at Ez Zib, our halting place for the night.

We gather a bunch of the blue statice, which grows profusely here; it would be a most valuable acquisition as an everlasting or strawflower for winter bouquets. It is of the very brightest blue, reflection of the cloudless Syrian skies in April, which color it keeps year after year.

We leave to our right many small and poverty-stricken villages, El Jedeideh, el Mekkr, Abû Smeine, and Kefr Yasuf, a considerable village of Greek schismatics, and three miles eastward on a hill is Halcath of the Druses. El Konekat and Amka at the foot of these mountains, which is probably the Biblical Emek.

Through an arch of the aqueduct that brings water to the city we pass and notice some country residences, which must have served as pleasure grounds to the friends of Abdullah Pasha.

The suburb is called el Bahjeh, and is beautiful, with orchards and olive groves and vegetable gardens, but appears almost deserted.

In about an hour from leaving our luncheon ground we cross the Nahr es Smerieh on a stone bridge, and have a good view of the aqueduct of one hundred arches bringing water to Acre from the hills in the village of

Kabri. There are two fine springs; one supplies the aqueduct, the other drives the mills of the fountain-favored village.

Another water course styled Ain ed Dîn is crossed on a stone bridge. We pass a grove of orange trees with their round globes of gold, and still another stone bridge over Nahr Nefshouk, and shortly arrive at Ez Zib, the ancient Achzib of Asher, where we find our Arab servants busy erecting our tents. I here had a lesson in Arabic. I had spoken of the place as El Zib (with a short vowel); with a pained expression of face my guide begged me not to say that word again because it was "very much bad." And he informed me that the correct pronunciation was Ez Zib, with a long I.

Ez Zib is only a small village, but nicely situated on a mound of ancient rubbish surrounded by palm trees, with excellent water from the Wady el Kurn, whose stream enters the sea near the village. The people also are friendly.

One of the industries seems to be honey raising, as there are many hives visible among the groves, and the abundance of thyme and other plants of the mint family form excellent pasturage for the industrious and useful insects. Some of the hives, which are cones of clay, are built into the wall of the dwellings partly inside the room and projecting outward like a huge limpet on a rocky shore. When the householder wishes his share of the honey he taps the hive on the inside till all the bees have left it, and then in safety he removes a slide which admits his hand to the sweetness. "Butter and honey shall he eat that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good." Is. vii. 15. The connection between the eating and the choosing is not plain, but the combination of sweet and fat is entirely in accordance with gastronomy. We accomplish it in the nuts and raisins of our desserts, and in the butter scotch of our candies.

We find here the *capparis spinosa*, the pods of which are used as pickles. We think of the Scripture line: "The caper tree shall be destroyed."

See how its integument bursts and falls off when ripe. We perceive how aptly Ecclesiastes uses it as a symbol of mortality and of the falling from us of "this muddy vesture of decay." But what a wondrous aggregation, the heaping up of the accompaniments of old age, in that twelfth chapter of the Preacher. "Remember thy Creator," he says, "Before the years come of which thou shalt say: 'They please me not,' " behold the decreasing interest in earth; "before the light of earth be darkened," from failing strength of senses; "when the keepers of the house shall tremble," behold the palsied shake of the hands; "when the strong men shall stagger," behold the weakened knees; "when the grinders shall be few and idle,"

behold the useless remaining fragments of teeth; "when they that look through the windows shall be darkened," behold the dimmed eyesight; "when they shall shut the door in the street," behold the muted mouth; "when the voice of the grinding shall be low," behold the mumbled sentences of second childhood; "when they shall rise at the voice of the bird," behold the early wakefulness of the decrepit; "when all the daughters of music shall grow deaf," what poetry of expression for the closed ears! "and they shall fear high things, and be afraid of the way;" here is the timidity and indecision of old age; "and the almond tree shall flourish;" that for the white blossoms of the hair; what a kindly expression! "and the grasshopper shall be made fat," behold the swelling of the feet, the prelude of death; "and the caper tree shall be destroyed, because man goes into the house of his eternity." We have the caper bush to thank for this paraphrase.

The above translation of the Hebrew *shaked* as the almond is found fault with, as the flower of the almond is said not to be white but pink. However the bitter almond has whiter blossoms, and even the sweet one, by the side of the darker peach-tree blossoms, as may be seen in the orchards round Nablus, looks decidedly white. The ancients moreover did not have the nice appreciation of color that moderns have.

We break camp at an early hour for we require our first strength for climbing the ladder of Tyre, the *Scala Tyrriorum*. This has engrossed our thoughts since childhood—we never could understand how one could ascend a ladder on horseback!

There are three promontories between us and Tyre, in a distance of seven miles: (1) Ras el Musheirifeh, reached in about an hour from Ez Zib; (2) Ras en Nakurah, the real *scala*, although not so bold, or projecting so far into the sea as the last named; (3) Ras el Abiad, the white head. At the first named are the ruins of a *burj* or castle. Below the *burj* the sea beats against the rocky sea-walls and there are reported to be old inscriptions on the rocks, but the sea tumbling into caves makes the approach impossible. Thomson, who, at low water, crept along a narrow ledge, thinks that it is nature's handwriting and not man's.

From the height of this first promontory we get a view of Tyre, rising like Cytherea of old, from the sea. El Basseh is a large village of 4,000 Maronites and Greek Catholics. Soon the spur of Jebel Moushaka projects itself westward to become Ras en Nakoura. We climb the ladder of Tyre, many walking their horses, a precaution not unnecessary, for even our sure-footed Arabians find the footing slippery on the roughly hewn steps. How forcibly we are reminded of the promise of the Lord to the just



TYRE

man: "His foot shall not slip," Proverbs iii. 23, and the corresponding curse for the wicked: "They shall be set in slippery places," Jer. xxxi.

We look back from the top of the ladder and salute Acre in the distance, and Carmel. After crossing a winter torrent-bed on Jisr el Medfoun, we come to Ain en Nakoura, where pilgrims very often stop for refreshments and rest. Having crossed this promontory we leave behind the plain of Acre, a plain only in comparison with the higher, more mountainous parts. It is about twenty miles long by five in width.

We now enter the plain of Tyre. This Tyrian plain is smaller, being only two miles by eight to the valley of the Litany; thence northward called the Plain of Sidon. This whole maritime country was the land of the Phœnicians.

But we will not linger in the shade of Kahn en Nakoura, only remark one of St. Helena's towers on the shore, tenanted by birds in the upper stories and flocks seeking shelter in the basement, and push on to Tyre, for our minds are full of the glamor of that most ancient city. We cross the torrent Wady el Amuth, and to the right a hill with ruins and several pillars which have given it the name Omm el Amuth, Mother of Pillars. The sarcophagi and rock-cut tombs, the prostrate columns and ruined houses and aqueduct show this to have been one of considerable importance, and is well worth investigating.

"From the number of oil-presses at this place" (Omm el Awamid, near Kana), says Thomson, "and others north and south, it is evident that those now barren hills were once clothed with olive trees. And that is probable

enough for the chalky marl is the best of all soils for the olive. When thus cultivated this part of Asher must have been exceedingly fruitful." "Let Asher dip his foot in oil."

The square posts have a deep groove in the inner faces; in this moved the plank placed on the baskets containing the crushed olives. It was forced down by a beam acting like a lever against a large stone lintel above. There are stone troughs into which the oil ran from the huge basins in which the olives were mashed by the stone wheel rolled over them. The basins are six to eight feet across, and are cut from huge blocks of rock from the hills. M. Renan thinks the two inscriptions he found here are Phœnician and record vows to Baal, Molock and Astarte.

Further on we stop to refresh ourselves and horses at Ain es Skandrouna, named for Alexander the Great, who built here a fort during the siege of Tyre. The natives are engaged in loading some small craft with smaller wood, charcoal, etc., for transportation to Sidon.

We have now to cross the third headland projecting into the sea since we left Carmel, viz., the Ras el Abiad of Pliny. The road is narrow, steep, and perilously overhanging the sea, several hundred feet below. The white clay of the cliff gives it its name, and reminds one of the chalky coasts of England.

Half way up we see Burj el Beyadeh, a modern watch-tower, and on the summit Khan el Hamra, probably an ancient one. The view to the east gives us Kulat esh Shema, in the ruins of which live some Mohammedan families. Coming down is more dangerous than climbing up, and we take to nature's ambulance.

The villages in the hills to our right, Keilah, Deir Kânûn, Cana of Asher, Josue xix. 28, and others, abound in rock-cut sepulchres and sarcophagi; at the latter is one of the most beautiful of Tyrian tombs.

Here at Ras el Ain we find the best supply of water that we have met in Palestine, and as we want a whole day for Tyre we spend one of the two nights here.

Great masonry works have raised the water, and one can promenade on the top of these retaining walls. There are four large reservoirs, the largest about sixty or seventy feet across, of octagon shape and very deep, but the best is that they are filled with swiftly running water, clear and cold. It was evidently for these springs that old Tyre was built here, if the conjecture be correct. And we have the testimony of Strabo, that it was about this distance south, and as this lies higher, water could be supplied to the manufacturing Tyre. Surely the ground between here and the present Tyre ought to be a rich field for excavation.

We can picture this spot so well watered in the time of Hiram, king of Tyre; gardens the most luxuriant must have surrounded the residences, and there are not wanting those who conjecture that Solomon's "fountain of the gardens, the well of living water that runs with a strong stream from Libanus" is this very water, for we are in the foothills of the Lebanon mountains. It is, however, not necessary to suppose that insular Tyre's water supply came from here. There is water nearer at hand, east of the island in the hills, and the dip of the strata would make it easy to sink artesian wells on the island; indeed, I am told that is done at the present time. And the fountain which supplies the town to-day is not in the southern part of Tyre, as we would expect if the supply were brought from Ras el Ain.

We make an excursion inland from Ras el Ain to visit the so-called tomb of Hiram, about an hour's walk distant. Although the naming of this has no antiquity to vouch for its being Hiram's, Thomson says: "There is nothing in the monument itself inconsistent with the idea that it marks the final resting-place of that great Tyrian king, the renowned friend and ally of David and Solomon.

"It bears about it unmistakable marks of extreme antiquity. The base or pedestal consists of three tiers of great stones, each three feet thick, thirteen feet long, and eight feet eight inches broad. Above this is one large stone, a little more than fourteen feet long, nearly ten feet broad, and three feet four inches thick. Over this is the sarcophagus, twelve feet three inches long, eight feet broad, and six feet high. The stone lid on the top of all is a little smaller every way and slightly pyramidal in shape, and five feet thick. The entire length is twenty-one feet. Mr. Renan discovered a rock chamber under the tomb to which steps descend from the north. There is nothing like it still remaining in its original position, and it may well have stood, as it does now, since the days of Solomon."

At our evening camp we had an entertaining visit from some of the natives—they made a very pleasing salute, touching with the hand, first the breast, then the mouth, and lastly the forehead, as if to say: "I love you, I will speak well of you and think only good."

We tried our deficient Arabic on them and caught some new phrases. It is wonderful what an advantage only a few words are of a foreign tongue. The people seem to think you are interested in them, and trust you, and our mistakes are their amusement. Before I could do more I would count in Arabic up to ten, to their great delight, and sometimes would be surprised to have them do the same in English. They are all fond

of tobacco, and even non-smokers are recommended to provide themselves with small, cheap cigars to win their good will.

We leave behind the mulberry trees of Ras el Ain for the sandy seashore. Bright colored medusæ are shining through the clear waters and the beach is strewn with sponges and with many different shells, which we gather for souvenirs, especially the *regus murex*, from which shell-fish the Tyrian dye was procured—the purple of kings; its discovery being one of the legends of Tyre.

*Along the dimpled beach walked Hercules,
With hand of maid best-loved within his own;
His dog, which gamboled on before him, sees
A spiny shell upon the margin thrown,
And bit it hard; the purple gushing shown
So gorgeous, cried the girl, in ecstasies:
"Such dress obtain, or never call me bride!"
He loved: And love invents the Tyrian's pride.
Alas! Jerusalem, a hero stood—
A stronger—at thy gate and asked thy hand;
He wooed thee in the vesture of His blood,
Than Tyrian murex thousand-fold more grand.
Ah blind and foolish maid! Ah spouse untrue!
Still to reject a Lover in such hue.*

From Ras el Ain we proceed to Tyre, that merchant city of 2,000 years and more before Christ. To visit it is one of the epochs in our pilgrimage. Tyre, the daughter of Sidon; *Mater pulchra; filia pulchrora!* Our mental preparation is first to read Ezekiel xxvii and xxviii: "O son of man! take up a lamentation for Tyre. Tyre that dwelleth in the entrance of the sea, a mart for many peoples: Thus saith the Lord God: O Tyre, thou hast said: I am of perfect beauty; with fir trees of Sanir have they built thee, and have taken cedars from Libanus for thy masts. They have cut thy oars from the oaks of Bashan, and made thee benches of Indian ivory, and adornments from the islands of Chittim.

Fine brodered linen from Egypt was woven for thy sail, blue and purple were thy awnings.

The inhabitants of Sidon were thy rowers, the wise men of Tyre thy pilots. The ancients of Gebeil furnished the mariners, the Persians and Lybians were thy soldiers.

The Carthaginians were thy merchants, supplying thy fairs with silver,



SIDON

iron, tin and lead. Greece, Thubal and Mosoch were thy merchants, bringing slaves and vessels of brass.

Thogorma was thy merchant; they brought horses and mules to thy market.

The men of Dedan were thy merchants; for a present they gave thee a present of ivory and of ebony.

The Tyrian was thy merchant; they set forth precious stones, and purple and fine linen and silk.

Juda and the land of Israel were thy merchants with the best corn, and balm, and honey, and oil, and rosin. The men of Damascus were thy merchants in the multitude of divers riches, in rich wine, and in wool of the best color.

Arabia and Kedar were thy merchants, with lambs, and rams, and kids.

What a booming of her prosperity! Our real estate men cannot touch it, and the local color of giving a present for a present by the men of Dedan, is true to-day.

But now a change: "What city is like Tyre, which is become silent in the midst of the sea? Thou art destroyed by the sea, thy riches are in the bottom of the waters. Because thy heart is lifted up and thou

hast said I am God and I sit in the chair of God; whereas thou art a man, behold I will bring upon thee strangers, the strongest of the nations; they shall draw their swords against thy beauty and thy wisdom; thou shalt die in the heart of the sea. Thou wast in the pleasures of the paradise of God, every precious stone was thy covering, the sard, the topaz, and the jasper, the chrysolite, and the onyx, and the beryl, the sapphire, and the carbuncle, and the emerald, and the gold of thy tabrets and pipes. Thou, a cherub stretched out, thy heart was lifted up; thou hast lost thy wisdom in thy beauty; therefore I have cast thee to the ground. I will bring forth fire to devour thee and make thee as ashes upon the earth," Ezek. xxviii.

Another prophet takes up the strain: "The burden of Tyre. Wail ye ships of the sea! for the house is destroyed. Be silent ye that dwell in the island! Pass thy land as a river, O daughter of the sea! thou hast a girdle no more."

We have gone somewhat beyond the city to find a pleasant camp at Birket Guweir. As a skillful landscape artist "frames" the views that the estate presents by big, towering poplar or drooping willow, so have we got the palm-trees to flank our outlook on Tyre.

The pedigree of Tyre, Sidon's daughter, the birth-place of Astarte, the throne of Melkart, goes back beyond history into mythology. It is mentioned on the Tell el Amarna tablets, that, in the rocks of the Nile, between Beni-Hassan and Assiout, tell us of Amenhotep IV of the XVIII Dynasty and his traffic with Mesopotamia. It was a stronghold before the Hebrews entered the Promised Land.

As its Arabic name *Sûr* indicates, it was a rocky promontory which the rising sea had severed from the mainland and made into two islets, on the larger of which stood the temple of Melkart, god of the Sidonians.

King Hiram—he of the cedar logs for Solomon's Temple, which he would raft from this place, which had two harbors; that of the Sidonians to the north, and that of the Egyptians to the south—connected the two islands by a bridge, and the plain of Eurycorus, east, by a causeway. This was later taken away to cut off enemies, and which Alexander the Great was obliged to fill in again to much greater extent before he could dislodge the Sidonians in 322 B. C. After a siege of seven months, six thousand perished by the sword; two thousand were crucified, and thirty thousand sold into slavery. The lowland between island and hills has been entirely filled in (only a marsh to the north showing any water), perhaps helped by the sea receding and the sand deposits of centuries. In the fourth Christian century Tyre regained somewhat her prestige, but was destroyed by the Saracens.

Nor are profane writers wanting who speak of Tyre—Josephus, Pliny, and others. William, Archbishop of this place, tells us it was founded by Tyr, the son of Japhet, son of Noah, though others credit Sidon, eldest son of Chanaan, with building both Sidon and Tyre. But in any case we are among those whose fathers told them of the Deluge and the Ark! Wonderful how every spot in this land confirms Bible history.

In gospel times the Sidonians were enthusiastic auditors of Christ. "From Tyre and Sidon a great multitude came to Him and heard Him," Mark iii. 8, and Jesus Himself walked in their borders, according to Mark vii. 31, though He may not have entered the city. St. Paul also came here, "And having found our disciples we remained there seven days, and when the days were ended we departed, they all, both women and children, bringing us on our way till we were out of the city, and we knelt down on the shore and prayed and they returned home." Acts. xxi. 4-5. The sea sands there to the south felt the knees of the great Apostle.

How much of Tyre is now covered by the sea it is impossible to say; as in some river of the west filled with pine saw-logs, so here the harbor is choked up with large marble and granite columns and fragments of architecture. A few ruined walls raise themselves above the waves as if they would call attention to their distress. Palaces and temples and warehouses all share one watery sepulchre. Poor Tyre! Does she wrap herself in dumb, silent misery, and folding her mantle mutter: "My secret to myself, my secret to myself, woe is me!" Is. xxiv. 16. So we can picture her, but we can also hear her dire wailing: "Glory no more, O oppressed daughter of Sidon! Wail O ye ships of the sea, wail O ye inhabitants of the land, all mirth is forsaken, the joy of the earth is passed away." Is. xxii.

After reading the words of the Prophet Ezekiel, closing our eyes and imagining ourselves back in the olden glory, we open them again on the squalid reality of the day and "As a garment thou shalt change them and they shall be changed, but thou art the selfsame and thy years shall not fail." And we say with all the fervor of a Moslem *ed daim Allah!* God alone endures!

It takes a great stretch of imagination to see Tyre in her glory and prosperity. Tyre on her island, noisy with manufactures, busy with commerce, sails from the whole known world in her harbor, the purple dyed fabrics on her drying fences making her continually *en fête* like a church in Italy on Corpus Christi. Wealth of the sea blown in from the west, wealth of the land rolling in from the east, the timber of Lebanon from the north, and industry transmuting it all into purple and gold! Now Tyre is no longer an island, her factories are no more, her looms

are silent, her harbor strewn with the pillars and blocks of her ancient beauty, her inhabitants the squalid fellahin who scratch the earth for a few vegetables or hold out their emaciated hand for backsheesh!

Tyre on the mainland spreading her luxuriant dwelling southward and eastward on the sloping hills, her watered gardens, her groves of orange, fig and olive. Now the copious water going to waste, running into the sea unused, and her reservoirs the haunt of the frog and bittern. Surely Tyre is a figure of a soul that, forgetting God, is forgotten by Him, that, rejecting God, is rejected by Him. Poor, but with the memory of former riches; squalid, but with the traces of lost beauty. "O little one tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold, I will lay thy stones in order." We know not how long the possibility of returning remains to the nation or to the soul—we only know that there does come a time when the final judgment is pronounced: "Too late! ye cannot enter now." "Behold thy house is left desolate because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation." Sad indeed are our reflections as we retire to our tents to-night, and the sun deserting these eastern lands goes down in a blaze of glory over the occidental sea. O western land, receive it, and live in its light!

The modern city has six or seven thousand inhabitants, mostly Metuilis, inclined to be fanatical. After them the Catholics predominate, in large part United Greeks, who have here a Melchite Bishop. There is also a scattering of Jews and Protestants. The Franciscans have a church, school and monastery at which is found the best of Tyre's limited accommodations. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a girls' school. The Greeks and the British Syrian Mission have schools also.

The local government is a Kaimmakam, dependent on Beyrout, to which city most of the commerce of Tyre has been diverted, but it yet exports cotton, tobacco and mill-stones from the Hauran beyond the Jordan.

We took a small boat and rowed out into the sea south of Tyre. The water was glass-still and we could count hundreds of columns of Egyptian granite in the bottom of the sea. So the tides ebb and flow over the glories of this fallen queen of commerce! We rowed around the fortifications of insular Tyre, in the southeast portion of which we find the ruined cathedral of Crusading times. A large portion of it is still standing; it was about 250 feet long by 80 wide. Origen and Frederic Barbarossa are said to have been buried here.

Our morning bath is refreshing after a somewhat dog-disturbed sleep. And so we take our departure, leaving Tyre dipping her old feet in the

blue-green waters and thinking of the time when the nations were eager to watch her paddling.

Our next stage is to "Sidon by the sea." We traverse a fertile and beautiful valley, leaving behind to our right Wely Cheik Maschuk, then turning inland towards the hills, we pass Ain Babouk which Brother Lievan tells us is "potable," but it is too early to dismount, though our general rule is never to pass a spring without carrying away a "blessing."

About three or four miles from Tyre we encounter the River Leontes, the principal drain for the Lebanon mountains, as the Jordan is of the Anti-Lebanon range. The river is large and deep, and comes down what in popular language is "Wady el Ma"—Valley of Water. This river is called by the natives Nahr el Kasmieh, though higher up it goes by the name of Litany, and is crossed by a stone bridge of two unequal arches. I dismounted here (and was laughed at by the Philistines) to examine the *Rubus Sancta*, since it is claimed as the bush that Moses beheld burning in Horeb. It is much like our bramble with a white flower, but rather insipid fruit.

The neighborhood of this river was the camping ground for the Crusaders in the first crusade, but they were tortured by scorpions, to which they gave the name tarantula, doubtless they were similar to the reptile that originated the famous dance. Later at the end of the fourth crusade the Christian army gained here a famous victory over Melek el Adel, brother of Saladin. Half an hour further on we digress from our road somewhat to view a rock-cut temple of Astarte, the "Moonéd Astaroth" of Milton. Triangles and palms, emblems of her worship, are sculptured here.

Another stream, Nahr el Abû Assuad, Father of Blackness, is passed on an old Roman bridge, which should be trusted no more than the ford, which is very treacherous, and with *welies* and *nebies* speaking of holy men, and mosaic pavements telling of luxurious dwellings, and monolith pillars of unknown monuments, we pass through a land of old forgotten dreams and endeavors.

Further on the ruins of the supposed Ornithopolis, City of Birds, now called Adlan. We look for some significance in the Greek name, but find none. There is a domed *wely* near the seashore, Neby el Khudr, the Prophet George, a saint held in great veneration by the Moslems. Dr. Robinson thinks it marks the site of a Christian shrine on the spot where Elias dwelt and raised the widow's son. A little farther on we have Sarafend, with its idyl of Elias and the woman styled of Sarepta! How the minuteness of one small incident clings to the heart and the memory

of mankind! Sarafend on the acclivity of the hills is the modern representative of Serepta. A white mosque, Mar Elias, marks the site of the widow's dwelling, and, as some think, the grave of the Prophet. But Zarpath, the Old Testament Sarepta, must have extended downward and occupied the sea sands for its derivation is "melting places," namely, for the glass manufactured here. So this commodity goes back to the Phœnicians.

The place must have been considerable for its tale is told in the many rock-cut tombs in the surrounding hills, and Sarepta was a cathedral town at one time, subject to the metropolitan Tyre. St. Paula came here in the fourth century to pray in the dwelling of a woman so signally favored by God's prophet.

We take our *vade mecum*—the Bible—and read 3 Kings ch. xvii. The great lesson of Sarepta is the necessity of trust in God's word, as coming from the mouth of His prophet. The last grain of meal, the last drop of oil—human wisdom would have dictated: "keep it," that is merely economy: God says "give it," that is wisdom that the world thinks foolishness.

It is probable that our Lord visited Sarepta, for He passed through the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and the Syro-Phœnician woman, whose daughter was cured by Jesus, was probably here. We are told that she was a Gentile, and our Lord appeared to repulse her with the words: "It is not good to take the bread of the children and give it to the dogs," only to prove her humility and to laud her faith, and to show Himself the true Elias in healing the child. Mark vii.

The coast now inclines much to the east, making quite a bay between Sarepta and Sidon. A little northeast of modern Sarepta is Ain el Kantarah at the east end of a little bay, tamarisk-fringed, with a moderately favorable anchorage for small boats. Several wadies are crossed and then Ain Kantarah, the Fountain of the Arch. From here we have a fine view of Sidon, resting like a mermaid in the water, her white limbs stretched out on the rocky promontory, and she viewing her charms in the water reflections, hardly less distinct than the white towers and minarets above, although we are eight miles distant.

Our next river is Nahr ez Zaherani, River of Flowers. It is a considerable stream and embowered in oleanders, willow and tamarisk. There is a broken bridge of three arches. The source of this Zaherani is up in the mountains to our right, where springs the Ain et Tasy, The Fountain of the Cup, whose ice-cold water the Sidonians brought in a canal to their city. It was an ingenious piece of work, carried around the mountain spurs

on ledges where a goat could scarcely find footing, then on arches across the ravines—which ruined arches of the aqueduct may still be seen. On a hill to the right is the considerable village of Ghazzieh, and on the beach the Tell and Khan el Burak, so named from some wells now broken and unused.

We are now in the garden suburbs, and passing Nahr el Bargut, of the Flee, but thought to be the ancient Asclepius dedicate to the first physician, we enter Sidon. We are now on the site of one of the oldest cities on earth. It was founded by Sidon, son of Chanaan, son of Ham, son of Noah. This is in the mists of antiquity, among peoples who communed with God and took their instructions in ship-building from Jehovah Himself. Tristram styles it the "cradle of the world's commerce;" Homer celebrates it in the speech of a woman:

*From Sidon rich in brass, I boast to be,
Daughter of wealth o'er flowing Aretas.*

"And told him of her father's high-roofed house," and Homer's heroines arrayed themselves in purple,

*Which from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.*

Sidon may well boast with her daughter, or even before her, of being the birth-ground of carpentry and stone-cutting. It was on these cities that Solomon depended for artificers in glass-making, sculpture and brass-working for his great temple on Moriah.

Again in the reign of Darius, 521 B. C., the Sidonians were a second time required to send cedar for rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem. It has passed through the vicissitudes that have all important places in Palestine, the alternating fortunes of Chanaanite, Jewish, Frankish, and Turk.

The Kulat el Bahr—the harbor castle, extends its sea-washed wall from the mainland to the agglomeration of square and round towers about a fourth of a mile in the water, joined to the mainland by what was a bridge of nine stone arches. The low, rocky island of el Jezireh forms an outer breakwater in the shelter of which two ships are anchored. The commerce of Sidon is considerable of late years in nuts and tropical fruits.

Kulat el M'Azeh is the Crusaders' citadel, and lies at the south boundary of the city. It is a round tower and stands on a *tell* made in a great part of old rubbish, old pottery, and broken shells of the murex from which the famous Tyrian dye was extracted. This accumulation is twenty

feet deep. Southeast of this castle is a *Muzar* named Neby Sidun, probably commemorative of the founder of the city, but which the Jews consider the tomb of Zabulon.

Of Sidon's 15,000 inhabitants more than the half are Mohammedans, but the Jews number about 1,500, the United Greeks about the same, Latins perhaps 2,000, Maronites 1,000, both Greeks and Maronites have a bishop here. The Franciscan convent is near the north gate, with a beautiful fountain. Here was the French Khan and the centre of commerce between France and Syria.

The Franciscans, as everywhere in Palestine, have a school and Orphanage here, well attended, and one at Deir Mamas in the hills east. The Catholics have two bishops, Maronite and Melchite. The Greeks are not behind, nor the Jewish Alliance. America is also represented by the Protestant Mission. The Jesuits have a fine establishment and a large school. Geikie says: "The Franciscans are watched here, as usual, by the Jesuits to whom their liberality of mind is hateful, the Jesuit school supplying an agency for keeping the monks under supervision." It is not rich—the ignorance!

The United States and most of the principle European nations have Vice-Consuls here. It is the seat of the Kaimmakam. There is indeed an Arab hotel, but they serve no food, and the best accommodations are at the houses of the consular agents. Sidon has nine mosques, the largest, Jamia el Kebir having been a church of the Knights of St. John. The anchorage of vessels is to the north; the southern harbor of the Egyptians, as in the case of Tyre, being silted up.

Fifty years ago there was more of Sidon under than above ground, and though much has been discovered there is doubtless much still to reward the excavator. Strange! that tombs that hide the dead should reveal them to us as no other records do. The whole land here is honey-combed with graves. Graves in the hillside, graves in the ground; graves Caananitic, graves Jewish, graves medieval, graves modern.

Southeast from the city is the vast necropolis, the city of the dead. It is on the far side of Nahr el Bargut, in the vicinity of Muughâret Ablûn—Cave of Apollo. Here may be studied the different forms of tombs. Grottoes, lime-cemented and paint-adorned, representing the Greco-Roman style with sarcophagi, bath-shaped and garland-adorned; vaulted tomb chambers with side niches for the coffins, and round air-holes communicating with the day. They are entered by steps. This was probably the Hebrew age, the coffins here are of clay; rectangular grottoes to which one descends by steps cut in a perpendicular shaft to a double chambered burial

place. These are considered to be the oldest and to represent the times of Egyptian domination, with sarcophagi of Phœnician make, "anthropoid" coffins, that is, fitted to the shape of the mummy.

In this cemetery, in 1855, the basalt sarcophagus was found of Echmounazer. It is now in the Louvre. It was empty, as are hundreds of others examined, for the plunderers have here been at work, but this one is of peculiar interest, as its inscription is in Phœnician characters, and it gives us many points in Sidonian history and religion. We will let Thomson tell the story:

"On the morning of January 20th, 1855, Sidon was startled out of her usual quietude by the report that an extraordinary sarcophagus had been discovered, which had a long inscription in an unknown character on the lid. All flocked to see it, I amongst the number, but with very moderate expectations. I had been disappointed too often to place much confidence in native reports. Judge, therefore, of my surprise to find that this unknown character was Phœnician. I at once became as deeply interested as the gold-digger or treasure-hunter, for I had searched in vain during twenty years for a single word in that character.

The lid of that sarcophagus is wrought in the form of a mummy, with the face uncovered, and having a countenance and costume of decided Egyptian type. The features are large and prominent, the forehead is rather low, the eyes almond-shaped, but full and protruding, the nose broad and flat, the lips thick, the chin quite short, and the ears too large and conspicuous for beauty. A pleasant expression is over the countenance, and the execution of the whole work is decidedly superior to anything of the kind in this country. On each shoulder is a bird, and something depends from the chin like a beard, but it probably belongs to the head-dress, which resembles that seen on Egyptian mummy cases.

The lid, and consequently the figure upon it, is too wide for symmetrical beauty. It is four feet broad and only seven in length. The material is black sienite, intensely hard and retains an excellent polish. The inscription is in twenty-two long lines, and the letters though not cut deep, are in good preservation and easily read. There is nothing like it in the whole compass of Phœnician remains."

With redundant generosity of verbiage the king wrote his own epitaph. "In the month bul of the fourteenth of my reign, King Ashmanazer, the King of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, spake saying, I am snatched away before my time like the flowing of a river. Then I have made a house for my funeral resting-place and am lying in this sarcophagus and in this sepulchre, the place which I have built. My prohibition to every

royal person, and to every man, not to open my sepulchre, and not to seek with me treasure—for there are no treasures with me—nor to take away the sarcophagus of my funeral-couch or who shall transfer me with the funeral-couch, he shall have no funeral with the dead, nor be buried in a sepulchre, nor leave behind son nor posterity. It is we, who have built this temple in Sidon by the sea, and the heavenly powers have rendered Astarte favorable, and it is we who have erected the temple of Esmuno, and the sanctuary of Ene Dalil, in the mountain. It is we who have built the temple of Asarte, the glory of Baal, lords of kings who bestowed on us Dor and Joppa, and ample cornfields which are at the root of Dan."

That expression "like the flowing of a river" does not here refer, as it might in our land, to the swift flow of the water, but the drying up in summer of the torrent beds.

A later find (1887) was another Phœnician coffin of Tennes, perhaps the father of Echmounazer, and though not of such historical value, this so-called sarcophagus of Alexander is interesting. Found at Helaliyeh, it was discovered by chance by a peasant—chance is your great discoverer. The sarcophagus is beautifully sculptured, its bas-relief rivaling the Elgin marbles—a real masterpiece of Grecian art. It is now in the museum of Constantinople. It cannot be the coffin of Alexander the Great, who died in Babylon, from fever brought on by drunken feasting. There is no impossibility, however, of its having been made at his order. At el Muntara, Mughâret ez Zeitun and Maghdusheh are more caves, ruins of temples, forgotten cemeteries.

But monetary treasures have been extracted from these excavations. The riches of Sidon and Tyre were world-renowned. When armies laid siege to the city the riches would be buried in the hope that later they could return and find them. And though these ruins have been ransacked for treasure for thousands of years, "finds" are still known, not merely of isolated coins, but sometimes of jars of money. Only recently several large brass pots were discovered, but the poor peasants were not allowed to keep them; the governor had them arrested and appropriated the booty. There were several thousands of gold coins, all of the time of Alexander the Great.

There are many allusions in the Scriptures to hidden money. The hiding of it may be a vice, when it ought to have been employed. "I laid it in a napkin and hid it in the earth" merits the rebuke: "thou wicked servant." But the hiding may be wise precaution: "The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field." Retirement is one of the conditions of sanctity. So the secrets of the Incarnation were hidden in the

silence of Nazareth, in the cold of Bethlehem, in the sands of Egypt, till God's time of manifestation, of Epiphany. The great eagerness of the searcher for hidden treasure gives holy Job a figure of the longing of the afflicted for death—"He digs for it more than for hidden treasures."

Returning to the city we remark how beautiful its position, how lovely its surroundings, its bowered fountains and its fragrant gardens. What must it have been in its glory since it is still so charming in decay!

We rode through these gardens, more extensive than any in Palestine, Jaffa, perhaps alone excepted. They have the languid charm of the Orient. Here are most of the fruits of the tropics; there is the *Nâurah*, slowly raising water, or the slower *sakieh* of the poor with its somnolent creaking lullaby, its jars coming up full, going down empty; there are the water rivulets carrying freshness and joy wherever they go, like the words of love in life. We have here the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, at their best; when we consider how absolutely their beauty and wealth depend on irrigation the words of Jehovah come to our memory: "They have deserted me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves empty cisterns."

From Sidon there is a carriage road to Beyrout, our last stage. The road is also graded from here to Nabutieh, a large village of the Metawilis.

It was here at Sidon, according to heathen mythology, that Zeus found Europa among the budding flowers, herself the fairest bud, and transforming himself into a bull, carried her off to Crete, where she bore three sons, Minos, Rhadamanthos and Sarpedon. This carrying away of Europa has been a favorite subject with sculptors; and perhaps indicates the providence of God in tearing man away from Asia and planting him in the larger opportunities of the west, or the emancipation of women from the servitude of the Orient to the larger liberty of the children of God given to women through Christianity.

With groves and gardens and orchards accompanying us all the way, among which are several native khans, we reach, after two miles, the Auwali River—the Bostrenus of the classics, which waters the gardens between here and Sidon. The Bustan esh Sheik is on our right, where are remains of aqueducts bringing the river water from up stream, as also massive foundations of what is conjectured to be a temple to Æsculapius. We look back at "Sidon the flower crowned!" Two miles more and to our right is Er Roumeileh, and another necropolis. Then the Nahr el Burj with a khan and a scattering population; now another promontory, Ras Jedra, another village, El Jiya, with more lovely gardens, and then after five or six miles from Sidon, Neby Yunas. It is a typical

mukam, a prophet's tomb dedicated to the Prophet Jonah, Dhu'n nun—the Fish Man. Jonah has many such shrines, but the place of his death is lost in oblivion. This shrine is white, square, flat-roofed, except for the dome that crowns it. North of the Sanctuary is a khan with a portico of three large bays back of which are sleeping rooms for native travelers. Brother Lievan states that the tradition points to this beach as the spot that saw the delivery of Jonah from the whale, and to commemorate the miracle there was a Christian chapel erected here which Brother Lievan examined, with the indications of three apses and a mosaic pavement. The ruins lay less than 200 feet east from the shore, and are since entirely covered with sand.

Six or eight miles northeast from Sidon, and southeast from where we now stand, among the Lebanon mountains, is an isolated cone with deep precipices around it in the fastnesses of the wadies tributary to the Awali, styled Dahar June, where Lady Hester Stanhope came to brood over or to happily forget the disappointment of high places in England. Here was the residence, until 1839, of this most erratic English woman, a niece of Pitt, and once a lady-love of Sir John Moore, whose funeral has been so picturesquely versified by Wolf. She died at the age of sixty-three years. From 1810 to 1839 she wielded an almost regal authority in the Lebanon; Ibrahim Pasha even treating with her.

"She was wholly unique. Bold as a lion, she wore the costume of an emir, weapons, pipe and all; nor did she fail to rule her servants and her Albanian guards with absolute authority. Now riding at the head of the Bedawin Arabs, queen of the desert, on a visit to Palmyra; now intriguing with venal pashas and cunning emirs; at one time treating with contempt nobles, generals, and consuls, bidding defiance to law, and thrashing the officers sent to her lodge; at another eluding or confounding her creditors, to-day charitable and kind to the poor, to-morrow oppressive, selfish and tyrannical in the extreme.

"There was no limit to her eccentricities. In some things she was a devout believer—an unbeliever in many. She read the stars, and calculated nativities, and claimed the gift of second sight, by which she pretended to foretell coming events. She practiced alchemy, and in pursuit of that strange science was often closeted with strange companions. She had a mare whose backbone sank suddenly down at the shoulders, and rose abruptly at the haunches. That deformity, her vivid imagination converted into a miraculous saddle on which she was to ride into Jerusalem as queen, by the side of some Messiah, who was to introduce a

pageant, and both were tended with extraordinary care. A lamp was fancied millennium. Another mare had a part to play in that august kept burning in their comfortable stables, and they were served with sherbet and other delicacies."

She had a pension from the English government, and though on most subjects sane and shrewd, she was odd, imperious, discontented and man-hating. Psalm cxxiii. 2 tells us: "As the eyes of servants are on their mistress" till she shall give them a present; but here the servants waited until the lady was dead, and then despoiled her of everything.

Lady Stanhope's funeral story must be told by the clergyman attending, our own Rev. W. M. Thomson. "The British Consul at Beirut requested me to perform the religious services at the burial of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sabbath in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at one o'clock, and reached the place about midnight. After a brief examination the consul decided that the funeral should take place at once. The vault in the garden was hastily opened, and the bones of a French general, who died there and was buried by her ladyship in the vault, were taken out and placed at its head.

"The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by the servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company with torches and lanterns to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. I took the wrong path and wandered some time in the mazes of those labyrinths. When at length I entered the arbor the first thing I saw was the bones of the general in a ghastly heap, with the head on the top, having a lighted taper in each eye-socket—a hideous spectacle. It was difficult to proceed with the services under such circumstances. The consul afterwards remarked there were some curious coincidences between that and the burial of Sir John Moore, her ladyship's early love. In silence on the lone mountain at midnight, 'our lanterns dimly burning,' with the flag of her country around her, she 'lay like a warrior taking his rest,' and 'we left her alone in her glory.' There was but one of her own nation present, and his name was Moore."

He visited it some years later and writes: "A melancholy change has come over the scene since I first visited it; the garden, with its choice flowers, its shaded walks, and trellised arbors, is utterly destroyed, and not one room of Lady Hester's large establishment remains entire. The tomb also is sadly changed. It was then embowered in dense shrubbery, and covered with an arbor of running roses, not a vestige of which now remains, and the stones of the vault itself are broken and displaced.

There is no inscription—not a word in any language—and unless some measures are adopted for its protection, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost.”

The Greek city of Porphyryion was somewhere about, which name would indicate a prominence of fisheries or factories for the purple dye.

At El Jiya we are entitled to a long siesta among the greenery, shot through with the gold of the orange, and the scarlet of the pomegranate. From the increasing predominance of the mulberry trees we recognize that silk is the staple of the Lebanon Mountains. Some squads of natives passed, and though they will always answer our *naharak said* with a corresponding *naharak umbarak*, when I asked where they were bound for: “*A Bab Allah*” was the reply, “to the gate of God!” Pious enough but not enlightening.

Thomson writes: “Neby Yunas was much frequented by Moslems and Druses from the mountains, especially by Druse Sittat, or princesses who came with their prayers, like the mother of Samuel at Shiloh. I have repeatedly seen more than one group of “horned ladies” resort to the shrine of the Prophet to obtain the intercession of the Neby, or fulfill vows they had made.” These horns, or “*tanturs*” as they are called, have grown (like the ladies’ hats in America) to an immense size, only upward instead of outward. They were intended to lift the veil above the head, but rivalry exceeded bounds till they are towered like a church steeple into the sky. First made of tin, others outdid this with silver horns, which later were made the vehicle to display much jewelry and finery.

As we proceed north, Damur rises into a *Ras*, projecting its head into the sea, which we avoid by a long detour eastward, then sinks into a *Nahr* on the other side, the Tamyrus of the Greeks, with oleander-fringed banks and crossed by an iron bridge. Eight or ten miles up this mountain-fed river, between the two wadies, el Kadi and el Hammam, in a fine commanding position looking out to sea, is Deir el Khamar, the Monastery of the Moon, and a Maronite village of 5,000 inhabitants, a Mudiriye presided over by a Mudir. Its terraced groves of olive and mulberry and vine are a feast to the eye, and large manufactories of silk make the place prosperous, itself ascending the hill in terraced beauty, with the Monastery of the Redeemer, the home of Basilian Monks, dominating the scene.

On our route more Maronite villages are passed, el Damour, Malekat Naimeh, with rich mulberry groves—then our route again approaches the sea till we reach Khan el Khaldeh, where are great numbers of sarcophagi, and which is thought to be Helduah of the 4th century.

After half an hour we leave the coast not to return to it, and arrive at Es Shuweifet, a Druse village embowered in olive orchards. At Kefr Shima is Deir el Karfaka, a convent of Greek Catholics; then Hadeh, a station on the railroad with its touch of modernity, which we are glad to salute but do not cross. The aspect of the country changes for we enter a pine forest; it looks more like the forests of the west than anything we have encountered. It is the *Pinus halibensis*, planted to hold back the sand that forever drifts in from the south. How refreshing is the shade, how soothing the silence as we ride through the pillared avenue! El Hursh the Arabs call it, and the wind in the branches says "hush," and speaking the soft word our horse stops; for "hûsh" is in his language.

This approach to Beyrout is anything but imposing; for a fine incoming the route from the mountains commends itself. Our pilgrimage is nearing an end; this day has been a long, tiresome ride over the sea-sand to avoid the mountains, and then over promontories to escape the sand; but on the hills we had the rich tribute of the wild thyme, burdening the air, and on the shore the white waves rush murmuring forever the music of eternity. Here we pass through the cheerless alleys that appear like irrigating canals; then the prospect widens in the district of colleges and churches, and then again through tortuous streets to our destination at Hotel d'Orient, near the sea, and headquarters of Thos. Cook & Sons, for however much we pretend to avoid being "cooked," when it comes to making travel arrangements we find them omnipotent—as we acknowledge Baedeker omniscient.

CHAPTER XLVI

BEYROUT

Beyrout is the pride of modern Syria. Seen from the Bay of St. George it presents a most delightful spectacle. According to the poetical expression of the Arabs it resembles a Sultana reclining on a cushion of green and contemplating the billows in dreamy dalliance; or a lady before her mirror, who

*Views her beauty o'er and o'er delighted
And binds her jewels on with milk-white hand.*

Those jewels are the lovely villas that ascend, terrace by terrace, in the Lebanon behind her, embowered in vines, olives, mulberries and trembling poplars. Beyrout would probably get the vote of travelers for third place after Constantinople and Naples for natural loveliness of situation. Beyrout is the most modern of Syrian cities; it has a population numbering more than one hundred and fifty thousand, one-third of them Catholics, mostly Maronites. It is the seat of government of the Vilayet, which comprises part of the Lebanon and stretches southward to Acre. The archbishops of several of the Oriental rites reside here. It possesses many institutions of learning; prominent among them are the universities of the Jesuits, and of the American Mission, under the management of the Presbyterians. The medical museum of the Jesuits is one of the finest in the world. The wax presentations of leprosy, and the other diseases prevalent in Palestine are so realistic they make one sick. Their printing establishment is extensive.

The Fathers of the Holy Land have their friary not far from the sea. There are many other teaching orders here, Capuchin Fathers, the Christian Brothers, the Marist and Lazarist Fathers, and the Sisters of Marie Reparatrice, with Sister M. Miki, an American, to welcome us, the Sisters of Nazareth, Sisters of the Holy Rosary, of St. Joseph, and of the Holy Family. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul keep an excellent hospital, and those of the Seven Dolors, a home and hospital for the aged. Most of these are to the middle south of the city. Both Catholics and Protestants own publishing offices here, and it is a point of much activity in Protestant propagandism. Father Meisterman's *Guide* adds: "Moreover there is at Beyrout a lunatic asylum."



BEYROUT

The two churches best worth while are St. George's, the Maronite Cathedral in the Meidan el Borj, Square of the Castle, where is the Seraglio in the midst of gardens and residences of modern elegance. The other church is near the great mosque, and built on the site of a synagogue of which the recital was given out at the second Council of Nice, in 787, how a Jew had pierced a crucifix from which flowed blood, healing many and converting more.

Although Beyrouth is not mentioned in the Bible it goes back to mythological times; it is the Beryte of Philo, which the god El gave to his son, the sea-god Baal, who here assumes the position of Neptune. It is the Beruta of the Tell el Amarna tablets and had a king Ammunira, who obtained license from Egypt "to protect the town and its mulberry tree." It is the Berytus of the Romans, famous for its temples and its schools, rivaling those of Alexandria and Athens. St. Gregory the Wonderworker studied civil law here.

We give a day or two to local sightseeing. We never tire of just looking out over the shining waters with vessels from every nation in the harbor, and the bending shore sweeping so nobly west and north where the Lebanon mountains rise terrace above terrace, range beyond range, till they end in snowy light or in pools of cedarn shade. "The beauty of Libanus will be given to them." "Come from Libanus, come and be crowned," says Solomon to the Beloved, and again: "My chosen one is white as the

snow on Lebanon." Lebanon itself means white, and the church rings the changes on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, for she alone it is who is truly white. "Before the mountains I was brought forth." Here in sight of the hills which Solomon saw and to which he referred so often, we may recognize why the church uses words that Solomon spoke of wisdom, and applies them to the Blessed Virgin. Is it right to take these words in which Solomon only wished to show that the wisdom of God planned things before they were made? Is it right to say they apply to the Immaculate Conception of our Lady? Perfectly legitimate; for our Lady's privilege is only a concrete example of how God conceived things before His *fiat* brought them into being. And Mary is not merely one *made* immaculate, but she is the *immaculate conception* in the mind of God from eternity—the thought of purity and holiness that God conceived.

In population this city of 160,000 is pretty evenly divided between Moslems, Greek Orthodox, and Maronites, who are all Catholic, with about 2,000 each of Latin Catholics and of Protestants, both of whom, by their superior institutions of learning and of charity, outweigh in influence the Mohammedans. It lies in an amphitheatre of mountains with terraced villas everywhere among the groves of olive, fig, mulberry, pistachio and walnut; with the palm in the lowland and the pine above. The new quarters of the town are broad and clean and even; the bazaars of old Beirût are too modernized to be of interest. The natives are industrious and export large quantities of raw silk and cocoons, olive oil, licorice, cotton, sesamum, raisins and wine, figs, sponges, and even cattle and goats from the mountains.

Fanatical as are these Mohammedans, our cushion-seat Christian may learn a lesson from them in decorum and earnestness. "To rest on the arms while at prayer, pleases Hell," says the Arab. So do hurried ceremonies, "like a cock pecking grain," or "spreading the arms and feet like dogs or tigers." So the attitudes of the devout worshipers are all studied—all solemn and devout. Every prostration has been prescribed, every ablution regulated. To one who omitted to wash the soles of his feet the Prophet said: "Alas for the soles of your feet, they will be in the fire of Hell." Some critics would say they had lost the sense of the words of Christ to Peter, indicating that these actions are merely symbolical, "He that is washed needs only the feet to be washed and is clean wholly." But are we sure that they consider that sin is material and can be cleansed by water, any more than we, when we pour the water of baptism? I am convinced that the thoughtful Moslem has no such gross understanding,

and if he is careful of the minute details it is that he may not "do the work of God negligently."

As the half-wit remarked that had inquired for and had been shown in all museums the club that killed Capt. Cook, so we look for a Djamia el Kebir in Beyrout, and are not disappointed. It was originally the church of St. John. How many of the mosques are perverted Catholic structures! This finds its repetition in England, whose fine old Cathedrals and Abbeys are "where once our fathers offered praise and prayer—and sacrifice sublime." The rest of the mosques are too insignificant for notice; indeed, except in Constantinople and Cairo, few of the Mohammedan places of worship have either individuality or architectural excellence.

It would be losing much not to visit the Syrian Protestant College. It is an invigorating walk of a mile and a half along Ras Beyrout, the headland that projects so decidedly and far westward as to make the harbor north of the city.

The Catholic cemetery is overlooking the sea near the bathing places of Ez Zeitouni. The German Orphan Asylum is adjacent, and further on the large Russian hospital of St. John, where Dr. Post, an American, and Dr. Graham, have given long service. I made the former's acquaintance in 1889, as we rode side by side under the Aleppo pines. The Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth that we met in Jerusalem serve here also. Another half a mile and we are at the American College for which Dr. Bliss has done so much—and whose contributions to archæology we have often mentioned. The college is finely situated, with plenty of elbow-room, and endeavors to rival the Jesuits in its medical museum. It has seven or eight hundred scholars, and deserves well of the Orient, training physicians, teachers and clergymen for Palestine work. The American Mission in Syria has in all 112 schools with an enrollment of 5,500 scholars.

"A very pleasant trip to the Dog River," says Geikie, "to see the Assyrian inscriptions on the rocks there, varied my stay at Beirut. Passing to the north, a long row of the humble work-cells of silk-weavers lined the street at the edge of the town; the looms being worked from the floor in a very primitive fashion. Vast plantations of grafted mulberry trees for the silkworms stretched away on both sides as soon as we were clear of the houses; none of the trees, I was told, were over twenty years old, silk culture having been greatly extended during that time. Cactus-hedges and stone walls alternated fences, and water was everywhere abundant. The eggs of the silkworm are brought from the islands of the Mediterranean at twenty shillings an ounce, but this would not be necessary if

proper care were taken. The people sit up night and day with the worms while they are growing, to give them a constant supply of fresh leaves; but strange to say, with all this watchfulness over the insect, the trees are left without the pruning and care needed to make them thoroughly good.

Three-quarters of an hour's ride brought us to the bridge which crosses the Beyrout river—a stream of considerable size in winter and spring, when swollen by the rains or melting snows from the mountains, and still strong in current when I crossed it. The left side of the road towards the bridge is a sandy plain, stretching back some miles to the hills, and well watered. Small, white houses dot it pleasantly, with gardens and orchards around them supplying fruit and vegetables to the town. The men who work the ground live in huts made of tall grass, laid over a frame-work of sticks; frail houses certainly, but good enough in such climate, while the weather is dry. Beyond the bridge a lane edged with prickly pear led to the shore of the bay, to reach which another small stream had to be crossed, after which came a third—the Dead River—a little way up the sands. The track next led to the edge of the mountains which close in the Bay of Beyrout on the north. We advanced around a projecting headland, our course lying along the remains of a Roman road which doubles this wild, rocky cape, with a precipice on one side down to the sea, while on the other, steep cliffs rise up to the tableland above. The whole scene around and under foot was wild and rough, for the great stones of which the road had been made, 1,700 years before, had apparently been left untouched ever since, and offered a honeycomb of holes and heights distressing alike to rider and horse. I was very much struck by the narrowness of the way, which must have been a great trouble for an army; the breadth in many places being apparently only ten or twelve feet. The rocks at the side are everywhere torn as if by successive convulsions of nature; but a few small ledges and patches of green helped here and there to brighten the weather-beaten limestone.

On the land side of this old military road, portions of the rock have been smoothed into tablets by successive conquerors or invaders; whose passing has been duly recorded on them in sculptural characters by their obedient slaves. There is a second road a little higher up the cliffs, but running parallel with the lower, and some of the inscriptions are on one and some on the other. The first tablet in the series is a memorial left by Esarhaddon, the third and faithful son of Sennacherib, who reigned from B. C. 681 to B. C. 668, and marched along this pass in 672 B. C. A revolt in Phœnicia, a state tributary to him, had broken out in aid of Ter-

hakah the Ethiopian, then reigning over Egypt—the diplomacy of the Nile having succeeded in effecting a confederacy of Palestine against Nineveh, as it did so often in the days of the prophets. Esarhaddon was victorious, and not only crushed Tirhakah, but crossed the sea to Cyprus, whence he returned, perhaps to Tyre, and marched back to the Euphrates laden with spoil. The tablet shows a full-length life-size figure of the victor in his royal robes, and records the leading incidents of his campaign in cuneiform characters. There he stands in rich embroidery, his royal staff in one hand, the other on his sword—sadly weathered by exposure for 2,600 years, but still looking out faintly from the stone on which, at each side and underneath, the sculptor has recorded in strange arrow-head combinations the glories of his lord.

Little more than a foot from this is a square-headed tablet over six feet high, cut by order of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Hebrew oppression seven centuries earlier, as a votive offering to Ptha, the god of Memphis, then in its glory, to celebrate the king's great triumphant advance thus far against his powerful enemies the Hittites. Esarhaddon, the conqueror of Memphis, had noted this, and evidently cut his inscription at its side in silent irony, for the ancient power of Egypt had now veiled its head to that of Nineveh.

Next comes the round-headed Assyrian tablet, cut by Sennacherib, on his invasion of Palestine in B. C. 702: that campaign in which his army was destroyed, as we read in the Bible. The great king stands before us, with his high tiara and long staff of majesty, little thinking of the humiliation awaiting him, or the death he was to die at the hand of his sons twenty years later, in Nineveh. After this, we have another square-headed tablet of Rameses II, dedicated to the sun-god Ra. It is much the best preserved of the various Egyptian tablets, but even in it there are only traces of the hieroglyphics which once covered it. From the others they have been entirely effaced by time. In the upper part of this, Rameses stands in adoration before a seated deity; even the Pharaoh admitting that there were higher beings than himself, though he also claimed kindred with the gods. Passing this we come to an inscription left by Shalmaneser II of Nineveh, in the year B. C. 860, when he marched to the shore of the "Sea of the West," and here raised an image of himself, as his records tell us, after receiving the homage of the kings of Phœnicia. The figure is still quite perfect, even to the elaborate ornaments of the robes; indeed, it has often been copied as a portrait. Next comes another Assyrian tablet, round-headed as usual, glorifying the majesty of Sultan Assurnazirpal, the father of Shalmaneser II, who had just closed a victorious march through Syria.

in which he had received tribute from the different local states. "This image of his majesty," he tells us, he erected over against the Great Sea, offering sacrifices and libations to his gods for the favor shown him. This was about the year B. C. 860.

Passing on, another Assyrian tablet, this time square-headed, meets us, only five feet high and half as broad, but of venerable antiquity, for it dates from the reign of Tiglath Pileser I, who was in his glory about 1,100 years before Christ, and carried the early Assyrian empire to its highest power. This great warrior, after overcoming the Hittites at Carshemish and in Syria, marched along the coast to this part from the north amusing himself as he did so by venturing into a "ship of the people of Arvad" in which he "rode upon the sea," and "slew a porpoise"—a deed grand enough to be commemorated in his annals.

One aim he had in his advance to Beyrout was, he informs us, to cut down cedars to decorate the temples of Nineveh; so early had the fame of these trees spread over Western Asia. This king was succeeded by others, in whose hands Assyria for a time grew so much weaker that David was able to found an empire extending from the sea to the Euphrates, which he could not have done had Assyria retained its vigor. A companion tablet to this one is also Assyrian, but half a century older, and very inferior to the later monuments in its execution. The figures are low and squat, and the details of decoration of the hair, beard and dress are given with far less care than in the later Assyrian tablets. The last inscription was originally Egyptian, dating from the remote days of Rameses II, when Moses was still young; this and the two others I have already noticed of the same king being votive offerings to the gods in gratitude for the victories which, as he fancied, they had enabled him to gain over the Hittites and Syrians. Luckily this tablet was examined by Dr. Lepsius in 1845, while still as perfect as its great age allowed. Since then, in 1861, the French General of Division sent to prevent the Druses in Lebanon from continuing to massacre the Christians, thought fit to obliterate what remained of the inscription of the ancient Pharaoh and substitute a French one telling of the presence of the force sent by that evanescent dignitary, Emperor Napoleon III. This is cut into a bed of stucco and yellow paint—fit material for such a record.

These are not, however, the only inscriptions in this great gallery of old world memories. The very intelligent Danish Consul of Beyrout has discovered another higher up in the crags, left by Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, who twice invaded Egypt, and in one of his campaigns, as we know,

carried off the Jews from Jerusalem. I saw the "squeeze" of the inscription, which is of great size, and still legible in part; but unfortunately it gives no historical details, simply praising the wine of Helbon, a village on the east side of the great valley of Hollow Syria, still famous for its vintage. That such a series of chronicles should be visible from almost a single point is very striking."

We took several drives over this interesting road northward from Beyrout, which is in some respects the most remarkable in the world. With the sea to your left and the Lebanon mountains to your right, it possesses the charm of the famous Corniche road in France and Italy, but the latter is modern compared with this.

Along the route we now travel the world has passed. The descendants of Cham, cursed of his father, would flee southward to the Egypt and Africa that was to be the *habitat* of the black race. And returning in power and pride the Egyptian Pharaohs fought the Khetim the early inhabitants of North Syria.

Over this route the Assyrians "came down like a wolf on the fold," to carry away poor Zion to Babylon and captivity; but back again the exiles come singing the hymns of Zion which faltered among the willow trees of the north.

Down this road Alexander the Great came with a conquering host, temporary submission of Samaria and Judea being only an incident in his march. His objective point was the rich Egypt where Alexandria rose to keep alive his name.

Thus Hellenism and Hebraism met face to face and the world was the gainer; for the "Dispersion" carried the knowledge of the true God to countries in the shadow of darkness. Ptolemy I is said to have taken thirty thousand Jews to Alexandria and Seleucus I to have peopled Antioch in the same way;—Antioch that was the first to call Christ's followers Christians.

But both Assyria and Greece must give way before Rome, and so these rocks and ocean see the march of Pompey, whose conquest and those of his successor Cæsars will carry the Christian faith to the west, as those conquerors before him dispersed it in the east.

But let us leave archæology and notice the present through which we are passing, not forgetting that to Rome we are indebted for this excellent roadway, over which the modern can roll in his carriage, or jolt in the steam-tram, that now makes the trip several times a day to Nahr el Kelb and Juneh. We are surrounded by groves of mulberry, which reveals the

fact that we are in the home of the silkworm, in the midst of the silk industry. Of these mulberries there is a white and a black variety, the white being preferred as yielding the finer silk.

Most of the inhabitants of Beyrout and the cities of Lebanon obtain their livelihood from raising worms or weaving and working the fabric. Let us take time to see insects and peasants. When in our homes in America the Syrian peddler next spreads out his pack of table-covers, *keffiehs*, scarfs and mats, you will remember that you saw the silk shining in the mulberry leaves, and visited the homes of the weavers and the buildings of the worms.

It is an interesting industry, and the eight weeks from egg to cocoon is a time of unremitted labor and solicitude, but, requiring little apparatus and being suitable work for women, is a most excellent home occupation. The eggs, no larger than a pinhead, of the moth *bombyx Mori*, are several days in hatching, which the natural heat of the sun will accomplish, but for which artificial heat is usually employed. A little worm no more than a fourth of an inch comes forth which must be kept at proper temperature, fed night and day for weeks; it is a voracious eater, and a swift grower, attaining a length of three inches, and "wild for companionship with swifter things" to become a butterfly; then comes the silk-making; the worm wrapping itself round and round with thousands of feet of the subtle thread, weaving its shroud in the hope of resurrection to a new life. Silence inside the cocoon is the signal for killing the workers by heat, or otherwise the silk would be perforated to liberate the captive.

Our road, the *Derb en Nahr* or sea road, follows the bend of the mountain *St. Domitri*, passing the gas works, the lazaretto and the Maronite chapel of *St. George*, that ubiquitous saint of dragon slaying. The suburbs are sparkling with brooks, and we soon cross the *Nahr Beyrout*, the dividing line between the vilayet of Beyrout and the liva of Lebanon. It is the *Magoras* of *Pliny*. It was here that the *Beretus* of the *Phœnicians* stood.

Everywhere between us and the hills are mulberry groves, orchards and vineyards, with the villages *Ed Dora el Jedeideh* and *Antelias*. After crossing a stream—the *Dead River*, *Nahr el Môt*, and *Nahr Antelyas*, in half an hour we reach *Dibayeh*, where the filters and waterworks are that supply Beyrout from the *Dog River*.

Dog has succeeded to the *Wolf* of the Greeks, this river formerly having been called *Lycos*. It gets its name from the legend that on the cliffs stood a dog who barked at the approach of danger; and out in the bay,

below the shining water, the guides will show you his body petrified. It has a fancied resemblance to a beast.

The river rises in Mount Sannin, 9,000 feet above, cutting its narrow and deep way to the sea.

The museum of inscriptions we examined before with Mr. Geikie, but O why did not Napoleon have the grace to smooth off a portion of rock for himself; he is as bad as the cuckoo. But we will pardon him, knowing that he occupied the Lebanon with a French army in 1860, in the interests of humanity, after the massacre of that year.

But wilder exploring is before us.

Four miles from the mouth of Dog River are a series of remarkable grottoes through which the river runs. No one but the enthusiastic sight-seer should attempt this excursion, and only those whom wading, swimming and boating in a dark underground river will not injure. These grottoes are much like the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, though not so large. The largest here is about 1,200 feet long, but narrow and winding, in some places hardly admitting entrance, at others widening out into great halls forty feet high, in others the descending stalactites have formed screens like some cathedral reredos, and the ascending stalagmites chairs and pulpits.

The different chambers are named after the men who explored them: Thomson's Cavern; Maxwell's Pillar; Bliss' straits; Rustem Pasha's Chandelier; or for their appearance: the Dark Lake, the Screen, Elephant Cave, the Draperies, Chaos, the Pantheon. Of this last Prof. Robinson says: "Under this dome, standing out clear as alabaster in the midst of the darkness is one of the most beautiful stalagmite formations of the grottoes, which from its resemblance to the Pantheon has been given that name." Not far from it, where the cave is narrower and the roof low, is Clayton's passage, "Instead of the former dazzling whiteness the walls of the cavern now presented a dull appearance as if coated with pitch and suggested the name of the Styx."

We return to Beyrout.

CHAPTER XLVII

LEBANON

The journey to the Cedars takes three days, though it is only thirty miles distant; but it is one of the privileges of life to linger on the Lebanon, and though the summer is far advanced, the heats are not felt in these mountains. All the routes are picturesque, they are through scenery where wild natural grandeur and well-cultivated slopes and terraces have been united by more than landscape artist's gift. The smoothest route is *via* the Dog River, Antura, Ajeltun, Deir Reifun, (a large Maronite monastery and village), Nahr es Salib, Mezraah, Fakra, Jisr el Hajar, Neba el Leban—fountain of milk, Neba el Asal—fountain of honey, the upper Nahr el Kelb, where it springs from the summit of Sannîn, Wady Shebruh, Afka and the Springs of Adonis, Nahr Ibrahim (the classic Adonis), el Mounetra and the Natural Bridge, Akoura, Ard Akluk, Wady Bushrik, Tannurin, Wady ed Duweir, Nika with its first small grove of cedars, Nadeth, the gorge and river of Kadisha, Bsherreh, the Cedars and Kanobin, one of the oldest of foundations, said to have been planted by Theodosius the Great in the end of the fourth century; it takes its name from the Greek Koinobion—monastery. It is the seat of the Maronite Patriarch, who lives at Bdiman adjacent.

We will see more of the religious life of the Lebanon by taking the longer route by Jebeil.

How we love the Lebanon with its age-old history, with its sunshine and its snow, with as many moods as the sea or a woman.

The Lebanon has winter, spring and summer within a few miles of each other. Or we might say that it is a man with white hair in whose head is hope, and in whose heart is the fire of love.

We have choice of steam-tram or carriage to Juneh and Maamiltein; from thence we will go by slower conveyance up the mountains.

Sweeping round the Bay of Beyrout, past the Nahr el Kelb, we pass Zuk Masba and Zuk Mikayel perched above. Antura, with a large school built by the Jesuits but now managed by the Lazarists, we swing to the right with the beautiful Bay of Juneh; at El Juneh we stop; it is ten miles from Beyrout, a city of 8,000, seat of a Kaimmakam and linked with the world by post and wire. The maritime plain is dotted with villages: Ghadir, Sarba, Haret Sahen. From Juneh a fine pedestrian trip is up the

mountains, where *Deirs* and *Mars* seem to crowd out the profane world, to Berki, the residence of the Maronite Patriarch, to Daroun, Alma, Cananir, with its large Maronite convent of Ain Warka.

The country residence of the Apostolic Delegate of the Lebanon is on the route, and Harissa crowning the summit. The Franciscans, so predominant in other parts of Palestine, are crowded out of the north by the Oriental churches and the Jesuits; but here they have a school for boys.

In Harissa, one of the prettiest spots of Mount Kesruman, in the Lebanon range, on May 3rd, 1908, took place the dedication of the magnificent colossal statue of Our Lady of Mount Lebanon, which was erected here in memory of the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

A great throng of people from all over the Lebanon, as well as from Beyrout, had come to take part in this august celebration, for the Maronites and the Orientals generally highly venerate the Blessed Virgin, and in the litany invoke her as "the Cedar of Lebanon."

The statue was consecrated by His Excellency, Mgr. Fr. Hoyeck, the Maronite Patriarch, and the Right Rev. Apostolic Delegate at Beyrout, Mgr. Frediani Gianni, O. F. M., formerly Custos of the Holy Land. The secular authority was represented by His Excellency Barbar Bey el Khazem, commander of the militia of the Lebanon; for since the sanguinary events of the sixties of last century, upon the pressure exerted by the European powers the Lebanon, which is almost entirely Catholic, was granted a Christian Pasha and its own Catholic militia.

The statue, the work of the sculptor M. Dourne, of Paris, is about 25 feet high. It is raised on a pedestal of about 70 feet, in the interior of which a small chapel was fitted up. The monument stands on a high promontory and commands a view of nearly the whole mountain. It is visible far out at sea, and reveals itself to the view of travelers as soon as they sight the Syrian coast. A devout *Ave Maria* will in future arise from the hearts of many when they see this beautiful statue of the Immaculate. The seamen will invoke her as the Star of the Sea, the Maronite as his Cedar of Lebanon, and all will praise her as the one "full of grace." The monument cost over fifty thousand francs, i. e., about ten thousand dollars, which sum was raised entirely by voluntary contributions.

Who are these Maronites that you mention so often? They are only one of the Oriental rites. When we speak of Irish Catholics, or German Catholics, we mean those who differ in nationality, but are identical in dogma and ceremonial. But in the Orient when we speak of Greek Catholics or Latin Catholics of Melchites or Syrians or Maronites, we indicate

those members of the Catholic communion who are the same very often in nationality, and are identical in faith but differ in ritual. Just as Benedictines and Franciscans and Jesuits are not branches of the Church Catholic, these are not branches or kinds of Catholics, they *are* Catholics.

All these communities of Maronites as well as other Oriental rites are united to the Latin Church in unity of faith, and of allegiance to the Pope, but differ in matters of discipline. For some time indeed, in the early ages, they held to monotheistic errors, but were reunited to the Catholic Church at the time of the Crusades, and bound more firmly to Peter's Chair, in the sixteenth century, when Gregory XIII gave them a college in Rome. They take their name from John of Maron, a convent near the source of the Orontes. Their Patriarch is at Kanobin (now at Bdiman, but the dead Patriarchs still hold to Kanobin), but takes his title from Antioch, and has fifteen bishops under him. There are bishops at Aleppo, Tripoli, Baalbek, Beyrout, Damascus, Tyre, Cyprus and elsewhere. They have a very paradise of scenery in the Lebanon mountains, where they make much wine, the best in Syria, but which owing to their imperfect vats, is not allowed to ripen as it ought. If there were here the roads of Italy, the grandeur and beauty of this region would rival anything in the world. This is truly the Switzerland of Palestine, both in natural attractions and in the indomitable independence of its people, without, thanks be! the tourists. The massacres by the Druses is largely at the door of the Turkish government, which seeks to thus fortify its own power, pitting the fanatical Druses and Metawilis against the Christian communities; but the Maronites are still largely in the majority, and the schools taught by the monks, who are said to number 8,000, are elevating the standard of learning and civilization, and under the surveillance of the European governments, who interfered in 1861, a new era of greater security has opened. *Esto perpetual!*

The Maronite population in the Lebanon numbers perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand; their religious follow the rule of St. Anthony, and though hermit life is not so common now, the communities gathering into monasteries for greater security and effectiveness of labor, the anchorite life is still kept up, and there are solitaries in some of the mountain caves. I fear that I am falling into Mohammedan ways and never mentioning women, so often have I recorded the monasteries of men; but it is not to be concluded that the clergy are not unseconded by the "devout female sex." There are orders of Oriental nuns, as well as monks, called of Nazareth, of St. Joseph, of the Sacred Heart, of Mariamut, of the Holy Family, all Bible names, and all doing Christ's work.



These mountainous regions, and the plains of the Hauran, are also the home of a people very different from these industrious and peace-loving Maronites. They are the Druses, numbering perhaps sixty or eighty thousand; their greatest number being in the southern part of the Lebanon. A mysterious people these, whose origin is in doubt, and whose religion is a compound of Islam and Buddhism; who, though using the Arab tongue, are not Semitic; who, though nominally subject to the Turk, are often opposed to the government, always independent of it, and always exceedingly clannish and separatists from all around them, coalescing neither with Mussulman, Christian, Greek, nor Jew nor yet with the maurauding Bedouin. Their principal strongholds are Deir el Kamar, about fifteen miles south of Beyrout; Hasbeya and Roshea in the Anti Lebanon, and Ammatam Bakhlin in the Lebanon are their sacred cities.

Though they must believe in one God, they consider prayer an impertinent interfering with Deity. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and that God makes Himself manifest in repeated incarnations, the latest being Kakim, who will reappear and establish his religion in the whole world.

Bound to strict secrecy in regard to their religion, it is difficult to understand the mind of the Druse. And indeed it is only the Okals or the specially instructed class, about one-fifteenth of the population, that are admitted to full knowledge of the mysteries; from these are selected the Cheik Khalwis or priests who tend the Khalwi or meeting house for the reading of the Koran. The common people are much degraded, even to idolatry, according to some authorities—the Jesuit Spillman among others.

The Druses have a religious observance called the *Douseh*,—the treading. They are often fanatical in their devotions, inflicting corporal wounds, sticking iron spikes into their cheeks, and so forth. On the return of pilgrims from Mecca their enthusiasm is great; they go out to meet them with flags and drums, their sheiks in barbaric vesture and on richly caparisoned steeds. A causeway is made of living bodies for them to ride their horses over. They lie close together, heads and heels alternately, face down, and over them rides the sheik on horseback.

A dense mass of humanity is on each side of the road and the uproar is great: *Illa! ha, ill-alla!*. It is said not to hurt—they are so closely packed. But one thinks of the lament of the Psalmist—“My enemies have trodden me under foot the whole day,” and what a whole day of this would be.

Two miles from Juneh is Maamiltein, the terminus of steam progress. Between Nahr Ibrahim and Maamiltein, Renan discovered on the rocks at

El Ghismeh, a group representing a man carrying a lance with a bear attacking him. If we could substitute a boar it might represent the death of Adonis. Near by in the same rock is a woman mourning, and Macrobius tells us: "The image of Venus is found on Mount Lebanon, having the head veiled in a sorrowful attitude. Tears are believed to flow from the eyes of those beholding her."

Models, these Lebanon villages; no man standing in another's light. Just look at this Ghazîr. The houses as we approach it are terraced, each one having a full view; and view, even in less picturesque regions, counts so much in the value of a house; here the top of one man's house often serves as the foundation wall of his neighbor's, thus should all be elevated by the rise of others. Perish the community that would make all equal by leveling downwards!

But we are at Ghazîr where we are the guests of the Jesuits. They have a fine college in a commanding position. The serpent-like road creeping to the fine bay of Juneh, and the mountains encompassing it on three sides, north, east and south. The outlook is half the value of a home or of philosophy. The Capuchins also have a small foundation here.

We intended to let this terminate our coast wandering, but Jebeil is inviting us, and Mar Antonius, the Armenian monastery and Ain Warka of the Maronites salute us from their height among the pines and rocky defiles. Ghazîr, the Jesuit college of studies for northern Palestine, is left regretfully behind, and in about an hour we reach the sea and turn toward Jebeil. How the ocean glitters in the June sunlight! The water is of the color justly called *aquamarine*, that is, both blue and green, but one so white and tender and the other so radiant that you hesitate to call it either, and the noncommittal word is invented that tells nothing except to him who has seen sunlight and sea water and shining pebbles in emulation. The village of Berja is passed, and Khan Buwar and Mar Dumit, and we reach the Adonis river foaming from its caves in the heights of Lebanon. The groves of nut and mulberry huddled in the glens—"Beauty lying in the lap of terror."

We are here, perhaps in the oldest theater of idolatry. Long before Rome worshiped Venus, or Greece bowed down before Aphrodite, or Phœnicia to Astarte, Derketo was adored here by the sons of Ham. These are all names for the one god, the god of the flesh—a true god when love is restrained and sanctified; a false one, the most hideous and vile, when pleasure is sought as an end in itself. She is Anadiomene, for she is fabled as rising from the sea. She is Urania in uniting heaven and earth. She is Pandemos for her spirit is in every soul, even in that of the

severest recluse. She is Adonaia, the lover of Adonis, whose river is just north of us, and which we will cross presently. And here was yearly renewed the ceremony of burying an effigy of the boar-destroyed god, and of raising it with the cry: "Adonis lives." This was their rejoicing in Spring's resurrection. Lovers of Shelley will remember his beautiful tribute to Keats:

O weep for Adonais, he is dead,

one of the perfect poems of all time.

After a halt at this river we pass on as we are going to make its acquaintance more intimately later. There is but little of interest between here and Jebeil, a ride of over five miles, except the ever-present intoxication of mountain and sea. Yes, there is another, *Mar*—Mar Girgis, the omnipresent George—and Halaton, a hill, and Meaiteh, and numerous sepulchral caves.

Jebeil is the Gibla of 3 Kings v. 18, where the stone-cutters and timber-hewers for Solomon's temple lived; they were also renowned ship-builders, Ezek. xxvii. 9. The Greeks re-christened it Byblos, the Book, perhaps from the ancient and Egyptian cemetery records, which are very numerous. One that has exercised antiquarians is the column of Jahavmelik, Jehovah King. Was there by the side of Melkart a knowledge of the God of the Jews?

In the west center of this little village of one thousand inhabitants, Mohammedan and Christian, is the Crusaders' church of St. John, dating from the twelfth century, the parish church of the Maronites. It has a center nave and two large side aisles, covered with arched vaulting; a graceful baptistry projects from the middle of the north wall. The great church of St. Thecla, the first female martyr, is a favorite with the Greeks.

To the southeast is the castle or citadel of crusading times built of ancient materials.

The naming of many grottos and churches for St. George I think points to the substitution of this Saint in the place of Hercules of Mythology; man must have heroes to worship.

Jebeil was the reputed birth-place of Adonis, and here temples rose to his worship. The principal celebration was in August—the month of Tammuz, which is probably another name for Adonis, as Ezek. viii. 14 records: "There sat women weeping for Tammuz." The annual celebration of the death of Adonis—"of Tammuz yearly wounded," as Milton says, doubtless is connected with the shedding of the blood of Lebanon vines so plentiful hereabout. It is also thought to signify the death of the year; for Adonis was permitted to return with Spring.

The poet's description:

*Where smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea*

was meant to signify the importance of his death in the universal lament; but may well be applied also to the magnitude of the grape harvest. Thomson records that he has seen the river so impregnated with blood-red washings from the cliffs in freshet times that even nature keeps up the picture.

We leave Jebeil for higher aims: It is the nearest we have been to the Cedars, and we will make it our point of departure.

For those who can sit in the saddle at an angle of forty-five degrees the excursion may be made to Kesifane, the House of Studies for the religious of the order of St. Anthony. Father Spillman, S. J., tells us of the hardships of the ride: "After ascending and ascending through stones and sand, and the intolerable heat for hours, we inquired: 'How far yet to Kesifane?' 'O holy father, if it is God's will you may be there in two hours.' Two hours more of climbing, but no convent. 'How far now?' 'At least two hours yet, holy father.'"

In this trip the Nahr Feddar is passed, and from Alamat we cross over to Akura, in Wady Mugheiriyeh, near Nahr Ibrahim our old friend the Adonis, over which is a natural bridge. At Akura we are about eighteen miles distant from the Adonis as we saw it at the seashore, between which and us is some of the wildest scenery of the Lebanon. But to continue Father Spillman: He reached Kesifane and speaks highly of the hospitality of the Religious and the natives, who are now nearly all Christians, though it was formerly a stronghold of the Metawilis, that most fanatical branch of the Mohammedans, they are now principally confined to the Cælo-Syria, that "hollow" between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The name to conjure by here is Father Naamet Allah, considered a saint and wonder-worker, whose body lies uncorrupted in the convent crypt; and large pilgrimages are made hither by all classes.

Still another Deir across a gulf invites us to ascend higher. Ma'fuk, the Water Gush, a spring near by in a cave which served as a pagan temple, now the statue of Our Lady, greets us. Across another wady is Kesifane; opposite is Akura, a deep chine separating them which requires "all fours" to scale.

It is subject for regret that the national garbs pass away with civilization, bringing all peoples to a sameness, distressing to the artist. The great horn, cloth-covered, a yard long, that the ladies of the Lebanon used

to wear on their heads, is seldom seen. It was doubtless a great inconvenience. We saw it occasionally when the people were in gala attire, and it called to our memory the admonition of the prophet: "do not exalt your horn," to which there would be temptation as there was to "make broad the philacteries" of the men against which our Lord warned.

On and up we toil, the mules panting, the Mukâris (and we) perspiring. The Arab mule-drivers are often ingenious conversationalists: "Do not drive the poor mule so hard," said one, "do you not see how many sins you make him commit?" I remonstrated that a mule could not commit sin. "O yes!" said he, "the Scripture says 'No one is without sin.'" "I love my mule also, because he was born the same day as I." "Now you are telling an untruth," said I, "you told me you were eighteen years old, and this beast is only eight—" "Yes, my Father, but the mule was born on the day I was baptized, and is not that the real birth?" One who let his erring boy go unpunished when I had suggested chastisement for him, replied: "The Holy Book says: 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' so I try to follow the command of the Bible!" which shows that Bible lands can quote Scripture contradictorily.

We have gone considerably south of the direct route to the Cedars from Jebel, so as to visit the headwaters of the Adonis, and of the Dog River. The first we find beyond Akura, where we stop over night. It is in the Wady el Mugheiriyeh, rock-backed. At Moneitira, after crossing the valley on a natural bridge, are the Springs of Adonis, forming the Nahr Ibrahim in a verdure-clad amphitheatre, shady with pine and fruitful with nuts, the water gushing up from a deep cavern and leaping down the ravine in several fine water-falls, where a Roman-arched bridge spans the stream. A particularly picturesque view of the springs is obtained from the village of Afka, the ancient Apheka on the south side of the river, and the site of a temple to Venus, the lover of Adonis, which Constantine ordered destroyed, and of which remnants are visible. According to heathen mythology it was here that Adonis was killed by the boar, and mourned over by Venus:

*Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend.*

Here, that named for him

*A purple flower sprang up checkered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.*

As we mentioned, the symbolism of nature is continued in the red washings of the gully.

Those going to the Cedars by this route should make a side trip to the head-waters of the Nahr el Kelb, which the direct route from Beyrout would have touched. It bursts cold as ice and clear as crystal from Jebel Sunnîn, a mountain that Thomson says he surmounted in two hours of horseback to the snow-line, and then one and a half on foot to the summit, 8,600 feet above the Mediterranean. Tabor could be seen with a glass, and the Island of Cyprus, a hundred miles out to sea; Beyrout gleaming in the sun; Tyre and Sidon on their rocky coast; and everywhere in the foreground villages perched on their hills like eagles on their eyries, and the chasms of the Dog River, the Adonis and others cleaving their way to the sea; and down the long valley of hollow Syria, the Litany, and the ruins of Baalbek.

Two springs form the source of Nahr el Kelb, Neba el Leben, and Neba el Asal. How these names perpetuate the promise of a land "flowing with milk and honey!" "A land of fountains springing in the hills!" Truly the promise has here been fulfilled. I think, however, it is more than probable that the white foam of the one river as it churns in the caldrons below the falls, and the perforated rocks of the other were the occasion of the Arab naming. These two form the north branch of the Dog river, here called Nahr es Salîb; aqueducts use much of this water for irrigation; and it appears miraculous how such harvests of wheat and barley can be raised from these volcanic ravines; but the labor is great to keep up the terraces, and where there seems insufficient soil, even there the fig and olive and the vine will be holding the field. The wrinkled generosity of old age! "He draws bread from the earth, and wine that cheers the heart of man." "He fed them with the fat of wheat, and filled them with honey from the rock." Is that last commodity found here? Not very often, though wild honey is found in the clefts of the rocks.

The fine natural bridge over this river, called by the Arabs Jisr el Hajar, bridge of rock, has a span of one hundred and twenty-five feet (Thomson says one hundred and sixty), and is seventy-five feet above the water according to the guide book. It is therefore not so high but longer than our Natural Bridge in Virginia. The thickness of the rock is thirty feet and the road passes over it. "One of the most impressive views of this astonishing bridge," to quote Thomson again, "is obtained from beneath the gigantic span of the rocky arch; from there the wild gorge of the river below the bridge and that of the stream from Neba el Asal on the north-east, and beyond them the cliffs of the distant mountains of the Kesrawan

are seen at once as if through the chaotic ruins of a mountain tunnel." He knows how to "frame" his landscapes.

We turn again to northward, retracing our route for some distance, but entering "fresh woods and pastures new" beyond Akura. Ard Akluk spreads out an upland inhabited by Bedouins; Wady Bushrik is crossed; Wady Tanûrin sinking down to our left from Tanûrin el Fôka and becoming the Nahr el Jauz, River of Walnuts, debouching into the sea at Batrun. The streams begin to flow towards the north. Wady Harissa, Wady el Duweir—what interminable valleys! Between Niha, in the vale, and Hadeth on its throne, is the first grove of cedars, but insignificant. To the left is Bdiman, to which place the Patriarch has transferred his chair from Kanobin. We proceed to Dunan and are now in the "Holy Vale," the Kadîsha. The Nahr Kadîsha, the Holy River, rises up in the Machmel mountains, 10,000 feet above sea. It is thought to be the stream spoken of by Solomon: "the well of living waters that run with a strong stream from Libanus."

It is probable that the wise man was speaking generically. Be that as it may, this is called the Holy Valley, and certainly is blessed with beauty and fertility, and is a wonder in a land of wonders. It cleaves the Lebanon range as with the cut of a highland claymore, from here down to Tripoli's sand, so deep that the natives say there are but four inches between its bottom and the roof of Hell!

This valley got its holiness from the many hermits and monks that since the third century have made these rocks and caves their stepping stones to sanctity. Although we consider the number great to-day, there were many more, so history says, before the Druse massacres and the heresy-splits. Thomson states that one is never out of sight of a priest, a nun, a monk, or a Bishop, and if not those, then a cross, a church, or a convent.

The grotto cell of St. Marina is shown, which later became a chapel on the walls of which are still visible a picture of the Saint reaching a cup of milk to a child, who gazes up at her—a violet looking at a cloud!

At Kanobin towering 400 feet above the river bed, but out-towered by higher cliffs, is the celebrated convent of the Maronites. It is very ancient, claiming to have been founded by Theodosius the Great about 380, and to have been protected by Saladin. Till the twelfth century the faith remained as pure as their mountain springs, but the errors of Eutyches and Nestorius made entrance even here, and was not rooted out till the 18th century, when they returned to the unity of Catholic faith. The river flows northwest, but gazing further we notice that it turns due north, entering the sea at Trablus, Tripoli of Syria, under the name Nahr Abû

Ali. The monks here make the traveler, be he a pilgrim or tourist, most welcome; but why repeat it—it is our experience everywhere.

North of Kanobin a few miles, and still looking over the Kadîsha gorge and valley, is Ehden. It would not be well for any traveler to express a doubt that here was the Eden of Genesis, for the inhabitants are convinced in their hearts, if not in their minds, and the stranger soon is infected with the delusion. They even point to the village of Bsherreh¹ as having been built by Cain: "He dwelt to the east of Eden," and "he built a city and called it by the name of his son Henoah," Genesis iv. 17, and they show the ruins of buildings lost to history, called in Arabic, *Medinat el Ras*, the Fountain-head of Cities.

But the whole scenery is little enough like our ideas of Paradise, and there is no probability of the location, well as it pictures the contradiction that the Fall brought to man, that "strange composite of Heaven and Earth." Father Spillman (*Durch Asien*) tells of the social customs of these parts—how the neighbors gather at nightfall, first at one home, then at another. On his visit it was at the Pastor's. There they pass the evening, sometimes a great part of the night, in telling stories, the time-honored resource of the Arab, and of which their treasures are incalculable. Each one must furnish his *quota* of entertainment. It will now be a recital of the bloody massacres by the Druses, then an episode of heroism, then a description of a storm sweeping over these mountains, riding like the witches, on a broom-stick—for the broom-heather grows here. The natives are picturesquely sitting flat-footed in groups around, the vintner and muleteer, the sheik and the laborer are present, there is no distinction of persons. The coffee-cup and the narghileh make their rounds, the women clap their hands at happy thoughts, and the men chime in with approval: "That is so, that is so!" To-night it is the priest who entertains: "How pure and beautiful was our sister, the Rose Werdeh, the Judith of Ehden. How beautiful and how brave! She was as an angel! but it was one of those angels who fought with Michael. At her time in Trablus lived a giant son of the false prophet (may Allah judge him!). Day by day he came to the Meidan, where the Arab children play, and reviled them and their Christian faith, calling them cowards and sons of cowards. 'O all you that live toward the morning, and all you who live toward the evening; O all who inhabit the plains, or exist in the ravines, I challenge you, come out!' Many, stung by his taunts, essayed battle, but their blood moistened the sands of Trablus. Then comes our dove from her nest in Ehden—our rose from her garden in Kadîsha. She is accompanied her father and her uncle, endeavoring to detain her. 'Let me,' she cries, full of zeal,

'has he not reviled our religion, has he not insulted our mountains?' The condition is sworn to, that he shall not touch her face nor breast. The struggle begins; the giant's craft, the giant's art, the giant's strength is in vain. Firm stands our Rose like the cliffs of Ehden, agile, she slips from him like the gazelle of the hills. The giant forgets his oath, but chastity lends supernatural strength to beauty, and the profane lies dead along the sands!" "Glory be to God in the highest!" exclaim the listeners, as the priest concludes. These are the joys of the simple folk of the Lebanon. They take the place of the newspaper and of the theater.

From Ehden we visit Mar Antun Keshaya, the Mother-house of the Order of St. Anthony. A mighty rock uplifts the convent high above the yawning abyss below. The church and some of the monks' cells are cut in native stone; rocks tower into peaks, rocks sink down to seemingly endless depths. The convent is named for St. Anthony the hermit, not St. Anthony of Padua, a saint more in accord with the spirit of to-day. These monks practice hermit asceticism, silence and fasting—some even live solitary in cells in the hills, but come to the monastery at stated times for prayer. From the printing establishment in the House I conclude that if living is low the thinking is high. Prayer and work divide the day, and the poor are fed from the convent kitchen. The paternalism of the Middle Ages reigns here. The convent possesses ten villages, the peasants paying a nominal tribute to the Patriarch, which is remitted in hard years. The Abbot is in truth an Abba, Father. Pilgrimages are made hither even by the Mussulmans. "Was St. Anthony himself here?" we inquire. "It is not likely, but probable that his successor in the Thebaide, St. Hilarion was." The grotto dedicated to the titular saint is called the "cave of fools," perhaps from insane people being confined here. But I am confident that the modern tourist will say the word describes the good monks who follow the letter of our Lord's sermon, because "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." 1 Corinth. iv. 19.

The Cedars of God! Arz Allah! Fitting name! Glory to God in the highest! What tales these heads hoary with the centuries could tell:

*We have stood on the height as the ages went by;
Past our base has humanity streamed;
We have seen the Tribes to Captivity led
We have seen those Tribes redeemed.*

How many passages of Scripture come to our minds! The cedar was the type of strength and stability, as the palm tree was of beauty. "The just shall flourish as the palm-tree; he shall grow up like the cedar of Libanus,"

Psalm xci. 13. "He was exalted like the cedar, no tree in the Paradise of God was greater than he." Ezek. xxxi. 8. "I cast out the Amorite from before you, whose height was like the cedars." Amos ii. 9.

Sennacherib boasted; "I am come to the sides of Lebanon, and will cut down the tall cedars," 4 Kings. It is the higher terminus of Solomon's learning, as the hyssop is the lower: "He discoursed on every plant, from the cedar that grows on Libanus, to the hyssop in the wall," 3 Kings iv. 33. We hear them exulting with Lamartine:

*As rafters have our branches dead
Covered the porch of Solomon,*

or sorrowing:

The beams that formed the cross, we gave,

or sighing like the wind in their branches:

Our glory is departed.

David Urquart in his *Lebanon* says they produce seed every year, which seed will not grow anywhere else. He counted 10 large trees, and says they are sliced off for inscriptions; 30 more middling size, 2,000 to 3,000 years old, and 5,000 small ones.

Only one good sized grove remains of all the forests that we must suppose covered these mountains. And it was not only to build beautifully to the true God that these trees were sacrificed, but for the dwellings of the Babylonians and Ninevites, the oppressors of God's people, yea, for the making of their gods. "He has chosen wood that will not rot, the skillful workman seeketh to set up an idol that may not be moved." Is. xl. 20. Fragments of cedar wood three thousand years old were unearthed by Mr. Layard at Nineveh, which are now in the British Museum. "Since thou hast slept," say the cedars to the King of Babylon, "no feller has come up against us." Is. xiv. 8. Alas, not true! In later days they were cut for charcoal making, and for tar and pitch, perhaps also they were destroyed by the campfires of tourists. Woodman, spare those trees!

"The cedars of this grove are not less remarkable," says Dr. Robinson, "for their position than for their size and age. The lofty ridge of the mountain trends slightly towards the east; and then, after resuming its former direction, throws off a spur of equal altitude towards the west, which sinks down gradually into the ridge terminating at Ehden. This ridge sweeps round so as to become nearly parallel with the main ridge, thus forming an immense recess or amphitheatre, approaching the horse-

shoe form; surrounded by the loftiest ridges of the Lebanon, over six thousand feet high, which rise still above it three or four thousand feet, and are partly covered with snows. In the midst of this amphitheatre on a group of half a dozen small knolls, stand the cedars, utterly alone with not a tree besides, nor hardly a green thing in sight, 'at the apex of the vegetable world.' The amphitheatre fronts to the west; and, as seen from the cedars, the snow extends round from south to north. High up in the recess the deep precipitous chasm of the Kadîsha has its beginning, the wildest and grandest of all the gorges of Lebanon."

Canon Tristram aptly remarks that the general appearance of this grove is of a thick clump, as though it was the remnant of some ancient forest. The little rocky knolls upon which it stands, and which Dr. Hooker believes to be old moraines deposited by glaciers, cover but a few acres of the arena enclosed within this vast amphitheatre, and the trees themselves do not exceed four hundred, of all sizes and ages. There is a regular gradation from small and comparatively young trees to the largest and oldest patriarchs of the forest. The large trees are about twelve in number, and have several trunks, dividing into three or more great branches a few feet from the ground. Of those trees some are over forty feet in circumference, others thirty and twenty feet in girth. They are from fifty to eighty feet in height, "with fair branches," and their "shadowing shroud" spreads widely around.

Nothing very satisfactory has yet been ascertained in regard to the age of the cedars, nor are they more ready to reveal it than those who have an uneasy consciousness of "length of days." Very different estimates have been made by botanists and others, varying from eight hundred to two thousand, and even three thousand years; but the method of ascertaining their approximate age by counting the growths or concentric circles in a section of the trunk does not appear to be very reliable. Some of these trees are certainly very old; they have names and dates of persons known and unknown to fame carved upon their gnarled and knotted trunks many generations ago, and the growth of the tree since then is hardly perceptible.

One cannot look upon these patriarchs of the forest—the glory of Lebanon—without feeling that they are endowed with a species of immortality. Their ancient story! their glory and renown! coming down the ages from "the garden of God." "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted"—to the temple of the Lord—from the time of David, Solomon and Hiram to the days of Zerubbabel and Herod the Great. As they stand now, they have stood for many centuries, looking down in tranquil repose upon the ephemeral generations of mankind as they passed on to oblivion;

and it is their great antiquity and renown which are their chief glory, and attract so many from all parts of the earth to make "pilgrimages" to this "sacred grove," and to meditate within the mystic circle of its "shadowing shroud."

Wandering through the grove this morning, I noticed near the southwest part of it, four trees that have become inextricably intertwined. About twenty-five feet from the ground two of them have grown together and a large branch of the third has passed into and through the trunk of the second tree, near the same place. Twenty feet higher up a stout limb of the third tree has also passed through the second, and still higher up, a strong branch from it is similarly united with the same tree. Finally the third tree has become firmly joined to the fourth, and no one of the four could be felled without cutting down all the others.

These trees are botanically the *Cedrus Libani*. The wood is whitish-red, and quite soft; and for economical uses inferior to the cypress, which is the most common lumber of Palestine, and in height our Lebanon cedar cannot equal its cousin the *Cedrus Deodora* of the Himalayas. It is, however, highly picturesque and the spreading branches lie so horizontal that last year's brown cones upon them appear like boulders washed into a green meadow.

In the northwest cluster of trees there is a Maronite chapel. North of the chapel is the largest cedar of the group; under this Mass is celebrated every year in the month of August.

As we approached, the cedar grove appeared very insignificant, a green patch among the rocky hills. But when under their dark foliage an awe comes over you, the solitude of a great forest where you feel one with nature, and the wind's language seems almost intelligible, yet somehow escaping you as words long forgotten. As the Lebanon forests stretched far south in Hiram's day, it is not probable that he would send his workmen so far north as this; however, even these trees may have heard the ring of axe or cheer of laborer as their brothers fell. A storm has come up, and although it is June the air is cold, and we are glad to descend with a scud of cloud overhead and the wind roaring from tree to tree.

The Lebanon is a fitting exit of one's pilgrimage—not only is it cool among these mountains, whereas it is pestilentially hot now in some of the places we have visited, but in the inhabitants, unspoiled by tourists, there still remains more of primitive Christianity; of the spirit of the gospel understood literally; of the child-likeness to which the Kingdom of Heaven is promised. The simplicity and docility, the obedience and the faith of these mountaineers is the good taste that should remain in one's mouth

after the feast. How we love this Lebanon! with its age-old history, with its sunshine and its snow, with as many moods as the sea, or a woman. But there is one place we must visit that in the matter of ruins the eye may be convinced that "thou hast kept the good wine until the end." It is Baalbek!

From the cedars our path will take us nearly south, a little east. To Baalbek is a hard ten hours in the saddle, so we get an early start from our Hosts of Bsherreh, which village is finely located on a spur projecting into the valley of Saints up whose sides the terraces climb clothed with walnut, olive, fig and poplar. There are four churches, the Maronites' being old, but the Latins, too, have a monastery and the place has the air of quiet prosperity.

Crossing the sacred river Kadîsha before we leave the Lebanon mountains we enjoy a fine prospect over Cœlo-Syria, the Beka'a that means the cleft made by the great knife of creation between the two ranges. With Amata below—our first stopping place—and further on Deir el Ahmar, and visible to good eyes, the columns of Baalbek. The road is very bad. Jebel Mukmal, the highest peak, 1,200 feet, is on our left. Two hours of winding down the mountain side, the silvery patch near Amata we know to be Lake Yemmoneh, a gathering place for a starter for the Orontes river. Amata itself is a poverty stricken Maronite village, with beautiful walnut woods, however.

Another three hours through scrub oak and juniper brings us to Deir el Ahmar, also Maronite, with a large church and flourishing population. But we find the water unwholesome. The home-stretch is now before us, across the valley to where the columns are inviting us.

We arrived thoroughly tired out, and dismissing our guides and Mukâris, to whom we gave recommendatory letters, that they prize highly but cannot read, we were glad to lie in our beds in Hotel Victoria, that looks over toward the greatness to which we will wake to-morrow.

CHAPTER XLVIII

BAALBEK

We are up early, yes! before the custodian is ready to take our Medjideh, the entrance fee, but not before the sun over Anti-Lebanon kisses the capitals that were raised to him,—not bowed. We salute him too! The Sun-god!

*Giver of glowing light!
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages,
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays.*

It is the most natural of idolatries.

Baal of the Assyrians was the Greek Helios, so Heliopolis became the successor of Baalbek, which means valley of the Sun-god, and the union of Greek grace with the immensity of Babylon and Egypt has given us these most wonderful of all ruins, with the possible exception of Karnak on the Nile.

Geikie well says: "Their special glory seems to lie in the fact that Grecian art has here, in a way quite unique, united the colossal scale of the monuments of ancient Egypt and yet has impressed on the whole the stamp of free, all-constraining genius."

We take a glance at the modern village; it is administered by a Kaimmakam, has over 5,000 inhabitants (though one could not estimate them at over 1,000) nearly equally divided between Moslems, Metawilis and Catholics. There is a Catholic church of Maronites and a United Greek bishop. For the Latins, the See is *in partibus* and is held by Archbishop Seton, an American who lives in Rome.

The Sisters of St. Joseph have a school. There is also a Protestant one.

Four tolerably good hotels are found here—the houses are scattered round irregularly, and the alley-like streets are deep mud.

Groves of mulberry and walnut and poplar hide the squalor of the suburban hovels. But we are impatient to see the temples.

Like the first acquaintance of St. Peter's church, the first sight of Baalbek is to many disappointing. Instead of crowning a hill like the Parthenon they are actually in a valley, that spreads around so gigantesque,

north and south, and for background to west the Lebanon mountains, and to east the Anti-Lebanon, their glittering, snow-crowned summits detracting from the apparent size of the ruins. But this first disappointment soon gives way to wonder on acquaintance.

One who has seen the Coliseum in Rome, the Acropolis at Athens, and visited Melrose "by pale moonlight" may think the world holds nothing worth his travel; but he should come to Baalbek. It is a revelation that dwarfs all besides.

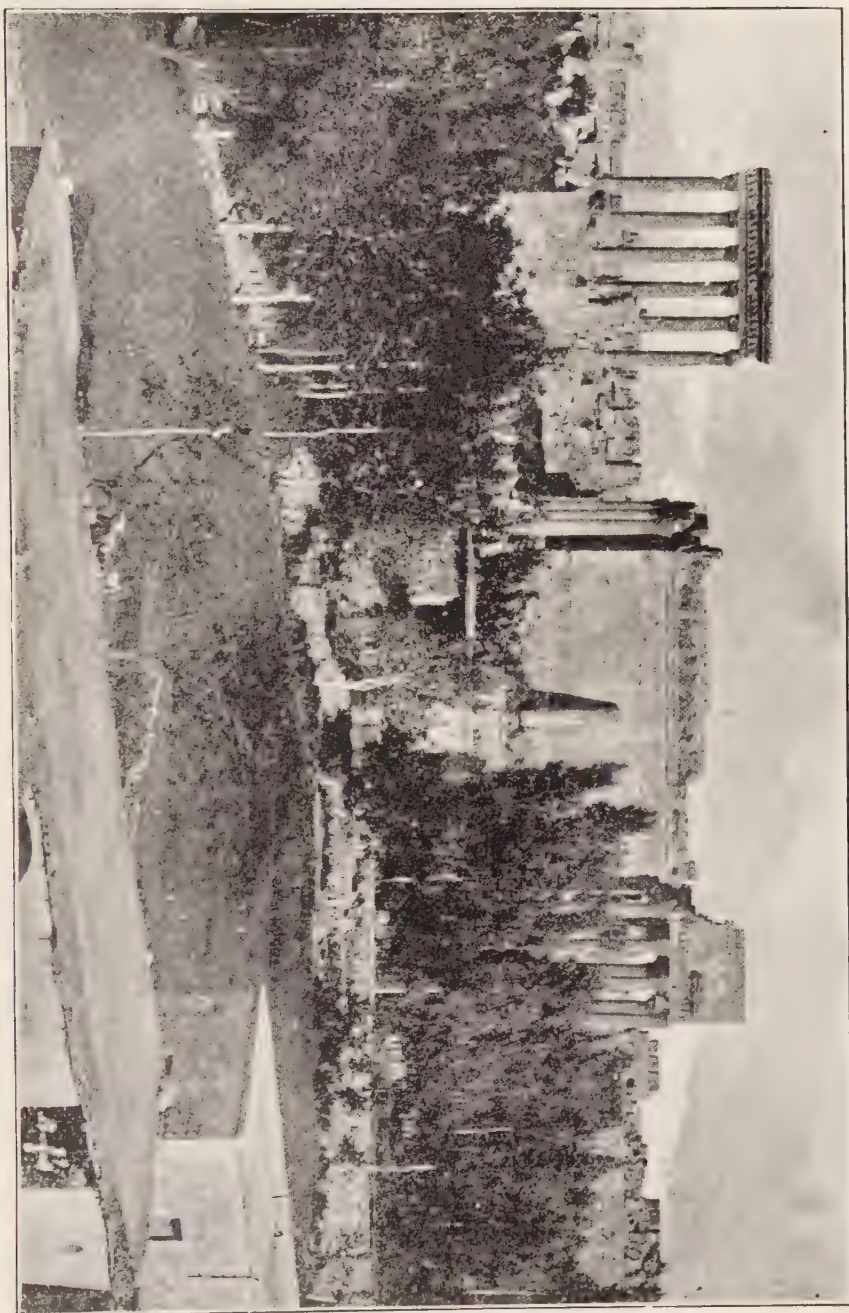
In one glory of ruin lie temples to the four principal gods: Baal-Jupiter, Venus and Bacchus. Mercury was also honored here. Power, pleasure, money! These temples date back to the time of Antoninus Pius and Caracalla, in the second century after Christ, but the foundations go into the prehistoric past.

In spite of earthquakes, in spite of the Arabs who transformed it into a citadel, in spite of Mongul and Tamerlane who destroyed it, in spite of earthquakes again that toppled over its giant pillars,—it still remains a god—immortal.

"Sur les mondes détruits le Temple dort immobile!" "The Temple sleeps motionless on the ruins of worlds!" How true physically of these old temples! How untrue, if we apply these lines to religion, or to the religious life! Religion is rather the Sphinx that rises eternally young. Must the ivy be sad because it grows on ruins? Must the moss be dull because it covers decay? Must the religious man be morbid because he looks death in the face and contemplates the great things of eternity?

The entrance is from the east. The *coup d'œil*, when from the terraced steps, lately restored, the eye pierces through rectilinear propylæa to hexagonal forecourt, through monumental arches, and from forecourt into the campus-wide court of the altars, and from that into the distant giant temple itself, raised twenty feet higher, on marble steps, is even now stupendous. What a sight it was when Phœbus rode his horse-drawn chariot, as we picture him in the Rospigliosi palace, cherub-lighted and Grace-accompanied; when the blood of the victims stained the white marble, while the incense floated through colonnades and the wild music of Rome went up; and the traveler to-day climbing over mountains of ruined walls—talus from giant man-made cliffs,—descending into tunnels of sub-structure or ascending to the dizzy height of still remaining wall or entablature, through dark winding stairways in the wall, must exclaim: "God is great Who has made man! I have seen the world's greatest to-day!"

Even in its fallen estate we can reconstruct the perfectness of beauty and arrangement in the grouping. At the entrance the giant propylæa



TEMPLES OF BAALBEK

lifted its shoulders in columned strength 200 feet north and south on twelve pillars at the ends of which the portico finished in towers. The north and best preserved shows that it was ornamented with niches for statues, a mode of architectural treatment very common in these temples.

From this opened the hexagonal forecourt, surrounded by colonnades and paved with mosaic, with lateral chambers projecting outward, column-screened. It is also about 280 feet across inside; this space is contracted, however, by the ambulatory to less than a hundred, but still it is a gigantic entrance hall, into the still more gigantesque court of the altars, about 400 feet square, in which was the great altar, the purifying basins, and so forth. This was indeed a temple of the Sun, for, open to the sky, Helios would pour his shafts unhindered. There were, however, ample covered *exedrae* running round this court.

It was inside this that Theodosius had a Christian basilica erected.

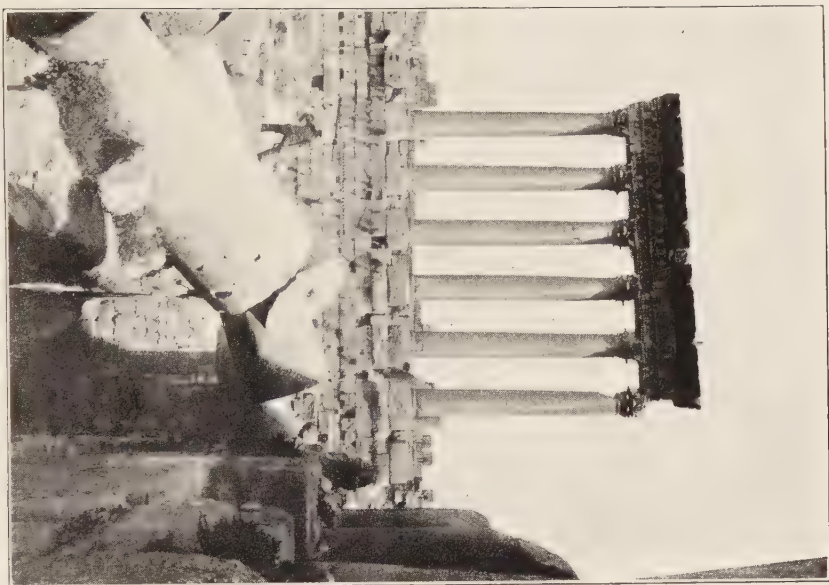
From the altar court a grand staircase of marble ascended eighteen feet to the temple called now of Jupiter, but dedicated to all the gods, Baal the lord of all. It was a peristyle 240 feet wide by 300 feet long, resting on a stylobate from which 54 columns arose, nineteen each north and south, and ten to east and west.

There is fortunately a group of six still remaining,—our landmark from miles distant, our scale when near. These columns are seven and one-half feet thick with no fluting but diminishing slightly to the top. They are 67 feet high over which rises the entablature fourteen feet of architrave, frieze and cornice, the top of which would be nearly ninety feet above the floor and 130 above the level of the plain. They give us a key to the architecture—Corinthian of severe type. It is a matter of dispute, perhaps never to be decided, whether this hypæthral shell of colonnade was all that antiquity saw, or whether a cella formed the interior.

The great Temple went also by the name of trilitheon, the three stoned, from 3 great blocks 64 feet long, 13 feet high and 10 feet thick in the west wall,—the largest stones ever laid in a wall by human power, and this at a height of 23 feet above grade. (Being more an artist than an engineer I do not pretend to give measurements to the “terty-toot” of an inch, like your Teuton boasts.)

There is a satisfaction in seeing the greatest in any line—here we have touched the largest stones ever raised by human power. How it was accomplished we know not, but they make us feel small. Their mate still lies in the quarry, of slightly larger dimensions every way than those in the Temple wall. After these what traveler will take the trouble to look

TEMPLE OF THE SUN



TEMPLE OF VENUS



at the many stones 30 feet long, though these too are worthy a glance of admiration.

Cyclopean is the only adjective that expresses it, but the Cyclops were fabled beings and this is heavy reality; or is perhaps the legend true that the gods built it? "Grossartig!" "Kollossal!" we hear the Germans behind us exclaim; and let me interject here that your German tourist gets better value than any other nation of enthusiasm and information.

The most perfect as well as the most highly ornate is the temple so-called of Bacchus, south of the Temple of the Sun. It is also of Corinthian architecture but with much more carving, and with fluted pillars throughout. Its dimensions are approximately 225 feet long and 120 feet wide; small in comparison with the Temple of Baal-Jupiter, but still noble, and was surrounded by forty-two columns. In front a portico and vestibule, now badly ruined, and the magnificent doorway of Egyptian massiveness and of Grecian grace and elaborateness of carving, with panels of flowers, fruit and trailing vines, carved in relief. Bacchantes, satyrs and genii vie in beauty with the foliage.

This doorway was perfect until the earthquake of 1759 split it asunder; the huge key, 11 feet high by 12 feet thick of the three-stoned lintel, dropping out of place, but still sustained between the others like a Damocles sword for two hundred years, till the English consul at Damascus had a brick pier built to support it. On this architrave was the eagle of Assyria and of Rome holding the Caduceus wand in its claws, and in its beak garlands extending to either side and held up by genii.

Inside we remark what is common to all these temples, that there were no lateral windows. If not open to the blue, then they must have had sky-lights. The walls are apparently planned for a statue gallery. Fluted half-columns with rich Corinthian capitals projecting from the wall divided them into panels or niches. Of these there are two stories; the lower one with round arches, the upper with a triangular pediment surmounting them.

The west end, or sanctuary as we would term it, was raised six feet above the nave, leaving a great crypt underneath. Outside ran a colonnade, much of which yet remains, with one pillar slanting against the south wall.

After visiting the tunnels that run underneath the temples it is refreshing to thread our way through gardens and groves and Arab dwellings to the Temple of Venus, some distance east of the great Temples. Its cella is circular with a straight façade to the north. Round the cella or wall runs a colonnade of pillars, out of proportion large, projecting so

that the entablature above resting on the capitals and bending inward to crown the cella, gives the roof the appearance of a crimped cake or one bitten all around the edges. There are shell-shaped niches for statues between the pillars; the beauty was all intended for the outside, and now the inside is cumbered with rubbish. It is decidedly Barocco style.

There is great diversity by writers in the naming of the members of this assemblage of temples. This last shrine is by some thought to have



BAALBEK LION

been dedicated to Fortuna. We give the latest and the most probable nomenclature.

Is it not surprising to see these ruined temples where there probably never was a great city? History does not record it, the remains do not witness to it. Is it not wonderful to see them built by the Romans as far from the center of her dominion as Manitoba is from London, and surpassing anything she ever built at home?

Is it not disheartening that after 200 years of the preaching of that

Christianity that arose in Jerusalem, which the modern Baalbekite can reach in 24 hours, heathendom is such a vital force that it can build to Helios better than ever was builded to God?

Some of the work was evidently not finished. We are not certain that the peristyle enclosed the proposed Temple of Baal. Did this Temple prove the *divide* between Paganism and Christianity, as this spot is the physical divide of the country? "He must increase, I shall decrease," said the Baptist of Christ.

There is no charge oftener made against the Catholic Church than that many of her beliefs and ceremonies had their origin in paganism. What if they had? Does it not show that she alone of all religions has had the courage to see truth in those symbols that were so distorted and debased by heathendom? Is it less a truth that love is fruitful of beauty because the worship of Venus degenerated into license? Any less a truth that solar light and heat are of divine creation because Egypt worshiped Ra, and Greece Phœbus, and Rome Apollo? Any less true that "wisdom is from the Most High" because Minerva has her seat among the gods? or must the Bacchanalian revelries of Dionysos destroy the charm of the grape "that cheers gods and men?"

Is it not rather that with all the abominations that grew up around mythology it represented the immanence of God in nature, which the Church has always taught, unfalsified by the extremes to which Pantheists carry it, forgetting, as they do, that "Thou, O Lord, are more than they?"

The Catholic Church alone interprets the past, being the completion of the partial, the separation of the false from the true in the older dispensations. The Church is the Body of Christ, that did not shrink from the mortal womb, that did not deny its Egyptian life: "Out of Egypt have I called My Son," and which Rome has emphasized by setting up the obelisk of the Pharaohs in front of the mightiest temple of Christendom, and inscribing it "The lion of the fold of Juda." And is it altogether evil, this paganism of the past? Is it not an added beauty to Christianity, this persistency of pagan forms, "like some belated nightingale singing on into the brightening day?"

At Baalbek is the water-shed between the Litany going south into the Jordan and the Orontes flowing north to Antioch, where the followers of Jesus were first called Christians, and where Peter first set up his seat.

Ras el Ain is the last water that runs south. The walk to this spring is delightful among groves and running water, where the birds are performing their ablutions like good Moslems. It would join the Litany if it had its way, but it is entirely consumed in irrigation, like the worldling's



TRILITHON—BAALBEK

life, shall we say, frittered away? Rather like the saint's, spent in humble well-doing.

The Orontes is called by the Arabs Nahr el Asi, the rebellious, from its contrariness of direction. Northward we will not follow—it runs toward Babylon, away from Jerusalem!

We next visit the quarries. They lie to the southeast of the town where the valley rises to meet the hills. One stone lies in state, a recumbent giant, unused since men grew puny, the wonder of all and the envy of modern engineers in this age of mechanical powers. It is lying on its edge, tilted ten degrees, with the lower end still unsevered from the quarry. From the hill above the quarry we get a fine bird's-eye view of the town stretching north away from Ras el Ain.

In the middle of the modern village is a large college which I visited later, but the boys appeared very unruly and I beat a retreat.

The Temples rise beyond, dwarfing everything else. The valley stretches away to north and south, the soil showing red with oxide of iron.

Though unconnected with our Lord's life, this Baalbek is not lacking in interest for the Bible student. Baal-gad is mentioned by Josue xi. 17 as being "by the Plain of Libanus," which is supposed to be this Beka'a.

Baal-gad means lord of hosts and Josue xiii says that at his death "there is a very large country left, not yet divided by lot," one part of which is described as "the country of Libanus to the east from Baal-gad to the entering into Hamath." This again would show that the valley was the last retreat of Baal worship, and Robinson supposes that this was called the "Plain of Aven," Amos i. 5, "The Plain of the Idol, and the House of Pleasure," from these the votaries are to be cut off. This would well describe Baalbek with its Sun-god and its temples to Bacchus and Venus.

Geikie states that Reblatha where Nebuchadnezzar had his headquarters when he conquered Jerusalem, was in this valley of Baalbek. Hither he brought the captives for different fates—Sedechias to be blinded, the king's sons to be killed with all the nobility of Juda; but Jeremiah to be set at liberty. Jer. xxxix. 6.

This marks the farthest north of David's kingdom. And David put garrisons in Syria of Damascus, "and Thou the king of Emath sent vessels of gold and vessels of silver to Jerusalem, and David dedicated them to the Lord." 2 Kings viii.

These are only surmises, yet it is unaccountable that a place so ancient should not have been mentioned, and the substructure of those temples go back, doubtless, before the Romans. Had they moved these colossal stones they would have boasted of it and recorded it.

Baal was the principal divinity of Paganism prior to the calling of the Hebrew nation to the worship of Jehovah. Baal changed to Bel in Assyria and to Beal among the early Britons. He is Ammon of Moab, Amun Ra in Egypt. The different tribes of Canaan, when Josue entered, were all worshipers of Baal. He was the chief opponent of Jehovah. Witness the continual struggle of the leaders of the children of Israel "in the midst of the Canaanites and the Hethites and the Ammonites and the Jebusites" to prevent defection. "They forsook the faith of their fathers, who had brought them out of Egypt, forsaking Him and serving Baal." Judges ii. 13.

Witness the duel on Carmel—witness the victories of Daniel over Bel in Babylon. Daniel of the visions and of the wise interpretations—Daniel "eating no pleasant bread, nor flesh nor wine."

Here is a chapter of Bible history that has not been represented in opera nor oratorio—Daniel in Babylon. And what a scope for tone artists—what variety of motif. The setting of great palaces, and the hanging gardens, the barbaric splendor and regal elegance when "Satraps thronged the hall." The creepiness when the hand, the bloodless hand, wrote "*Mane, Thekel, Phares.*" The bewilderment of Oriental dance, the blaze of fiery furnace, the roar of hungry lions, the picturesque Nebuchadnezzar

"eating grass like an ox," all would lend wonderful descriptive motifs; and the finale, the canticle of Daniel that ranks with the finest: "Blessed art Thou, God of our fathers who beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the cherubim!

Blessed art Thou on the throne of Thy kingdom! blessed in the firmament of heaven!

O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord:

O ye heavens, bless the Lord:

O ye waters that are above, bless the Lord:

O ye sun and moon, bless the Lord:

O every shower and dew, O cold and heat, O dews and hoar-frost, O ice and snow, bless the Lord:

O ye nights and days, O light and darkness, O lightnings and clouds, O mountains and hills, bless the Lord:

O all things that spring up in the earth, O ye fountains, O rivers and seas, bless the Lord:

O ye whales, O ye birds of the air, O ye beasts and cattle, bless the Lord:

O let Israel bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him forever." Dan. iii.

Only a few hours of rail travel and our pilgrimage ends. From Beyrout the seas unite us with America and home. On leaving, a friend had said to me: "You go to Palestine to see if what you have been teaching your people is true." By no means; and yet to traverse these lands is to confirm one's faith in the Bible and to understand it better; it is to store our minds with memories that will ever be a solace, even as "that blessed word Mesopotamia" was to the old lady. It is to realize the life of Christ as never before; to love it and haply to imitate it.

And pilgrims leave their hearts here in a kiss.

And so we bid reluctant farewell to this wonderful land with the shadows of the centuries in its wadies and the gleam of eternity on its hills.

L'ENVOI

"Which if I have done well and as it becometh the history, it is what I desired; but if not so perfectly it must be pardoned me. For as it is hurtful to drink always wine or always water but pleasant to use sometimes the one and sometimes the other, so, if speech be always too nicely framed, it will not be so grateful to the reader. So here it shall be ended." 2 Macabees xv. 39.

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